Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 1990

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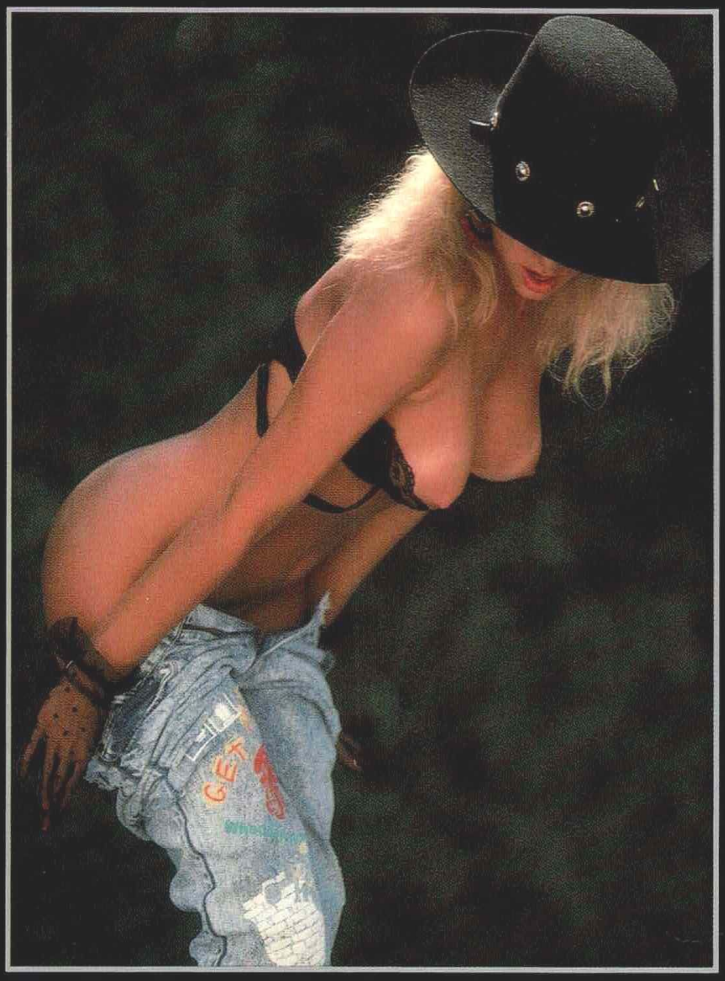

HUMOR:
25 THINGS YOU NEVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX

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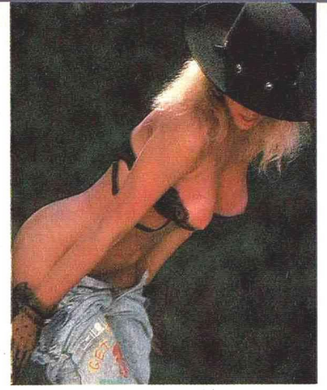
Australian
PENTHOUSE
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 11/November 1990 Black Label Edition



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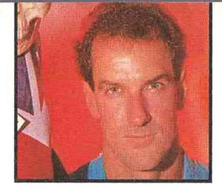

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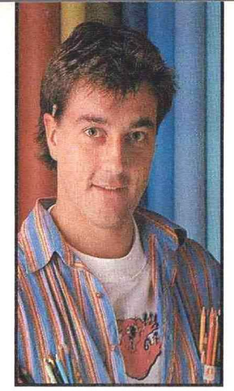

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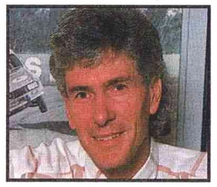

PETER McKAY

EDD ARAGON

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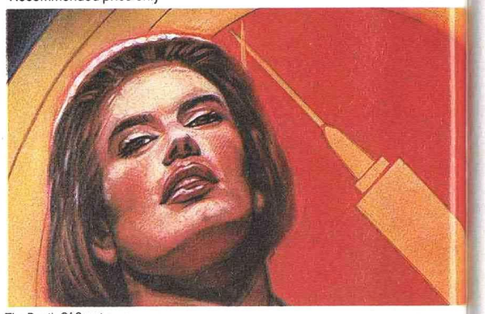

The Death Of Sport

Pet Of The Month

The Green Machine

Inside Running

HOUSECALL

THE DEATH OF SPORT
After the fall of the Berlin Wall came a torrent of blood-letting as disgruntled coaches and athletes, some of whom have been permanently affected by enforced drug abuse, are telling of the drastic regimes they had to endure in the name of sporting glory. **Grantlee Kieza** presents a comprehensive and shocking report on the demise of fair international sporting competition on page 34. The illustration is by **Mark Sofilas**.

THE KING OF LAWN HILL
Ex-Brazilian beef baron Sebastio Maia, Las Vegas playboy and legendary lover of beautiful women, and now a multi-millionaire North Queensland cattleman, has led the kind of life that boyhood dreams are made of. **Robert Reid** profiles a man whose lust for living is matched only by his iron will. Turn to page 50.

25 THINGS YOU NEVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX
Did you know that most professional Rugby League players are gay? Or that female parking police in Adelaide are all required to wear crotchless panties? Bone up on these and a host of other little-known sexual facts compiled by **Anita Newman** and you'll be a hit at the next wedding, funeral or other gathering when the talk turns naughty. **Edd Aragon's** illustration is on page 58.

THE GREEN MACHINE
The environmental movement in the US has fallen under the influence of some of America's most powerful corporations. They've got the money, the muscle and the connections to buy off the groups that oppose their destructive pollution. Evidence is emerging that the same sort of fix is starting to happen in Australia. **Kirk Willcox** investigates this sickening development on page 74. **Nigel Buchanan** created the illustration.

INSIDE RUNNING
Supercross, an indoor version of motocross, is pulling big crowds around the country. It's fast, spectacular, dangerous and dirty — a high-tech, high-stakes exercise in organised mayhem. **Peter Martin** got right amongst it with his camera for an action-packed feature to complement the writing of **Trish Murphy**. Turn to page 88.

HARD TIMES
Keeping up appearances in the motoring sector of life isn't easy these days, but sliding into ridicule in a Holden Commodore isn't necessary. Follow Motoring Editor **Peter McKay's** guide to prestige used car purchases and you can still look upmarket even if you're on your uppers. **Eric Lobbecke's** illustration is on page 124.

DISORGANISED CRIME
Before they killed her, someone had stubbed out cigarettes on Dolores de Cruz's arms. But she didn't have anything to give them. Syd Fish had it, and he never felt worse in his life. Gripping fiction from mystery writer **Susan Geason**, illustrated by **Kerrie Leishman** and starting on page 54.

NOVEMBER

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A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of *Australian Penthouse*. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Children Of The Damned

Good on you, *Penthouse*, for supporting the cause of Vietnam veterans in the article "Children Of The Damned" in your August issue. The treatment these victims have received as a result of a shonky Royal Commission into Agent Orange is nothing short of a national scandal. While the Federal Government indulges in an orgy of self-conscious "humanitarianism" regarding Chinese students and other refugees — and puts them on the payroll at the expense of Australian taxpayers — it ignores, apparently for purely financial reasons, the legitimate claims of thousands of *Australians* who risked their lives in Vietnam only to be systematically poisoned by the Yanks. I'm neither a racist nor a veteran, but merely an ordinary Australian who is appalled by this monumental hypocrisy. Why can't we look after our own first instead of sweeping them under the carpet?

It's hard to fathom the amazing fortitude of those who have fought for justice in the face of government intransigence and debilitating illness. But for every case reflecting such courage, there are numerous others in which despair has understandably triumphed. Two distant members of my own family, both Vietnam vets in their early forties, suffered tremendous psychological problems when they returned from the war and both are now dying of cancer. They know that they were poisoned by Agent Orange. Who could blame them for believing they have been abandoned by their own country? Who could blame them for the despair that results from knowing that their lives were wasted and destroyed for a lost cause?

Wake up Mr Humphries, Minister for Veterans' Affairs. What the hell are we paying you for? And what about the RSL? These beer-swilling relics are still revelling in the glories of long-forgotten wars and treating the Vietnam vets like a running sore on the face of Australia's grand military history. Did the Germans or the Japanese ever treat the ordinary rank-and-file of their vanquished armies with such disdain? — *G.P.R., Avalon, NSW*

Siimon Says

If Siimon Reynolds can get his hand off it for long enough he should move to the States, where he and his ilk are more appreciated. Thanks for the profile in your August issue. It made things very clear. — *Richard Jenkins, Neutral Bay, NSW*

Laura Willis . . . legs, or what?

Lovely Laura

Where's dancer Laura Willis (August Pet Of The Month) when she's at home? Man, has that girl got legs, or what? If that's what dancing does for a woman, point me at the nearest Arthur Murray Studio. Does luscious Laura lambada? By the way, I'm not usually such a nosy bastard, but I've got an itch that's not going to be cured with calomine lotion. — *J. Matthews, Brisbane, Qld*

In answer to your enquiries: 1. The Gold Coast; 2. Yes, she has, and they go all the way up to her bum; and 3. Vertically or horizontally? Finally, in regard to your last problem, have you heard of this stuff called penicillin? — Ed

Gagging on it

I have been a long-time reader of *Australian Penthouse* and consider myself a bit of an aficionado of your photography, stories and humor. Over the years, for differing reasons, I have developed favoritism for certain issues. Your August issue of this year was a favorite from the moment I clapped eyes on the number of jokes it contained, particularly the one where there's this bloke with a growth the size of Mack truck attached to his side and his doctor is saying: "It's a tumor, all right, but fortunately for you it's benign." I cacked myself. Then I went on to read an excellent story in the same issue about the horrifying effects of Agent Orange on Vietnam vets and their children. Was this an unfortunate coincidence or are you bucking for the 1990 Bad Taste Award? — *Pete Connolly, Artarmon, NSW*

Oops. — Ed

The real world

After being a regular reader of *Penthouse* for a while now, I think I've come across a fault that a lot of other guys may agree with. In a lot of your articles about people or relationships, you always seem to refer to guys working in offices or wearing suits in designer wine bars. Well, I'm sure some of your readers fit this description, but a lot of others get covered in shit in factories, on building sites, or, in my case, down a gold mine in the middle of Nowheresville.

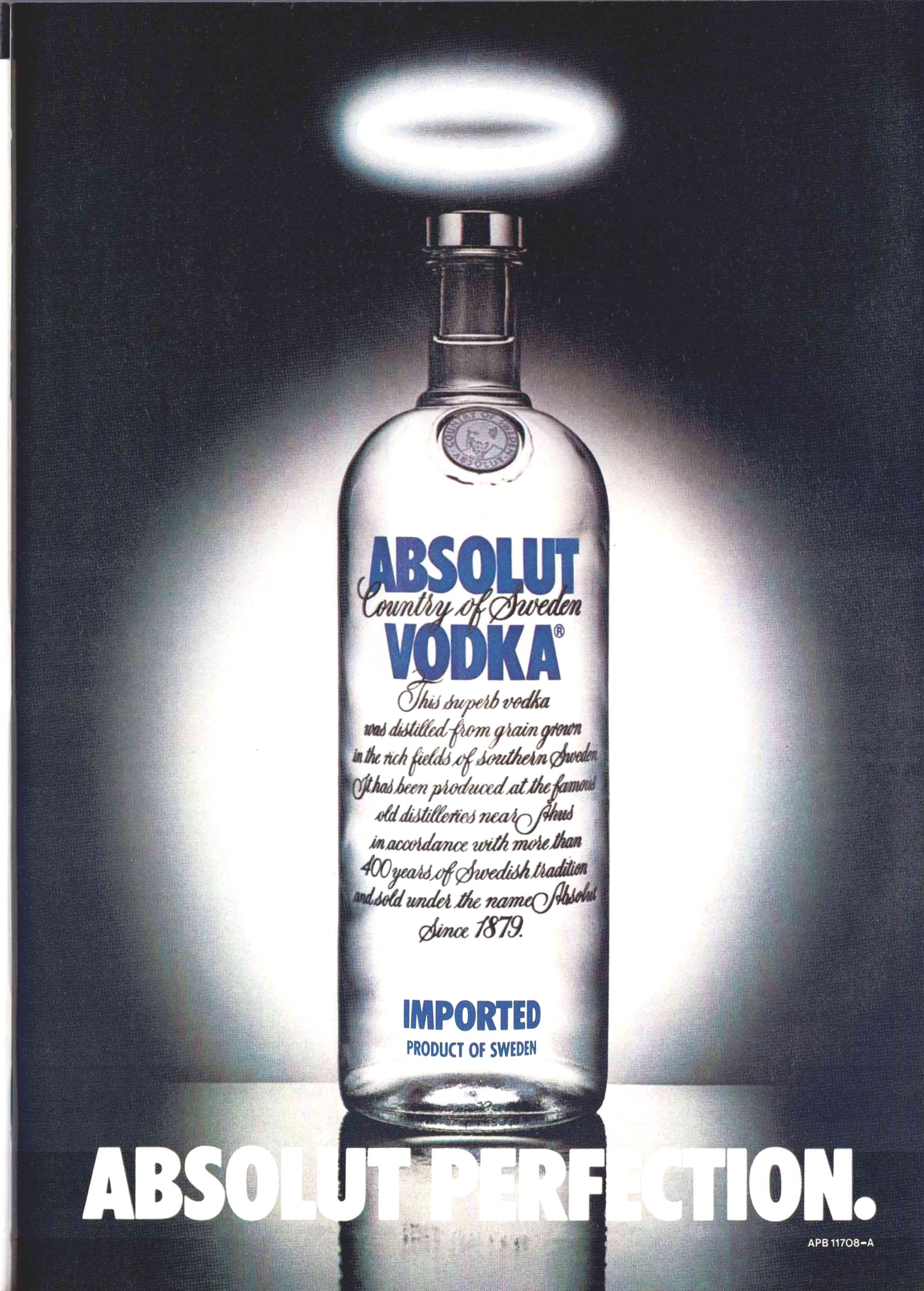
Don't get me wrong — your articles are great, especially "Catch 69" (February) and "Making Love Stay" (August). They actually helped me patch up a shaky relationship. So maybe you can mention the carry-ons in the world outside the office some time, which can be quite amusing. Keep up the good work. You crap all over *Playboy.* — *Name withheld, WA*

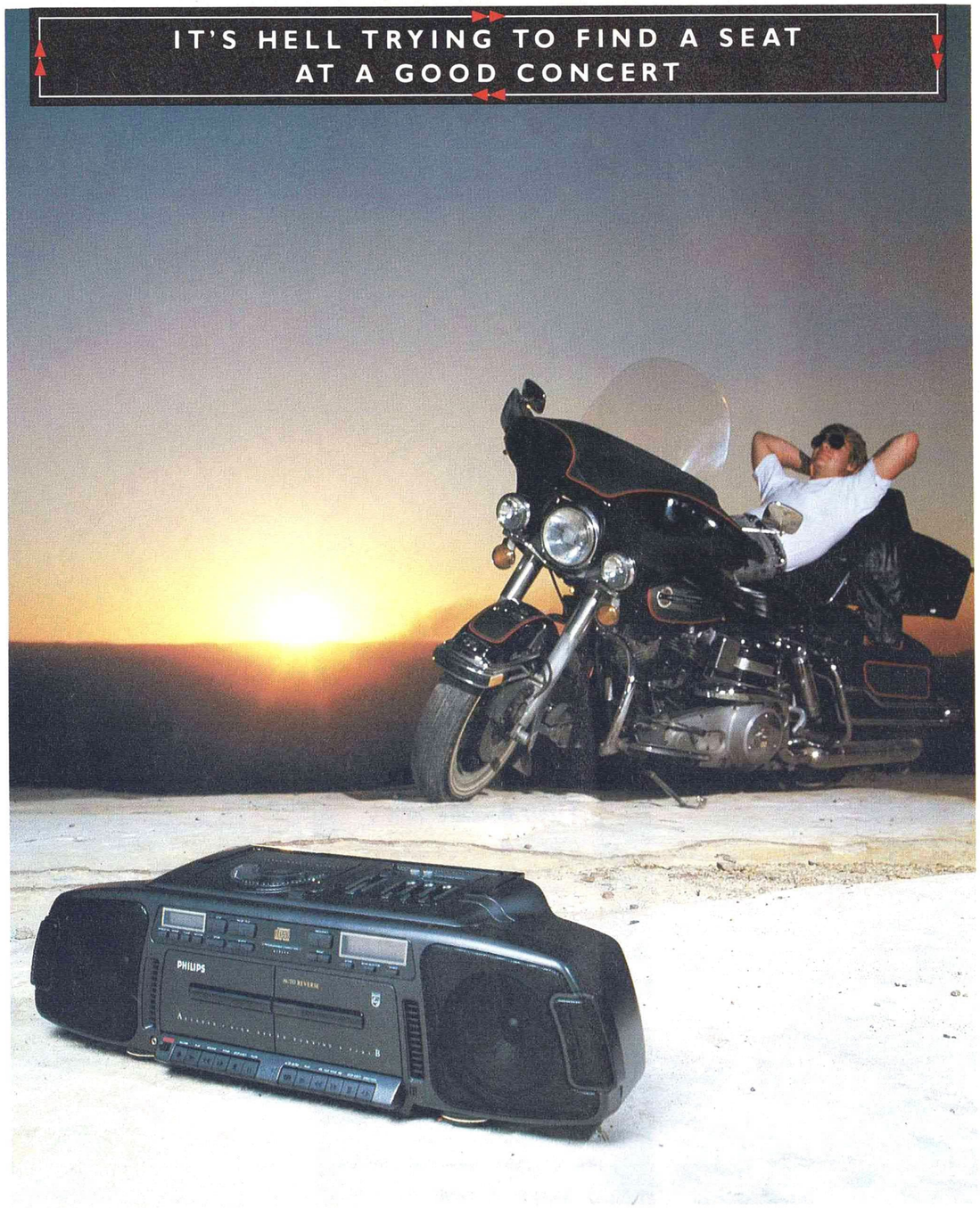
Too wired to what?

Now just hold on one minute. What's this stuff in the August issue Sex Front column? "Men have become wimpier, thinner and sadder." Is that so? "Sex at its best is a bombastic release of work tensions." Yeah?

Look. If men have become thinner it's because they're going to gym and have shaved off their beer guts. If they've become wimpier it's because there's been a bit of pressure, you know, in the past 20 years, to be more, uh, sensitive and caring. As requested at some length by the people in the shoulder pads. And sadder? What loss is there to mourn bar the tinnie-crushing male ethic that a lot of us didn't subscribe to anyway?

Australian men were never much for wooing (although we're learning, wired or not). But never, never were we too fucked to fuck. Not ever. And nor are we now. — *Name and address withheld*





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All in the family

One morning a couple of months ago, while on an errand for my husband, I drove past my eldest daughter's place. She has lived alone since her divorce and as it was the middle of the week, and she worked, I was surprised to see her car in the driveway. Stopping the car, I walked down the side of the house to the door. The bedroom window was open and as I passed it I heard a low groaning coming from inside. Maternal instinct being what it is, my immediate thought was that Sara was sick, so I looked through the window.

Sara was lying naked on the bed with a man, also naked, his head and tongue buried between her legs. I had read about oral sex, but had never seen it or experienced it — sex with my husband is very straight and I have to admit, a little boring. I found myself rooted to the ground, unable to move. I knew that I should leave but couldn't, so transfixed was I by the scene in front of me.

Sara was writhing in ecstasy on the bed, thrusting her hips into her lover's face, her hands pulling his head into her pussy, her moans becoming louder, her body shuddering as she reached her climax. As she lay still, the guy kissed his way across the swell of her belly and up to her tits, taking each nipple in his mouth in turn and sucking them to erection. Reaching for his cock, Sara pulled it towards her cunt, spreading her legs wide and giving a small squeal of delight as he entered her waiting pussy and pushed his cock all the way into her.

He began to fuck her slowly, with Sara rearing up to meet each thrust of his cock, and it wasn't long before she was in the throes of another orgasm. His thrusting got faster and with a series of low grunts, he rammed his cock home and came inside her. They lay together for a while before Sara pushed him off, and that was when I recognised him as an old friend of hers called Kevin. Kevin lay on his back as Sara began stroking and kissing his cock before taking it fully into her mouth. It took only a few minutes of her sucking for Kevin to get another hard-on. Sara then straddled him and lowered herself on to his waiting cock. They began to fuck in an easy rhythm, Sara sliding up and down, taking the full length of his erection into her cunt as Kevin fondled and sucked her tits. Her pace quickened, and from the sounds she was making I guessed that it wouldn't be long before Sara climaxed again.

My hand found its way inside the waistband of my slacks and my fingers were gently stroking my clit. I forced myself to leave, and when I reached home, tore my clothes off and threw myself on to the bed, caressing my tits and softly pinching my nipples as my hand moved down to my pussy and my fingers explored my impatient clit, bringing me to a shattering orgasm.

The images of Sara and Kevin tormented me for weeks. Sara had climaxed more in a single morning than I did in a month of sex with my husband, and the desire to have someone eat my cunt had become an obsession.

One solution was obvious, and so a day or so later I presented myself at Kevin's office. We chatted amiably over coffee for a while before he asked me the purpose of my visit.

My mouth went dry and my heart was pounding in my ears, but there was no turning back. I heard myself telling Kevin that I wanted him to make love to me the same way that he did to Sara. His face turned red as he protested that they were only friends. Feeling the advantage was mine, I started to tell him what I had seen those weeks before as I got up and closed the office door. I was wearing a wrap-around dress with a belt at the waist and as I turned to face him I loosened the belt and opened it wide. I'm 44 and have had three children but have worked hard to keep my figure in shape, and Kevin obviously liked what he saw as a smile spread slowly over his face and a bulge grew in his trousers. Nothing was left to his imagination as I had worn nothing under the dress.

We met in the middle of the office, our mouths hungrily searching each other out. As Kevin stroked my cunt he kissed my tits and took my nipples into his mouth. I unzipped his fly and felt inside for his cock. It was rock hard and I couldn't wait to feel it inside me.

Pulling away from me, Kevin told me to do my dress up and wait for him in the carpark. A few minutes later we were in his car and heading for a serviced apartment that the company maintained for visiting clients. Once inside, Kevin undressed and I was pleased to see that he was still hard for me. Standing behind me, he took off my dress, kissing my neck and shoulders as he did so and sliding his hands under my arms to cup and caress my tits. I could feel the hardness of his cock pressing between the cheeks of my arse and my pussy was almost dripping with desire.

We lay on the bed, him sucking and kissing my tits and belly as he slid two fingers in and out of my pussy while I stroked his bulging cock. I whispered for him to eat me and was soon in heaven as Kevin kissed his way down to my cunt, his tongue darting in and out, making its way up and down the length of my slit and gently circling and sucking my clit. I was out of control as I ground my cunt into his face, and it wasn't long before Kevin's expert licking brought me to the best orgasm I can remember. It seemed to go on forever, my juices flooding his face with their musky sweetness.

Kevin kissed his way back to my tits, his

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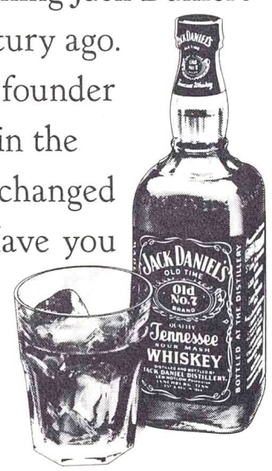

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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forum

tongue lingering to dart in and out of my navel, and I spread my legs. I badly wanted him to fuck me, but Kevin had other ideas. Rolling on to his back, he gently pushed my head down to his waiting cock. I'd never sucked cock before but I had no hesitation in taking his wonderful length into my mouth.

Kevin had me bob my head up and down his shaft as my tongue worked on his cock-head. I may have been new to cocksucking but I must have been doing something right, as with a number of mighty thrusts Kevin came in my mouth. There was so much I couldn't swallow it all at once and it ran out of the side of my mouth. We kissed passionately, the tastes of our come mingling together. He moved around until we were in the 69 position and Kevin slipped his fingers into me and began licking and sucking my clit again while I stroked and sucked his cock back to hardness. I opened my legs as wide as I could, and Kevin positioned himself to enter me.

It was the fuck of my life; nothing before or since has been as good. All my nerves were tingling and it was absolutely wonderful to feel his cock slide all the way into my pussy. Kevin fucked me with a slow gentle action, his cock raking along the length of my cunt. I was in ecstasy as Kevin brought me to orgasm after orgasm before emptying his cock deep inside me.

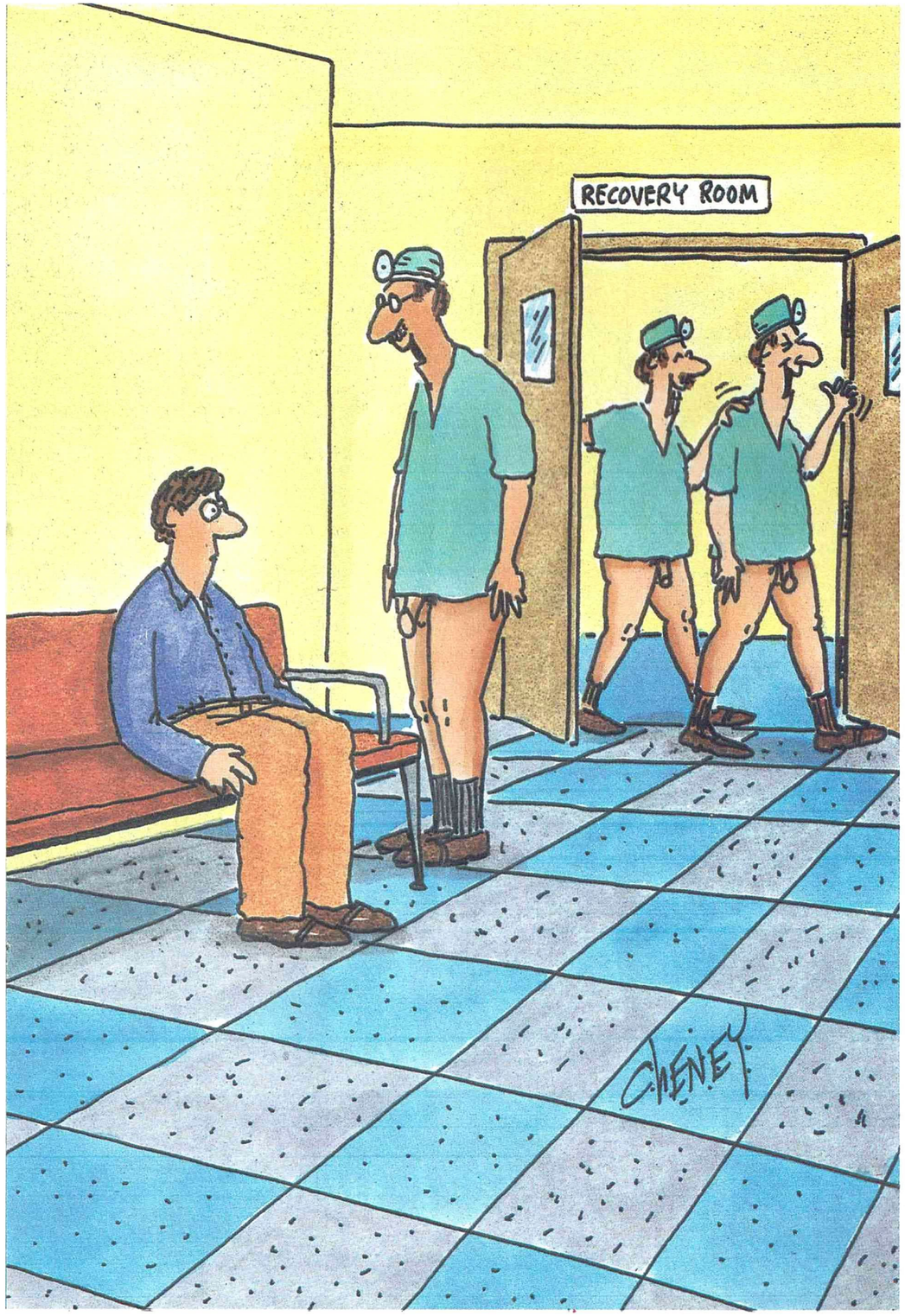
We spent the rest of the morning in bed together, fucking, sucking and fucking some more. Kevin and I are now regular lovers, getting it off together at least twice a week, and I get a deliciously wicked feeling knowing that I am sharing Kevin's cock and tongue with my daughter Sara. But like her, I just can't give them up. — *Name and address withheld*

Bum fancier

I've always had a fetish for ladies with bountiful bottoms that protrude provocatively below the rear of their waspish waists. My search for the perfect posterior has carried me across a catalogue of continents and produced numerous amorous encounters with women whose globular nether regions have sent me into a frenzy of desire.

But it was while I was drilling for oil — and women — in Thailand a number of years ago that I encountered the most delectably plump rump I'm ever likely to see.

On a rare sojourn from the drilling fields I headed for a nearby town, really little more than a shabby shanty town with a couple of crumbling bars. Expectations of meeting the woman of my dreams were far from high and they receded still further when, after downing a couple of beers, I realised that I was still just about the only soul in the entire place.



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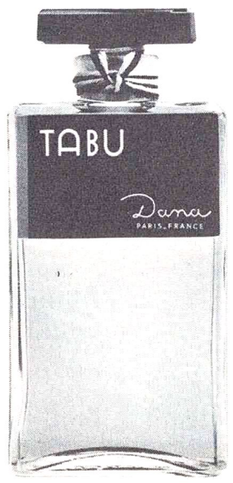

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forum

But things took a turn for the better when a couple of nubile-looking Thai sirens strutted through the swing doors and planted their tightly-clad rears on two bar stools not a million miles from where I was gazing into my third beer of the evening.

Desperate for someone to talk to, other than a crusty old barman who must have been 90 if he was a day, I cast modesty to the wind and engaged these gorgeous girls in conversation, amusing them no end with my inept grasp of their native tongue.

Their names turned out to be Deng and Marie and it was the latter who really caught my eye, especially when she sidled away from the bar to visit what passed for the ladies' room. Beneath her tight skirt juggled two glorious globes of female flesh that immediately had me aching with desire. How I longed to get to grips with these stupendous cheeks and thrust my rearing pole through the velvety valley that separated each magnificent mound.

When Marie returned I managed to prise her apart from her friend with stories of wealth and wonder on the other side of the world, and after a few more strong drinks she was ready to wave Deng good night and accept my offer of a lift back to her no doubt tiny shack somewhere in the Thai countryside.

Not wishing to frighten her off by being too amorous too early, I managed — just barely — to keep my hands to myself as I drove my Jeep back to what turned out to be a well-appointed pad nestling just off the main highway south. When she invited me in for a nightcap all pretense of decorum went out the window, and once inside I pulled Marie to me, letting my hands slip beneath her tiny waist to marvel at the sheer size and softness of her incredible arse.

"Oh yes, darling," she coaxed as I kneaded, filling my sweaty mitts with her wonderful rear, "I love it when you do that. I'm so sensitive there . . . Please let me feel you take me from behind."

I could hardly believe my ears at such an audacious invitation and, lifting her skirt, I gently encouraged her on to her hands and knees on the edge of the bed, thus throwing her majestic cheeks into obscene prominence.

I almost ripped my trousers and jocks off in my hurry to kneel behind her, showering her bulging bum with kisses before I simply couldn't stand it any more. Rising to my feet, I took a firm hold on those sensual fleshy hips and thrust my blood-engorged seven-inch cock straight between the pouting petals of her yearning quim. Her hot, shuddering buttocks squashed warmly back against the hardness of my stomach in a maddening tempo. I had to withdraw, breathless, before resuming servicing this wailing vixen with long, strong strokes that had her arse cheeks wobbling like spring-loaded jellies.

"Oh, you're such a man!" she wailed, clawing at the sheets for support as she slid toward a crunching orgasm that had her inner muscles madly milking my twitching tool.

I was growing desperate to unload my cream inside her clinging cunt and, caressing her buttocks with frenzied abandon, I found myself soaring toward a mind-blowing climax, shooting searing jets of come deep inside that cock-hungry box before my legs gave out and I slithered beside her, shattered.

As I said, this happened years ago now, but the memory of that most perfect encounter remains so vivid it is as though it happened yesterday. I write of it to you in the hope that you will print my letter, so that others, like me can treasure that posterior for posterity. — *Name and address withheld*

Catch of the day

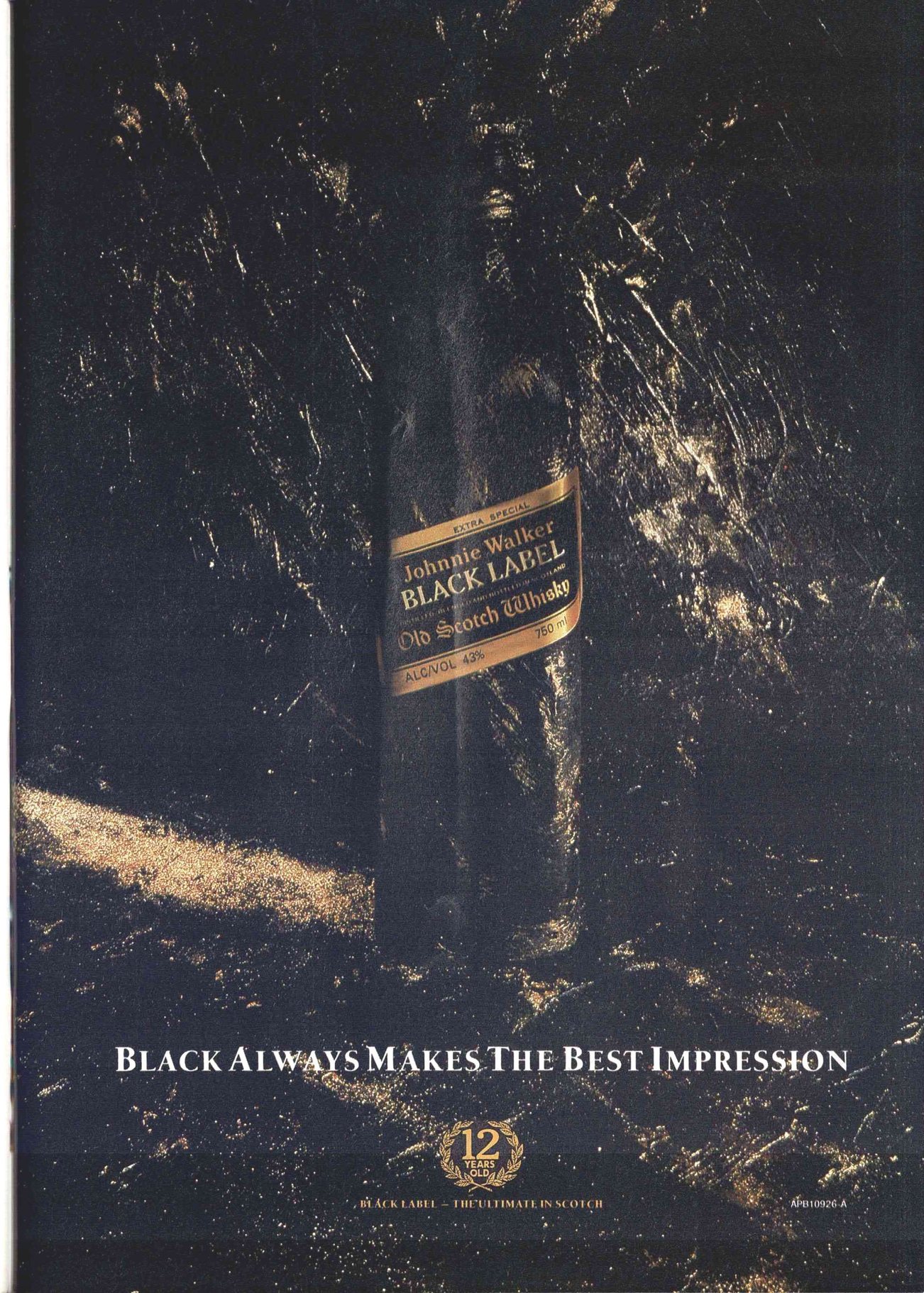
We had been fishing for a couple of hours without a single bite. Suddenly, my girlfriend was in my face, kissing me. As she ran her fingers through my beard and around my lips, the overwhelming aroma of a different kind of fish entered my nostrils. Then I realised how she had been passing the time.

I sucked her fingers into my mouth. Dropping the fishing rod, I moved my hands to the fleshy mounds barely confined in her shorts. She popped her fingers out of my lips, searching for some bait of her own. As she jerked on my worm and massaged my balls, I felt as if I had been on the verge of coming for days. My hands left her arse and began ripping the blouse from her body. I pushed her bra up over her tits, and there they were . . . so white and creamy, as if her marvellous melons had never seen the light of day.

As I sucked her right nipple and fondled the other, she threw her head back and started coming. Gasping for breath, she pushed my hands toward her shorts again. My fingers strayed inside the legs of her jeans, finding her pussy soaking wet. She asked if I wanted some mud for my turtle, and in a flash stripped naked and lay down at the edge of the stream. With the cool mud oozing out between her fingers she began spreading it all over her body and especially on those creamy white tits. Wasting no time, I threw off my jeans and waders and joined her. She grabbed my one-eyed ninja turtle and guided it into her mud-covered cunt.

The combination of her own juices and the soft mud provided for some outstanding sensations. As she began coming again, her moans became screams, and my manhood and ego grew incredibly

Continued on page 120



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CORPORATE COITUS

It's been a pig of a week. You're sweaty and tired, but it's nothing a few ales and some company won't fix. The bar smells of upmarket aftershave, cigarettes and deodorised pussy — arse with class devouring Scotch and crotch.

Too many drinks later, you're vying for the office ice princess who's taken a shine to your new paisley tie. You end up at her place, in a lather of sweat, sex and sin. Nineteen different positions later, with the sun lightening the horizon, you realise that your chances of an early start at the office are damned.

At work, you feel sheepish, hung-over and guilt-stricken. Miss Carnal Carnivore's butt pushes tightly against her corporate linen skirt. A collar of love bites peeps above her Hermes scarf.

A couple more screws, and the secret is still safe between you. After all, it's just a release of tension . . . or is it?

Office romances, like good whores, have been around for a long time. They can be inspiring, sensuous and jolly good fun or, at worst, damning, frustrating and sordid. Cynical? If you did a discreet survey around the office, you'd probably find many who have indulged in an in-house fling. An equal proportion of people have probably sworn off them.

Sex always seems more exciting when there's risk involved. The

Should you get your meat where you get your bread?

bigger the corporate fish, the greater the stakes. With corporate coitus nothing is sacred and the sexual arena is as wide only as your imagination: fancy a boardroom game of strip, slap and tickle? A lunchtime frolic or a seedy night of clubbing, drinking, groping and abandonment? Just hop over the edge and you'll find carnal Utopia waiting for you.

Corporate sex thrives on those excesses — tension, stress, pressure — that usually make communication difficult and unhinge the psyche. Living from day to day in hyperdrive spoils most people's chances of meeting a dream mate and you find yourself in a vicious circle. You love your work but you "can't get no satisfaction." A little distraction offers salvation. Corporate sex is cool. What better way to start a morning than with a power fuck, a glass of orange juice and an agenda? It adds a certain *je ne sais quoi* to boardroom boredom.

Apart from sexual whiz-bang, corporate coitus can be wildly romantic. Impromptu interstate trips, cocktails and midnight strolls have their merits. It's fun to trip into a meeting feeling frisky and alert, privately nursing a wet box or sore member. You tend to smile a lot more.

Suddenly feminism is no longer a threat. You decide you like avant-garde black-and-white movies, and you're *never* going to eat fish and chips again, unless it's with French fizz. You're hyped up, optimistic and inspired to push yourself harder. There is empathy and plenty of shop talk — until the schizophrenia sets in.

Somewhere along the line the bubble bursts. You wonder how sex and work could have become so inextricably tangled. Neither offers an escape from the other. One moment it's lust, the next it's workload, and you find your mind split between last night's *soixante-neuf* and today's sales report. Paranoia takes hold as the in-house gossip-mongers gleefully crank into gear. What will your boss/wife/colleagues think? Your one-time ice princess begins to talk about settling down seriously. Or, even worse, you may still be keen while she's lost interest in you. Thump goes your reputation.

Things become complicated. Freedom and spontaneity, two qualities which keep people happily together, no longer exist. The corporate tunnel of love has turned into tunnel vision. Suddenly your old relationship (or marriage) starts to look pretty good.

The dark side of the corporate romance is that egos, friendships, work relationships and performance hardly ever emerge unscathed. Jealousy lurks between the fax and the photocopier, while for the smitten, bitten and abandoned, it's cold-turkey time.

Right, you say, that's it. Never again. A salacious swing in the sack is one thing, but in truth, ye romantics, corporate coitus does a mockery of beautiful passions make. Boardroom bonking is for the birds — the feathered kind.

So it's back to the desk, heads down. But as work leeches away leisure time and sexual intimacy once more becomes elusive, you begin to ponder things in a different light. Is not corporate bonking one of the most sexy fantasies there is to explore? Is it not a lot less boring than no coitus at all?

There are plenty of fish in the sea, and yes, there's a new ice princess on the third floor. So you break out your paisley tie, haul on your wellies and wade in yet again. *Carpe diem*, after all.

It's a fine time to go fishing, only this time, you'll beware of the sharks. Or will you? — *Pat Gillespie*

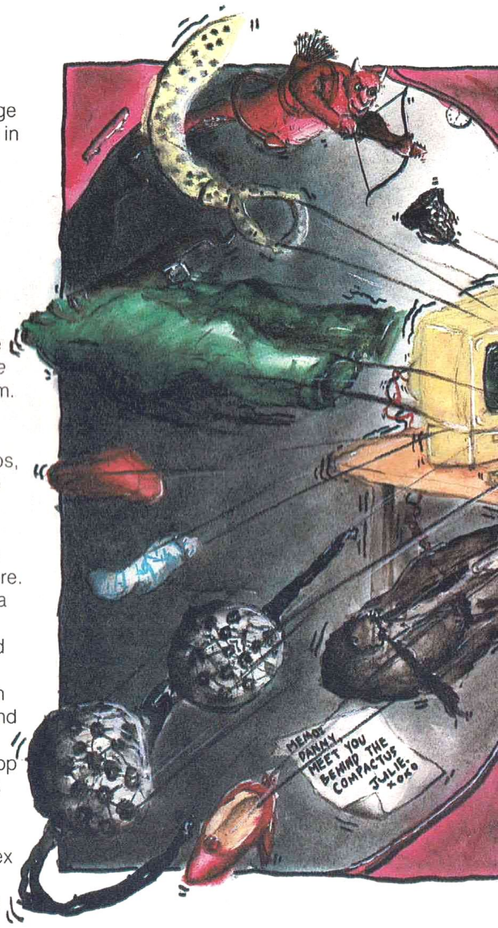
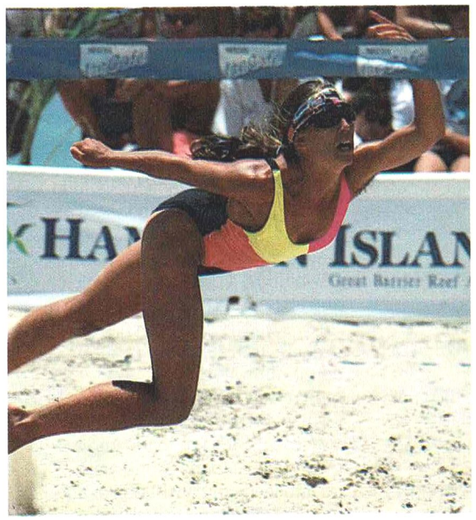


Illustration by Paul McIlveen

SAND FLIES

Greg Douglas, LIVE ACTION



Greg Douglas, LIVE ACTION

'Tis the season to disport and cavort in the sand and sea — and this summer there's going to be a lot more disportin' and cavortin' (as opposed to lying about on towels listening to the radio) than ever before. The reason? An astonishing boom in the sport of beach volleyball, a sport which in Australia has risen from non-existence two years ago to semi-professionalism now for elite players, with the likelihood of those players being fully professional by 1992 and strutting their stuff on permanent beach volleyball courts in front of large crowds on major beaches all around the vast Australian coastline.

From zero to the big time in just four years? You can bet your arse that some powerful promotional muscle is being flexed here, and that the minds behind the muscle know exactly what they're doing.

One of them is Peter Epov, Managing Director of Volleyball NSW and of the newly formed Australian Beach Volleyball Commission. He's part of the brains trust behind the Master Plan to bring the Australian beach scene into line with international trends.

First, you need to understand that beach volleyball has been a huge sport for decades in other countries with a warm climate and coastline — especially Brazil, Argentina and the USA.

"But in Australia," Epov observes, "we have been educated by the Lifesaving Movement as to what we can and can't do on the beach. Whereas in other countries they've always culturally associated the beach with sport and recreation, here the lifesavers have a policy — and I *know* this as their former National Director — where they really don't want anyone but themselves carrying on recreational activities on the beach. So councils historically prohibited ball games and other games at the beach, the Lifesaving Movement 'owned' the beaches and the public were granted the right to come along and lie on their towels and swim between the flags."

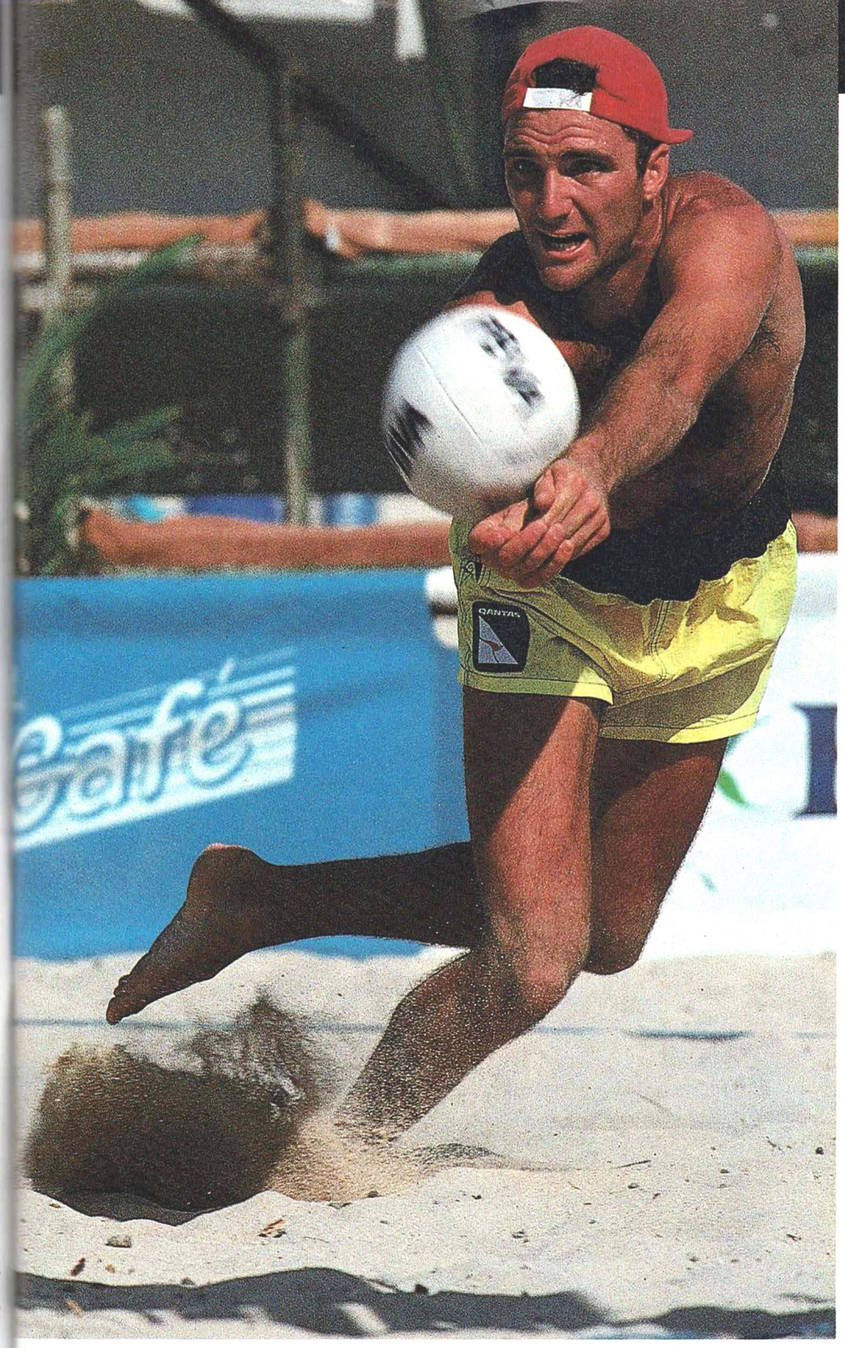
It was the protracted feud between surfers and "clubbies" back in the Sixties that started to turn this peculiarly Australian aberration around. It ushered in the era of the beach as public domain. As a result, says Epov, local authorities are becoming very receptive to the idea of beach volleyball; the clubbies, having apparently seen the error of their ways, are co-operating (in Queensland they're actually helping to run tournaments); so now the landlubbers at the beach can get in on the act as well.

Organised beach volleyball is digging in on our shores

You've probably played a pick-up game of volleyball on the beach somewhere, but that's not beach volleyball. While the size of the court and height of the net are the same as in indoor volleyball, a beach volleyball team consists of two, not six. Think about it. What it means is that if the ball gets past the bloke at the net — the "blocker" — his partner has to cover 81 square metres of sand in trying to scramble it back to the blocker, then get to his feet, race to the end and belt it back after his partner has set it up. That, at least, is how the game is played at the highest level, and although it's obviously far less tactically complex than the indoor game, it is *extremely* physically demanding — a display of unabashed machismo reflecting its cultish origins.

The hotshot players in Australia are all former or current indoor volleyball stars, with the top-ranked pair of Edi Vukosa and Tony Saad both members of our national volleyball team. It'll be a long time before that changes in this country, but elsewhere the two sports are poles apart. Back in 1975, when *American Volleyball* magazine put up the first ever prize purse of $5000 for a beach volleyball tournament, it was the start of "the major lifestyle trend in America", according to a US *Playboy* scribe. Last year the biggest of several circuits, the Miller Lite Circuit, injected a cool $1.2 million in prize money, and 600 tournaments were run in 30 states.

Here in Australia it's been a matter of creating the craze from scratch. Indoor volleyball's been a very popular recreational sport for many years, but could never emulate basketball in kick-starting a promotional bandwagon, with big dollars at the end of the trail, because in Australia it's always been viewed as basketball's poor cousin. So the volleyball administrators in each state, realising they needed some radical new focal point, decided last year that since Australians are the world's greatest



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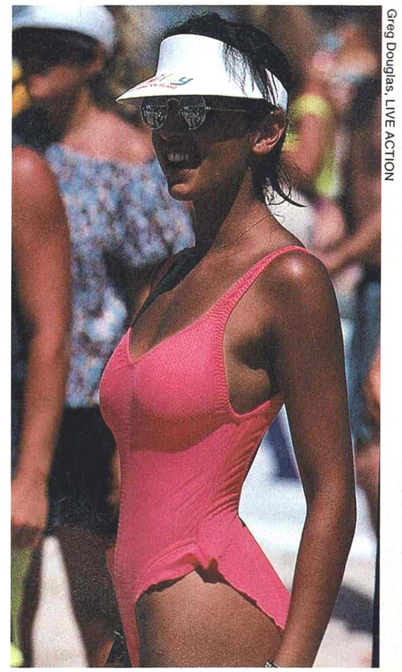


Greg Douglas, LIVE ACTION

beach bums, beach volleyball ought to be a way of getting a lot of those bums on to courts, or at least on to spectator seats.

The lads got stuck into the task and virtually created a semi-professional sport overnight. Radio stations were targeted for publicity; companies like Coca-Cola and Pepsi were aggressively courted for sponsorship money (the Americans, who again have a different attitude from us when it comes to getting pissed on the beach, are largely sponsored by brewing outfits) and there were spectacular successes, especially in Adelaide, where 12,000 people turned up at Glenelg Beach to watch a tournament sponsored to the tune of 50 grand by Coke.

But the big move was the establishment in the off-season of the Beach Volleyball Commission with Peter Epov at the helm. A national grand prix circuit will be instituted, with the overall winners getting a handy $10,000 and direct entry into the six world grand prix events, and this summer there'll be up to 10,000 players regularly competing in tournaments.

Epov has pulled together $750,000 in sponsorship deals to implement a four-tiered nationwide attack on our beaches. The first is recreational beach volleyball for mass participants on most major beaches throughout Australia; the second is the setting up of circuits in every state; the third is the national grand prix series; and the fourth is the goal, already within reach, of staging a leg of the world grand prix circuit on Australian sand.

The problem at present is that the whole show, while ballooning at an alarming rate, has been a travelling circus. Epov: "Each weekend, at a different location, we set up eight to 12 temporary courts, we accommodate 300 to 400 players, and we can draw 5000 to 8000 people who'll sit and watch. But the objective is to have permanent facilities on beaches, as in the US and South America, so that the residents can play beach volleyball regularly."

Maybe this really will prove to be the start of a trend towards the Americanisation of our beaches. In the States, you don't work out in the obscurity of the gym any more; you do it down the beach, where everyone can admire you. The day has long since passed when surfers had exclusive posing rights where the land meets the sea. That's progress, I guess. — *Greg Hunter*

"And only three months ago I was saying, me fall in love? Now, I can't remember life before her."
Chantilly
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
Parfums Houbigant Paris

YOUNG AND LOVELY

Parisians love the unfussiness of Beaujolais. For them, it's a wine for drinking, not contemplation — a cafe wine that allows people to talk to each other rather than go through the ritual of detailed oenological analysis. And the younger the Beaujolais the better, to judge by the growing fashion for Beaujolais nouveau (more accurately "primeur") — the weeks-old wine that is rushed to Paris for consumption starting November 15 or thereabouts. A small quantity of Beaujolais nouveau 1990 will also be air-freighted to Australia as close to the hallowed date as possible.

Beaujolais is a sub-region of Burgundy, stretching north from Lyon along the western banks of the Saone River to the southern boundary of the Macon. Beaujolais turns out in excess of 140 million bottles of wine a year. At a rough count, there are more than 5000 individual growers working on 20,000 hectares of vineyard.

Illustration by Skye Rogers

All Beaujolais wines are made by the age-old carbonic maceration technique, which results in quickly maturing, intensely fruity wines. In most cases, the grapes are placed whole into large fermentation tanks. The sheer weight of the grapes on the top of the pile crushes the clusters near the bottom. The juice starts to ferment and is then pumped over the grapes throughout the tank. Each cluster begins to ferment, without crushing. After five days, the grapes are crushed as normal and the fermented juice extracted.

You don't muck around with Beaujolais. You bloody drink it.

In France, any wine released within a few months of vintage can claim the name "nouveau." Only the month-old Beaujolais is entitled to the name "primeur." Beaujolais primeur is about as complex as a straight line; it's charm rests fully on its lack of age. In years when the growing season is slow and long because of bad weather, for example, the infant Beaujolais can be thin and colicky. Within six months, primeur will decline to barely drinkable; at one year the only suitable thing is to pour it down the sink.

The most common and lightest Beaujolais wines come from Bas-Beaujolais, the southern part of the region. Eighty percent of primeur wines come from this area. Bas wines are simply called "Beaujolais l'annee" if they have less than 10 percent alcohol (the minimum is nine percent). If they have more than 10 percent, they are entitled to be called "Beaujolais Superieur."

The better Beaujolais wines hail from the north of the town of Villefranche-sur-Saone in the area known as Haut-Beaujolais. The soils here are full of granite, which makes for fuller bodied wines. Wines from the 40 designated communes in this region are known as Beaujolais-Villages. At the top of the Beaujolais scale stand *grand crus*. The Beaujolais district has been officially classified by the French *appellation controlee* authorities into nine *grand crus*, or vineyard areas, each with its own taste and style. Look out for the names: Saint-Amour, Julienas, Chenas, Moulin-a-Vent, Fleurie, Chiroubles, Morgon, Brouilly and Cotes de Brouilly.

Saint Amour is light, winsome and best while young. Julienas has more fullness and body, and therefore improves with a year or two of ageing. Chenas wines need to be aged for a year or two to temper their richness. Moulin-a-Vent is the most famous of the *grand crus* and the wines, more akin to the heavier Burgundy Moulin-a-Vent wines, have much longer lives, drinking well up to ten years after vintage — a rare exception to the "drink early" rule. Fleurie is the closest in magnificence to Moulin-a-Vent, but is more floral and typical of Beaujolais. Chiroubles is spunky and best when young. Morgon bottlings can be quite tannic, so a year of ageing is in order. Brouilly and Cotes de Brouilly come from the most southern regions of Beaujolais and again exhibit characteristic friskiness.

Most of the wine produced in the Beaujolais district is sold not by the name of the chateau or individual but under the name of the producer, bottler or shipper. There are more than 200 shippers currently exporting Beaujolais. Thankfully, in Australia we don't have to plough through such a vast number of options. I say thankfully, because although we have a limited number, most of the best labels are here. The next bit of good news is that even the highest priced *grand cru* retails at just $20. Names to watch out for in both Beaujolais-Villages and *grand crus* are: Louis Latour, Sylvain Fessy, Robert Sarrau, Mommessin, David and Foillard, Dreyfus, Gohet, Georges Duboeuf, Jaffelin, and Henri de Villamont. The Piat and Ogier et Fils labels also offer Beaujolais of exquisite complexity and crisp fruitiness.

Beaujolais should always be served cool — at cellar, not room, temperature. If the weather is very hot, stick the bottle in the refrigerator for 20 minutes prior to serving. — *Elisabeth King*

DIVE, SHE SAID

You wouldn't think it'd be easy to laugh under about seven metres of water with your gob full of chrome and rubber, but really there's nothing to it. Couldn't help myself. Laughed like a halfwit, and there was nothing bloody funny. To my complete surprise, scuba diving caught me that way. My first dive it was, into the waters of Kimbe Bay, a volcano-ringed bite out of the top of New Britain and home to a necklace of reefs that have been described as the most beautiful in the world.

Blimey. I'm in a confetti shower of tiny, brilliant-hued fish and I'm looking at an LSD-inspired scene of coral and wafting plantlife, my eyes are saucers and I'm giggling like a seven-year-old who's just seen presents under the Christmas tree.

To give you some idea of just how special these reefs are, cop a load of this: In a classic case of the busman's holiday, the Cousteau family take vacations here — and I'm not talking about Kev and Thelma Cousteau of Wollongong. The genuine articles, along with just about everyone else who ventures here, stay at a place called Walindi, a 202-hectare operational oil palm plantation that since about 1982 has sort of diversified from the family home of Australian plantation managers Max and Cecilie Benjamin into an intimate resort comprising eight local-style beachfront bungalows, each groaning under a thatch of trailing tropical flowers.

Divers and adventure travellers from around the world drift into this idyllic place. Many can't tear themselves away and stay on to work for a while, creating a youthful, polyglot atmosphere. But this is not solely the realm of the hardy young backpacker. Its comfort, home cooking and conveniences render Walindi a favorite for families and older travellers.

Australians don't need the likes of me to tell them that New Guinea has its problems in Bougainville and urban centres at the moment. But here in the peaceful province of New Britain, no such problems are apparent. Hell, our tourist "meccas" of Cairns, Surfers Paradise and Bondi Beach have *their* problems at the moment. On Kimbe Bay you're not looking at overcharging and overdevelopment, and you're not going to catch gastroenteritis with your morning dip. You're just to the north of Australia and yet you're at the end of the Earth, diving through crystal aquamarine into the ocean's jewel box and lunching beneath pandanus on tiny, jungled coral islets. Throw in the fact that an all-inclusive trip here will probably cost you less than an airtrip, meals and accommodation at Surfers, and this perfect place looks even better. Think of how you'll impress the shit out of your friends! This girl spent eight days at Walindi, and did she have a good time? Does Jack Newton swim in circles?

Through those days my tendency to giggle like a Jason Donovan fan wasn't restricted to underwater. You swim with dolphins in Kimbe Bay, something I'd wager would have even Paul Keating piddling his Emilio Zegna bathers in delight. When the conditions are right — that is, when the morning sun plays on the water's surface — so do the dolphins. The

Let the Earth move for you in New Britain

dive boat is manoeuvred among them, then you hang off the back in your mask and fins and You Are There.

Heck, some people can giggle just *looking* for dolphins. Cruising along and scanning those calm waters that bleed into the Bismarck Sea, I see a big patch of sea surface lift and skim crazily for a few metres. "Flying fish! Flying fish!" I squeal dementedly. Everyone looks at me like I've been sniffing glue. It was the same when I saw the fireflies — a tree towering in the moonlight, alive with a myriad darting pinpoints of light. "*Fireflies*!" Each time I'm too embarrassed to explain that on the streets of Newtown, where I hail from, the common sightings are of blowflies and barflies, and that when you swim off Sydney you're more than likely to do so with a friendly school of tampons and condoms.

Days smudge together. Mid one arvo, as we're bumping back in the boat toward Walindi, I'm looking at the jagged horizon, upthrust peaks wreathed in spidery cloud, and the palm-fringed shoreline is looming up like a scene from *Apocalypse Now*. My salty head is so full of cliches and superlatives that it takes me a while to realise that a guy beside me is singing — really badly. He's a middle-aged environmentalist/archeologist or somesuch (New Guinea is crawling with 'em and they all look like Harry Butler), and he's tunelessly droning out some awful Seventies hit by Tony Orlando and Dawn. I check out the look on his face and surmise that he doesn't even know he's doing it. This guy is in an hypnotic state of relaxation.

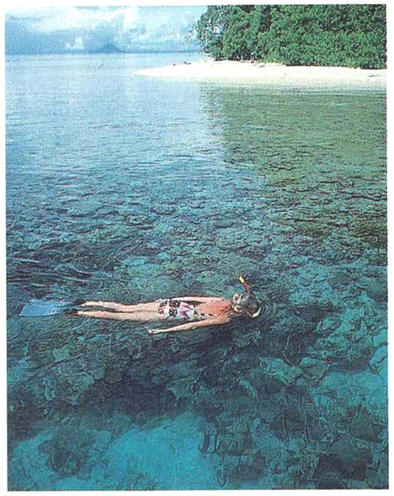
A couple of hours later I reckon I arrive at where he was at. I'm showered and pomaded and sitting alone on the shoreline with a gin and tonic. Those pointy mountains are turning purple, there's a full moon on the rise, and some little kids, black and white, are still playing like seals in the warm, silvering water. Someone or something has snipped tiny snips from my extremities, just big enough to let every drop of tension dribble out. A very large, very vivid pink and black butterfly jiggles past my nose, so close I swear I feel the tiny breeze from its wings, and I figure that this would have to be the perfect place for a honeymoon. First honeymoon, second, dirty holiday, whatever. All I know is I'm a woman travelling on my own and I'm feeling so horny I could root a rattlesnake. I can't remember if it was before or after that when I felt the earth tremor, one long odd and shuddering second, and something quite common in these parts, they tell me. Go ahead, puke, but in New Britain, the Earth moved for me — literally.

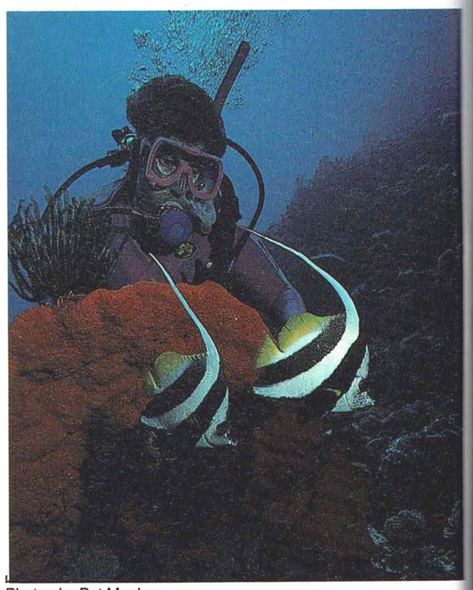
Such things aside, there's more than diving to be had in this special place, though when you go there you *will* dive (or I'll personally shoot your dog). There's fishing like you wouldn't believe and close at hand, and further to the east, in Rabaul, is abundant evidence of the fierce fighting of WWII. Even nearer, to the west, is Talasea, a thermal hot-spot of bubbling mud pools and the rest. Since I've always figured that gurgling sulphurous mud and water would excite my senses marginally less than watching a lot of people fart in a big bathtub, I didn't visit Talasea. Then tales of bathing naked in warm springs and showering beneath hot waterfalls in the jungle now seduce me to go back. This is the person who, after all, didn't think she'd get a kick out of scuba diving.

Going back. It's a Friday night, payday locally, and I'm away from Walindi at a place called the San Remo Club in the nearby oil palm town of Kimbe. It's a nice knockabout joint where PNG Nationals, Australian and European expats and their wives are kicking back with a South Pacific Lager or rum and Coke or three. A bunch of friendly people are politely asking me when I'm going to come back. I tell 'em I don't want to leave. That's when this bloke tells me about a strain of malaria you can get, mild as all get-out, just serious enough to stop you risking any air travel. Just for a change, I giggle.

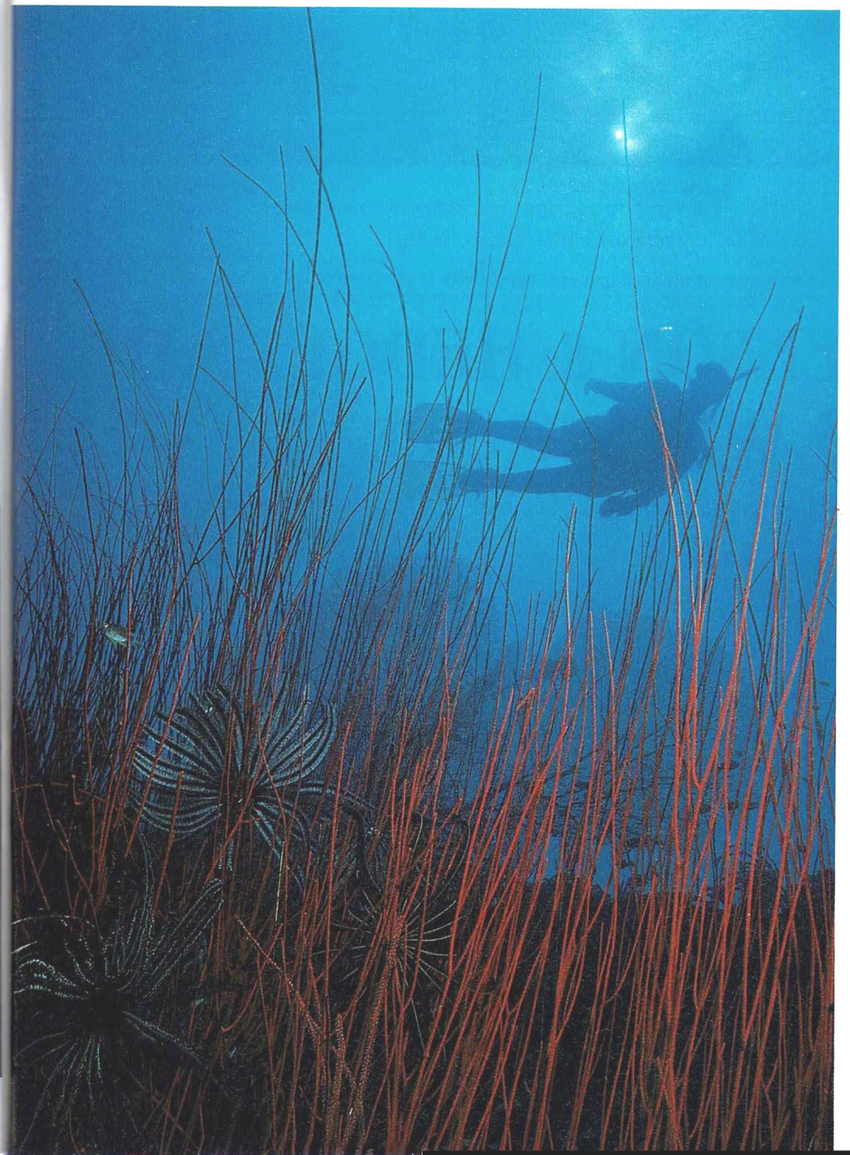
Then, a couple of days later, when my plane is whirring props on the tiny Hoskins airstrip, I swear on my dear mum's step-ins that I feel a twinge of that very strain coming on. I always was a bit slow on the uptake. — *C. J. Mackay*

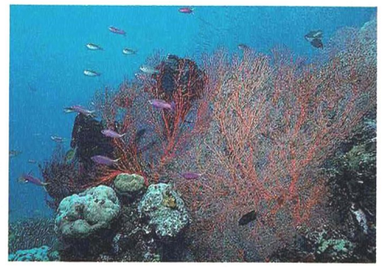
For bookings, more information and brochures on Walindi and New Britain, contact Owen Coney at Sea New Guinea, 100 Clarence St, Sydney, (02) 267 5563.

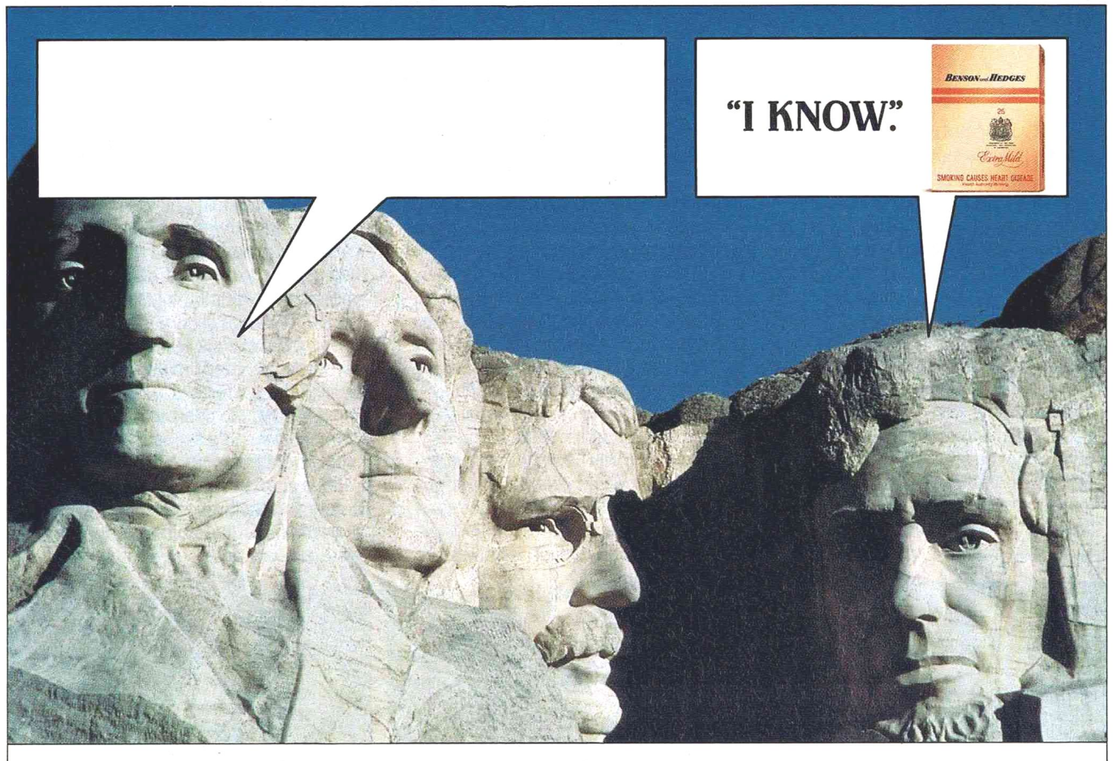




Photos by Pat Manly







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1. Entry is open to all persons 18 years of age or over residing in Australia and is conditional on the inclusion of two bar codes from packets of Benson and Hedges 25s.
2. Government legislation prohibits residents of Victoria and South Australia from entering this competition.
3. Entries must be received by last mail on October 31, 1990. The winner will be notified by mail and in an announcement published in The Australian on November 12, 1990.
4. This is a game of skill and chance plays no part.
5. Employees of The Benson and Hedges Company Pty Ltd, associated companies, their advertising agencies and their families are ineligible to compete.
6. The contest will be judged by a panel appointed by The Benson and Hedges Company. The panel will strive to see that every entry is given fair and equal consideration. All competitors taking part agree to accept the judges' decision as final and binding.
7. All entries remain the property of The Benson and Hedges Company Pty Ltd and no correspondence will be entered into.
8. This competition is organised and conducted by The Benson and Hedges Company Pty Ltd, 71 Macquarie Street, Sydney, NSW 2000.

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*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

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AFTER THE FALL

Illustration by Rodney Wong

Then there's the bloke who, after a lifetime working for the one company, took almost a million dollars into retirement and, because the interest rate was attractive, put the million into Estate Mortgage. His million may now be worth half that, but more likely a third, and won't be available for two or three years.

We're already hearing many similar tales as the excesses of the Eighties are worked out through the first years of the Nineties. Will we learn anything from these disasters?

Many of us will, I suggest, stay about two million miles from any investment product other than a bank and, despite missing out on opportunities to earn more, will be more than satisfied by the resultant sense of security. This is not a bad thing. The couple of extra points a year Estate Mortgage was offering were definitely not, in the long run, worth it.

Advisors can go on and on about the wisdom of chasing security at the expense of high returns, but it is not until you've lost big money that the message sinks in. Otherwise, how is it possible that these huge crashes, involving millions — and, these days, billions — of public money can recur with almost clockwork regularity? I think it should be compulsory for every young person to be given a (to them) large sum of money — say a hundred bucks — and invest it in the flashest investment product going; let them learn the hard way that flashest is hardly ever best.

Anyway, the obvious lessons from the recent string of financial fiascos: There's eggs and baskets; an oldie, but how many of us ignore it? It's like going to the races and putting your entire purse on the first race. That's okay if you only want a short day out. Risk is like butter: it's there to be spread.

The other obvious lesson is that the higher you fly the further you fall. The warning bells were ringing on both Farrow Corp and Estate Mortgage just from their newspaper ads. The rates of interest they were offering investors were higher than those offered anywhere else in their markets. "Ah," we thought, "they manage well." Wrong. From now on, when we see such out-of-line rates, we should think: "Disaster about to happen."

A bloke pointed out the inherent flaw in Estate Mortgage about two years before it fell over. Why, he asked me, can they offer such high rates? Because, he said, they charge the people who borrow the money we invest with Estate higher than normal rates. And why do these

Will we learn from recent financial disasters?

borrowers go to Estate to borrow if it charges higher interest than, say, a bank? Because the bank doesn't want to lend them the money. And why not? Because the bank doesn't think the bloody borrower is any good. And if the bank figures the deal is no good, on its interest rates, then how much worse is the deal when it has to pay higher than bank rates?

Thus let's devise a basic rule of thumb: the mob with the highest interest rate has probably got the highest risk. Avoid them, especially in the down phase of the cycle.

Now, you may be very clever and get in on the upswing. For instance, in the two years since being warned about Estate Mortgage I missed out on the very good interest rates it was paying. But your timing has to be right. If I'd, say, invested for 23 months, I'd have been right; 24 months, and *zfft*!

Have a look at Mr Holmes à Court. He stayed in the market a little bit too long but when it fell he got out F-A-S-T. Boy, did he what? I remember thinking, when he sold the Bell companies to Alan Bond: "Oh, Bond has won." I was wrong. Holmes à Court simply loaded poor never-say-no Bondy with a bag of sick cats and used the money he got — apparently a lot less than he could have got two months earlier, although that is debatable — to buy good old-fashioned boring productive land. The result: Bond is in a perpetual state of crisis and Holmes à Court is Australia's biggest landowner.

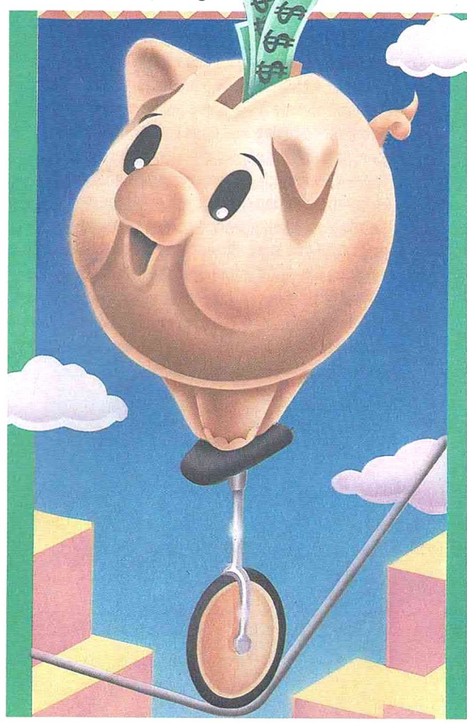
At least Holmes à Court *was* able to get out. He understood that when the milk goes off you throw it out — you don't wait for it to sweeten up again.

So, maybe you can chase the high interest rate investments at the start of the boom as long as you are sure to get out before the inevitable bust. And when's that? More often than not, the time to get out is about six months before people actually start thinking about getting out. So beat that one!

The failure of the Farrow Corp building societies shows that nothing is really risk-free. For, although the Farrow societies were run a little differently to the way — I hope — most building societies do business, they were supposed to be, well, as safe as houses.

Just because something looks safe doesn't mean it is. Because many businessmen use interesting methods of accountancy — and there's always a way around the rules — even astute students of accounts can be fooled.

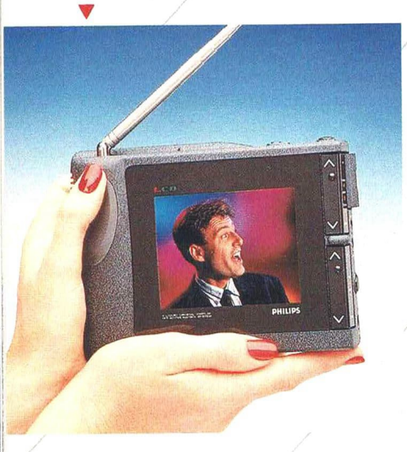
Finally, you've got to have an attitude to money that can allow you to get on with the job of living and stop worrying. There are always going to be surprises, always somebody going broke. Empires come and empires go.



And, as I've said before and will say again: stay on the right side of the books. What would you prefer when your bank goes under: them owing you money, or you owing them? — *David Quicksilver*

FRONT

Personal viewing without eyestrain is the promise of Philips' new ultra-compact TV which is equipped with a 10cm liquid crystal screen. This is made up of 112,086 pixels or picture elements to deliver a high resolution image while contrast (always a problem with LCD screens) is improved by the manner in which the picture is created. On-screen displays are provided for channel selection, volume level, brightness settings and low battery levels. The built-in auto tuner has 69 presets (much more than you'll ever need in Australia) and the Philips 4LC1000 can also be powered from the mains or a car's cigarette lighter socket. This private viewing will cost you $999.

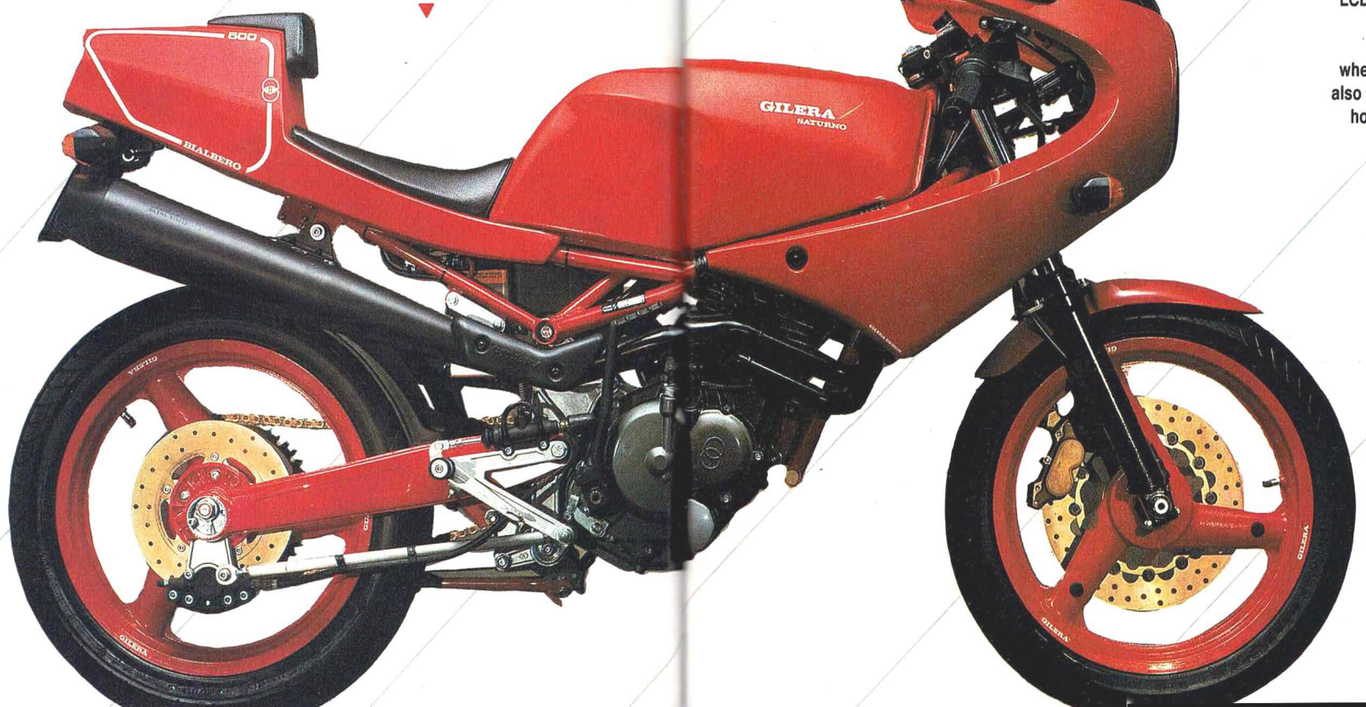


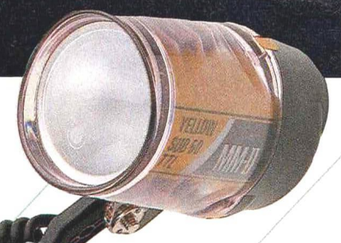
Lens maker Vivitar has installed one of its best quality Series 1 zooms in a compact camera to give the best of both worlds. The lightweight Vivitar 370Z is equipped with a 35-70mm power zoom which is automatically focused. Exposure control is also automatic with the built-in flash firing when needed and providing fill-in to eliminate unsightly shadows. An autowinder takes care of film loading, advance and rewind. From Merit Imports at $399.

Sanyo is the latest manufacturer to join the mini camcorder craze with its 8mm format VM-ES88P "Zeema" which is gripped binocular-style. Features include a six-times power zoom, automatic focusing and exposure control (plus white balance setting) and a high speed shutter (to 1/4000 second). A superimpose function allows the creation of titles and graphics and there's also an audio/video fader and close-up facility. All this in an ultra-compact body shell weighing just 800g. From Sanyo Australia at around $2500.

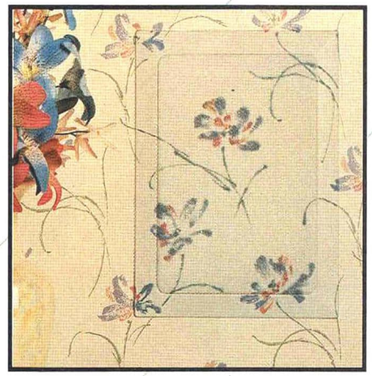
Take an economy dive with Sea & Sea's new Motormarine II which represents an economical alternative to the more expensive 35mm underwater cameras. The Motormarine II features built-in flash, automatic film advance, auto film speed setting and through-the-lens exposure metering. The 35mm f3.5 lens is fixed but a range of close-up and wide-angle converters are available and can be easily fitted underwater. Distributed by Graflex.

The Gilera Saturno is modelled on the legendary single-cylinder racing bikes of the Fifties which carried the same marque. Now, dressed in the very best of Nineties technology, the Saturno is being hand-built by craftsmen in Arcore, Italy. It's equipped with an advanced four-stroke single-cylinder engine mounted on a tubular, competition-style space frame and complemented by high-quality components. She ain't cheap, and you can't buy one at the local store. But if you decide you must have one of these breathtaking little beasts, contact Italspares, Sydney, on (02) 759-9690.



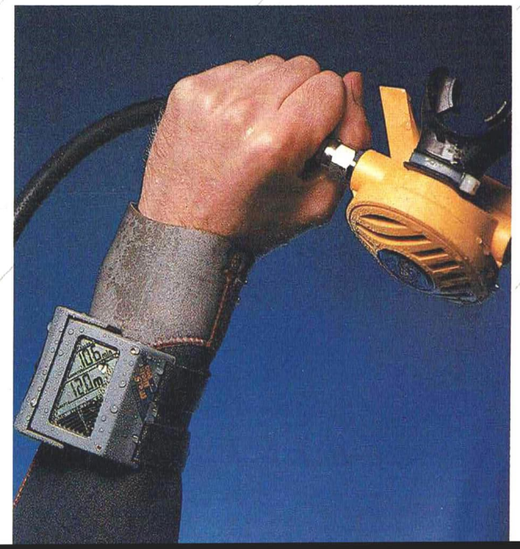


Not everybody wants their carefully co-ordinated home decor degraded by less aesthetically pleasing stereo equipment so California-based Sonance has come up with a range of discreet wall-mounted loud speakers. These are mounted flush with walls or ceilings with the driver cones and crossover circuitry located within the wall or roof cavity. If so desired, you can match the faceplate with your wallpaper and the smallest model in the Sonance range, the M30, can even be installed in a shower stall. Waterproofed facings are available for all the models. Distributed by Concept Audio.



Epoca is the title Canon has applied to this futuristic looking camera which incorporates a long range 35-105mm zoom lens in its streamlined body. The lens cap opens to form the camera's flash (which also zooms) and all key functions are performed automatically. Epoca is designed to fit snugly into the palm of the hand and includes such unusual features as a waist-level viewfinder, auto framing and "red-eye" correction. Also on the menu is a self-timer, closer-focusing attachment and a details liquid crystal display. All this for $599 from Canon Australia.

Going down need no longer be a hit-and-miss affair with the Micro Brain Pro Plus dive computer which assists with the safe utilisation of the maximum time underwater. The unit can be worn on the wrist and has an easy-to-see LCD screen which displays details such as dive time, depth, time remaining, decompression stops (if required), ascent rate and a warning if this is exceeded, plus much more. Importantly, the display indicates clearly whether the diver is in a compression status or not. The Micro Brain Pro Plus also stores long term data such as total number of dives, total number of dive hours and surface interval times between the last six dives. Available from Pro-Dive, Coogee (02) 665-6333.



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AFTER
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WITH
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HENRI WINTERMANS
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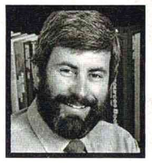
CIGARS



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

FALSE PRETENCES

Should you always tell your partner the truth?

She was a very impressive woman, so it was only natural that you wanted to make a good impression yourself. You didn't actually *lie* to her. You just didn't correct her mistaken assumption that you were wealthy. Perhaps you just dropped hints about your professional qualifications or past experiences — hints that won't stand up to close scrutiny. But you didn't tell any outright lies. Or did you? She says you did. How far can you stretch the truth before it snaps back in your face?

I am not a believer in compulsory honesty in relationships — that is, the approach that says: "I'm going to tell you the truth, the whole truth and every bit of the truth, no matter how rotten it makes you feel, because then I feel better." I think the idea of total honesty in a relationship is naive and selfish. It is naive to expect someone else not to be upset by something that you feel bad about yourself. It is selfish if your reason for telling is to assuage your own guilt rather than help the relationship.

There's also a question of timing. Most love relationships begin with passionate infatuation.

You have a strong feeling of arousal at the sight or even the thought of your beloved. You think about her a lot. You are usually very sexually attracted. And you think she's perfect. Aren't you lucky she seems to feel the same way about you? The point about passionate love that is overlooked in most movies is that it gradually fades. It usually lasts from six to 30 months. One sign of this fading is your gradual realisation that your beloved isn't really perfect — that she may indeed have some faults or off-putting characteristics. If, in the meantime, you have been building a companionate love relationship, based on good communication, shared values and interests, you will probably just accept her faults (and hopefully she will accept yours).

If you tell your brand new acquaintance the whole truth about yourself, in the interests of making an "honest and open relationship", there's a real risk you'll scare her off. Relationships develop closeness and trust through a process called self-disclosure. At first, you don't share much that's personal. As the relationship develops, you gradually share more personal information about yourself. If your partner wants to get closer to you, then she or he will respond by also disclosing something personal.

"You should exercise reasonable privacy, but let me make it clear that I do not favor blatant deception about yourself as a social skill.'

If you have a few personal points you don't want to share with the world, you are entitled to reasonable privacy. But do make sure you don't wind up in an important relationship that is vulnerable because you have not yet shared some important information about yourself. A simple rule of thumb is to ask yourself: "Could someone blackmail me by threatening to tell my spouse (or lover or business partner) something?" If the answer is "Yes", then it's probably best if you now tell them yourself, unless you can be reasonably certain they will never find out. The developing closeness in a relationship should be matched by increasing openness in disclosure. But choosing not to tell everyone in your life the whole truth about yourself may be exercising only reasonable privacy.

However, let me also make it clear that I do not favor blatant deception — telling lies about yourself — as a social skill. To deceive someone is to try to manipulate them and manipulation is not a basis for successful long-term relationships. Telling fibs about yourself, your achievements, your wealth, your status or whatever, may seem to give you a head start in a relationship. But it's difficult to keep it up. If your goal is just a one-night stand and you feel comfortable lying to get it, then you don't need my help. But few people can happily lead a life of perpetual promiscuity, and sooner or later most of us want to settle down.

Sometimes that sneaks up on you. It was no great worry to imply you owned an ocean-going yacht when you didn't expect to know her long enough for her to ask for a ride on it. But now you find yourself suddenly more attached to her than you expected. You'd be rather sorry to have to say goodbye, now. But how do you explain your yacht is really a windsurfer?

A corner that many women paint themselves into is to fake orgasms. They often say, with some realism, that they do it to protect their partners' egos, that "he would be devastated if he thought he hadn't turned me on." But in truth they are often faking also to get into the relationship. A year or more later, she lobs into my office complaining, "Sex has never been great and now it's so boring even the idea puts me off. How do I tell him I've been faking orgasm all this time?" There is a way out, but it would have been easier if she hadn't faked in the first place.

I'm a great believer in assertive relationships — dealing with others on a basis of mutual respect. I suggest you try to respect her rights and feelings without surrendering yours. Try to respect her right not to be misled by or about you, and therefore be unnecessarily hurt, but don't surrender your rights to reasonable privacy or to set your own limits on your relationships. The main reason for being reasonably honest in starting relationships is that you give those relationships a better chance of succeeding and you save yourself unnecessary pain later, when you either get caught out or have to come clean.

If you believe that she won't like you as you really are, so you need a bit of window-dressing, you are saying one of two things. You may be saying you lack self-esteem. In that case, your real answer is to build a better self-esteem, not to fib. Or you may be saying that she will only be interested in someone with the phony attributes you have cooked up. If you guessed correctly about her, what does that tell you? Even if you do have a yacht, if that's all she finds attractive about you, what happens if you lose it? In that case, your real answer again is not to fib, but to find yourself someone who wants you as you are, regardless of any window-dressing.

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Faking it

I've just found out that my girlfriend of two years fakes orgasms. Her best friend told me. Why would she do this? I am astounded, and also hurt. What can I do to help her? How should I handle this?

Why would her "best friend" tell you in the first place? I am usually suspicious of such second-hand information. Ask your girlfriend if it's true. If it is, ask her why she does this. Is it to spare your feelings? Let's suppose she really does fake it. Tell her you were disappointed and hurt to learn it from a third party that after two years she hasn't had an orgasm with you. Then ask if she ever has had orgasms, and if so how she has attained them. Perhaps she only comes during masturbation or oral sex — and has been too shy to tell you. This could be a good opportunity to really start communicating with each other. Be considerate and friendly about it — don't treat her as though something's "wrong" with her, or she may become defensive.

Oral quandary

How can I persuade my wife to perform fellatio with me? She never has, and says she doesn't want to because she thinks it's disgusting. I'd like to freshen up our sex life, which is a bit routine.

Give her erotic material featuring fellatio. Make sure the material includes step-by-step instructions. She may say it's disgusting when she really means she doesn't know how to do it. A lot of young women feel awkward about performing fellatio. They are afraid they'll do it wrong and their men will laugh. Assure her that you are dying to feel her sweet mouth on you, and that nothing she could do, once she starts, could be wrong.

Also it's possible that her mother or Sunday school teacher told her that anything other than missionary-position sex was disgusting. Then you will have to overcome this teaching by showing her how good oral sex feels — by doing the same for her, of course.

Duet

Do many women like to have sex with two men at once? My girlfriend and I like having sex with another man in our bed. It is very warm and friendly and a huge turn-on for all of us. We find it incredibly exciting. Are we alone in this practice?

I can't think of any sex practice that would not be appreciated by many other people. Of course you two are not alone! The usual threesome, however, is two women and one man — the stuff of male fantasies. And I suspect it is the more common because men have traditionally been more outspoken about asking for what they want in bed. I know many women who would love to share their bed with two men. Some say their male partners refuse — and they suspect penis envy is the problem. Your girlfriend is lucky!

One position

My girlfriend used to try a lot of things sexually, including many positions. Then she decided she had the best orgasms when we did it spoon-fashion, she stimulating herself while we made love. Now she says she can't come any other way. What can I do about this? She's reduced our sex lives to one position!

Really, how dreary. I don't see how you can describe what you two have in bed as either "our" or a "sex life." She's masturbating and wants as little interference from you as possible. Why don't you tell her to masturbate alone or do something that includes a partner when you're in bed with her?

No-one can limit or control a sexual relationship the way she's doing without a partner's consent. Stop being such an agreeable guy! Aren't you entitled to some pleasure too?

A surprising number of men think they have to please a woman all the time to be good lovers. Rather, a good lover also takes — and makes — his own pleasure. Men should expect to get as well as give.

Blind spot

My wife gave me a G-spot vibrator for my birthday — to use on her. I was a little insulted but I gamely tried the damn thing on her anyway. She claims I still can't find her G-spot, even with the vibrator. What am I doing wrong?

Can she find her G-spot with the vibrator? If she can manipulate the gadget herself to produce the desired effect, she should be able to guide you in doing so. If she can't, she should shut up about the G-spot — and the damn vibrator. Lots of women can't find their G-spots even with a divining rod. And lots of sex experts claim the G-spot doesn't exist anyway. I don't know why so many women use this spot — as they've used multiple orgasms — as a tactic with which to make their male partners feel guilty.

I hope you got something for your birthday in addition to this gift which she bought for herself.

Fantastic

Peeping through a window a few years ago, I inadvertently saw my best friend's mother nude and masturbating in her bedroom. I am 22 now and still get a thrill when I remember that scene. I've seen every woman I know doing something like this in my fantasies. I've told my wife and she thinks I'm sick. Am I?

That scene must have had a powerful impact on a young male! No wonder you have turned it into your leading fantasy scenario. Of course you aren't sick. But I think your wife would benefit from a few sessions with a counsellor. Also, I have a hunch that your fantasy would lose some of its power if your wife acted it out for you.

advisor

Blonde bond

I have a fetish for women with blonde hair. I'm crazy about them. I'm not interested in redheads or brunettes, and black hair just turns me off. How common is this?

Very. An entire hair-coloring industry has been based on the fact that gentlemen prefer blondes. It may even be the all-Australian male fetish — with voluptuous breasts a close second. You shouldn't let it interfere with your relationships, though. I mean, do you go out with a girl only because of her hair color and nothing else?

He or she?

My husband and I want to bring a third person in to fulfil our sexual fantasies. Before we try to find someone, though, we have to decide whether the partner should be male or female. We're not sure, and can't make up our minds. Any advice?

Aficionados of swinging tell me that the most common combination is a couple plus an extra female — but certainly you are not bound to majority rule here. Do you fantasise about a male or female in bed with you and hubby? If you're looking for some-one to fulfil your fantasies, I think you should definitely look for a person of the sex about which you fantasise.

Maybe you'd like an extra man and your husband would prefer an extra woman. Or vice versa. This could complicate things, but not hopelessly so. Perhaps what you two really want is two extra persons, one of each sex. It sounds like you need to articulate your fantasies clearly to each other before you cast anyone in the extra role.

Size-wise

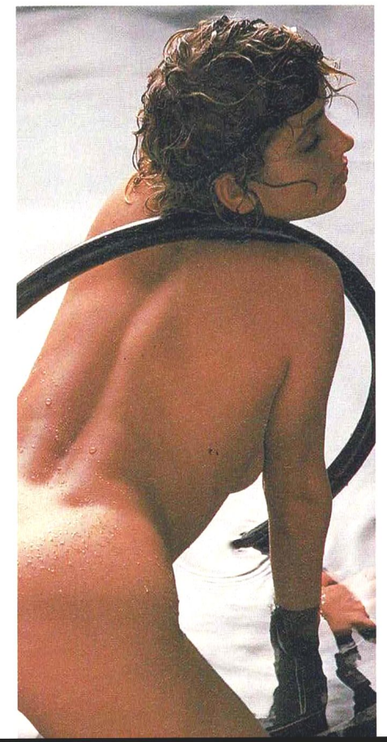
I am a truck driver in my twenties. My problem is that I have a small penis — or, more specifically, the embarrassment I feel about its being small. I know there is nothing I can do to enlarge my organ, but what can I do to overcome the embarrassment?

Keeping your penis under wraps until you're ready to effect penetration may help to keep your mind off your perceived disadvantage. (Really, how many times do I have to keep telling you guys that women don't care nearly as much about size as they do about hardness, endurance and expertise?) Buy a wardrobe of sexy bikini briefs in black and bold colors. If you have a great arse, wear undies that are as brief and tight as possible. A tight fit makes even a small penis bulge nicely.

Strip down to your bikinis for foreplay. Lavish so much erotic attention on your partner that she doesn't have a chance to wonder what's beneath your briefs — until you slide them down to make love to her. Surely, after you've been with the same woman a few times, your embarrassment will disappear.

Dear John

I'm a 21-year-old male serving an 18-month jail sentence. My girlfriend promised to visit me and write to me while I was in, and she also promised she would wait for me. But she rarely visits and never writes. Friends tell me she's sleeping with other guys and it's driving me crazy. What can I do?



Whether you had gone away to jail or to uni, your girlfriend might find it equally difficult not to stray. Had you gone away to uni, however, you too would be sleeping around. And the agony of being two-timed by an unfaithful woman would have been assuaged by the attention of other lovers.

I can understand how frustrating it must be for you in jail. But remember the sentence is a relatively short one, and not a big chunk out of your life. There isn't much you can do about your girlfriend. After all, can you blame her for wandering? In the same situation, wouldn't you fool around too? When you get out, you may decide to find someone new with whom to act out some of those fantasies you're no doubt having now.

Happy hypnotic

I have used self-hypnosis to improve my sex life. I hypnotise myself into believing that I have a huge penis and am a terrific lover. It works, too. Well, anyway, my penis *feels* bigger now. And I know my lovemaking is better. Have you heard of others improving their sex lives this way? I'd like to learn more.

It has often been said that the brain is our primary sex organ. Your experience certainly endorses this view. While I've not been able to find any books on improving one's sex life through self-hypnosis, I see no reason to doubt your claim that the method works. Perhaps you should write the book! Meanwhile, expand your reading in the area of mind-over-matter and see what techniques you can utilise in your ever-improving sex life.

Shy guy

I am over 21 and a male virgin. I masturbate, and therefore know that my penis works, but am too shy to seduce women. The longer I wait, the more difficult it gets. I am sure that any desirable woman will expect a more experienced partner. What should I do? Am I abnormal?

Certainly you are unusual. Since you have waited this long, I think you might as well wait for a relationship in which your desire is so overpowering that you forget about being inexperienced. Surely this will happen soon, unless you are even too shy to ask women for dates. In that case, I recommend seeing a therapist to help you overcome your shyness.

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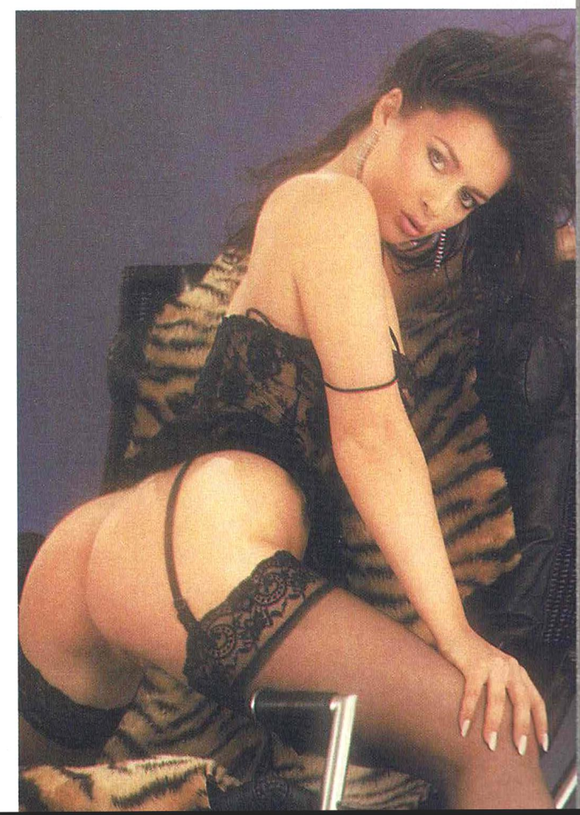
here today, gone tomorrow

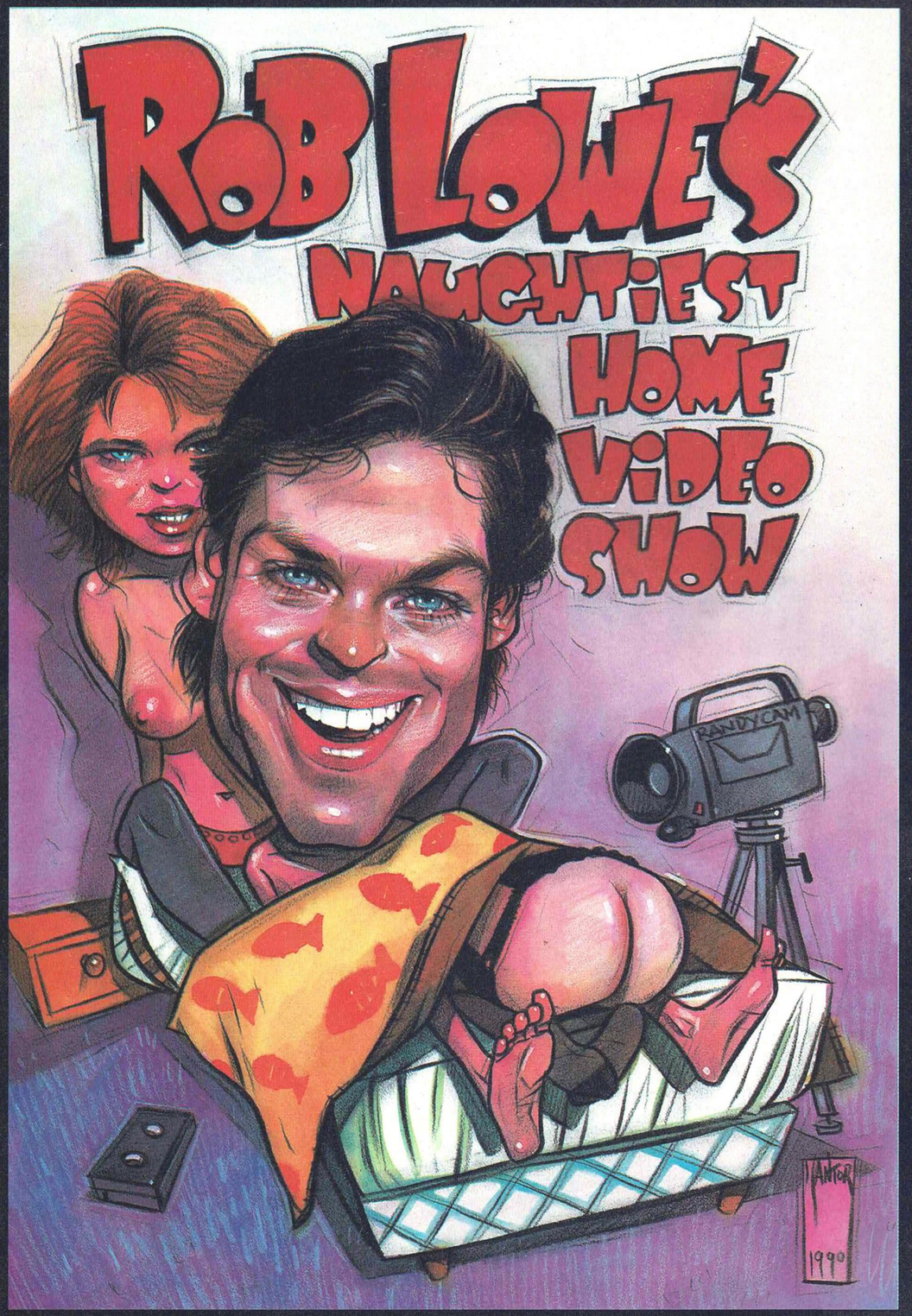
Sophisticated Danielle Stubbs doesn't mess around. A top-level secretary, she works only in executive offices. "The best thing about temping," she says, "is that I'm always in new places, new situations. And the most interesting part of a working day is after six, when the minions have gone home."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

Twenty-seven-year-old Danielle likes powerful men, and usually, she gets what she wants. "The only thing is, I don't like to keep them," she admits. "I like to move on. Variety is definitely my spice in life!" Danielle's proficiencies extend well beyond smiling, filing and dialling, and her skills are always in demand.



Danielle goes jogging to stay in shape, but she reckons the only one real cure for executive stress is to close the boardroom door and get physical. "I never seem to run out of energy — I always want more. And once a man understands my particular kind of short-hand, so does he. I'm very, very thorough."



KANTOR'S GALLERY

BY GRANTLEE KIEZA

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK SOFILAS

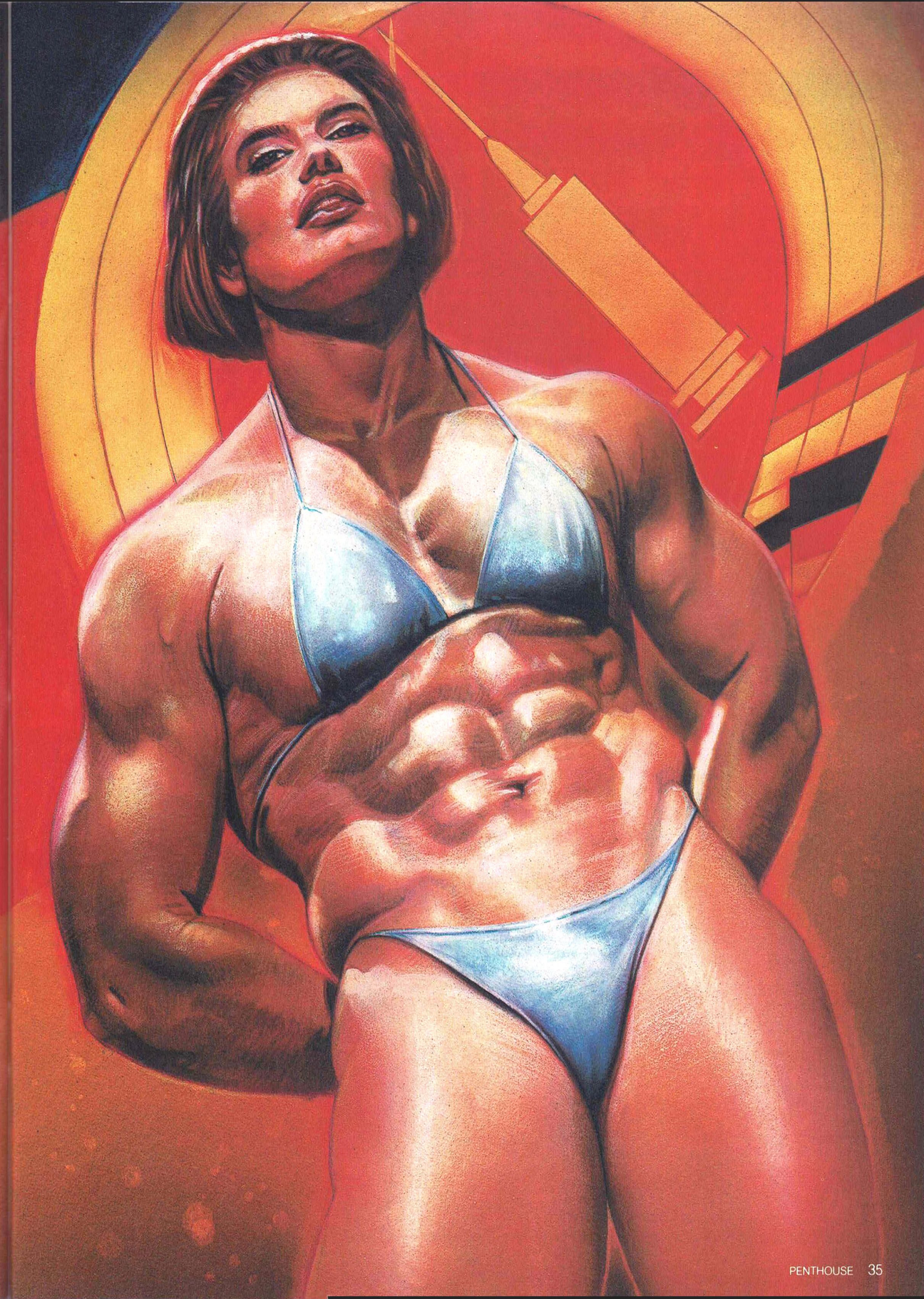
THE DEATH OF SPORT

For three decades scientists behind the Iron Curtain turned international sporting competition into a farce

When the descent of the Iron Curtain created two Germanys in the years immediately after World War II, the Fascist idealism of an Aryan master race was thought to have survived only among the goose-steppers who got away.

But when that curtain was recently lifted and the Berlin Wall came tumbling down, bizarre information surfaced to reveal that East Germany was willing to go to any length to show that, no matter what its political leaning, Deutschland really was *"uber alles."*

The Germans showed their superiority on the playing fields but behind their overt displays were covert training camps and isolated laboratories where science fiction methods and a flagrant disregard for the long-term welfare of their athletes were the order of the day.



THE DEATH OF SPORT

If the words of disgruntled coaches and dismayed sports heroes can be taken as gospel, then the East Germans and other sports machines in the crumbling Communist Bloc experimented in a branch of sports medicine that owed a lot to the legends of the Rumanian region of Transylvania.

The confessions and complaints that have come to light since East joined West only add to the long, sordid list of sporting procedures that athletes from around the globe have dabbled in to achieve top spot on the dais. It's also another indictment of just how far sport has progressed — or should that be regressed — since the fine words of Baron Pierre de Coubertin (the man behind the first modern Olympics), who mentioned something about winning not being everything. The thrill of competition was to be the ultimate high.

Given the exposure that steroids have had, most people are aware that they create big muscles, small penises, high blood pressure, hairy women with outsized clitorises, impotence in men, oily skin, crazy minds and eventually heart and liver damage. But there have been estimates that at least half of the athletes at the Seoul Olympics were using the banned substances. Critics say only the unlucky ones from minor countries, like Canada's Ben Johnson, were caught and punished. East German female swimmers claim to have been given steroids as "vitamins" from the age of 13.

These days athletes are progressing from steroids to a growth hormone taken from human cadavers. Distance runners and cyclists have confessed to a bizarre blood transfusion procedure that lets their arteries carry more oxygen. It's been claimed that in recent years female athletes from a variety of Eastern European countries would deliberately become pregnant to increase their blood counts and then have abortions in the hope of improving their performances in track and field. In some Communist countries the lithe gymnasts were said to be kept that way by hormones injected to delay puberty.

Last May, East German track star Heike Drechsler told reporters that she had been barred from starting a family for three years as she was pushed toward Olympic success. The champion athlete married an East German soccer player in 1985 and said that in 1986 a national sports official had ordered her not to become pregnant until the end of her career. She said the order came after she had won two gold medals at the European Championships and told an East German publication that she wanted to take time off to start a family. Finally, after winning silver in the long jump and taking two sprint bronzes, Drechsler was allowed to have a son.

The East Germans ruled their athletes with an iron hand. But in a land of bread queues and cardboard toilet paper, they rewarded them with the luxuries of the West.

"Motivation was always in a material form," says leading Australian sports scientist Dr Dick Telford, from the Australian Institute of Sport. "They had an excellent system of coaching, pouring all their resources into proving that the Communist state could produce a superior athlete. But the stimulus was purely Western. If you wanted banana on your cereal, or a government job or a car or a more luxurious flat, then you went out there and you won gold medals. It was quite simple."

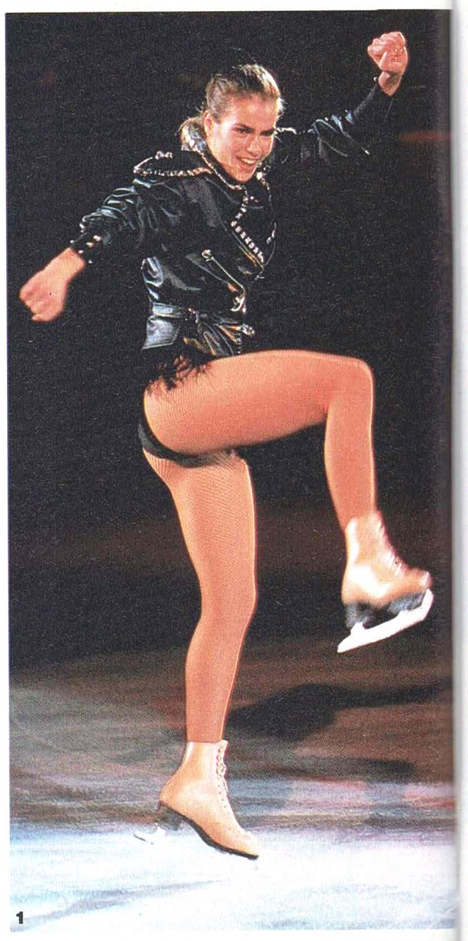
With the relaxation of the Communist grip on Eastern Europe, the motivation for many East German athletes seems to have petered out. East Germany's chief athletics coach Ekkard Arbeit quit his job after just one year following his country's dreadful performance at a six-nation indoor meet in Paris. The East German men's team finished last, and the women's side a disappointing third. At the European Indoor Track and Field Championships in March, not one East German made the men's 200m final — something unprecedented in the event.

Frank Emmelmann, who won the 1982 European 100m championship, said he was getting used to the now obvious resentment of his countrymen toward athletes who had enjoyed privileges through sporting success: "Until the revolution I was one of the blue-eyed boys. A great sporting hero. Now suddenly there is antagonism and I find that depressing. What people don't realise is that the athletes worked extremely hard for what they achieved — probably harder than in any other country."

They suffered more as well. A former East German swim coach, Michael Regner, claims that when some of his pupils showed promise, he was told by higher authorities to mix steroid pills into the swimmers' vitamin drinks. The female swimmers were as young as 13. Initially the swimmers were not told they were being fed steroids, but were later asked to sign secrecy agreements. The drug administration programs were designed so that there would be no trace of the steroids when international competitions came around.

Regner, who now coaches in New Zealand, fled East Germany last year. He claims the steroid use among German athletes was organised "as precisely as the army" and that, even though the detection of Ben Johnson's steroid use caused panic among the East Germans in Seoul, the drug program continued after the Games much as it did before.

Champion swimmer Kristin Otto from the Seoul Olympics and 1972 Munich 100m and 200m sprint champ Renate Stecher (who beat Australia's Raelene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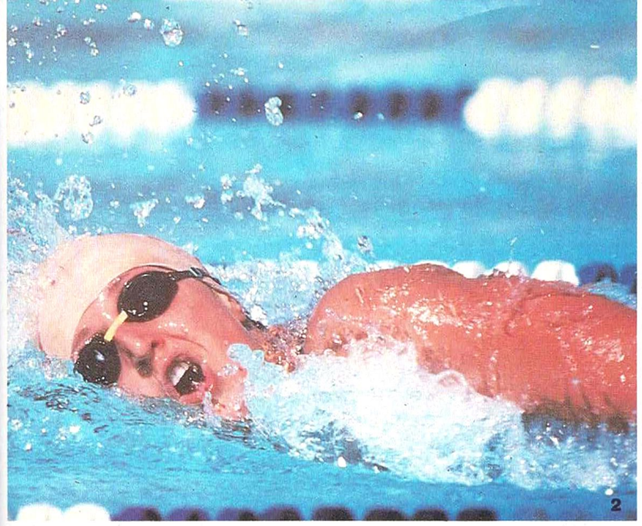
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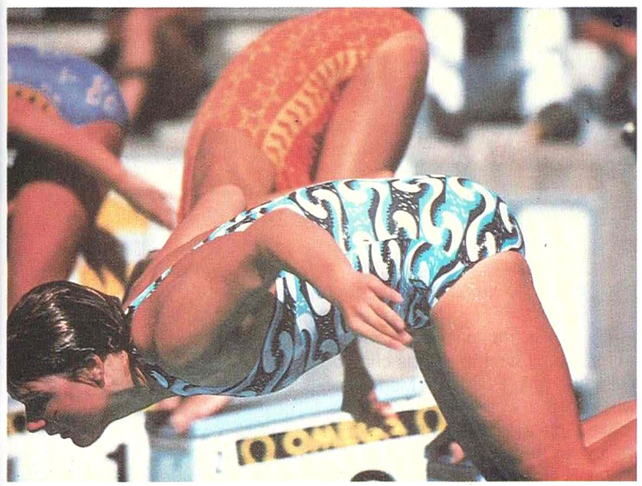

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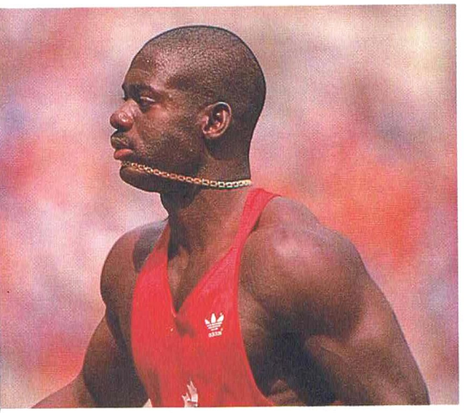
1. Katarina Witt — glamor girl, skating queen, named steroid user. 2 and 3. Barbara Krause and Andre Pollack — both suffered in pregnancy because of early steroid pill popping. 4. Kristin Otto — six gold medals at Seoul, named steroid user. 5. Heike Drechsler — subject to the iron hand of East German officialdom. 6. Petra Felke, Seoul javelin champ, named steroid user. 7. Renate Stecher, Munich 100m and 200m champion, named steroid user and, tragically for Australia, winner over Raelene Boyle in both events.



Two athletic marvels of Seoul. Ben Johnson cheated; Flo-Jo says she didn't.

THE DEATH OF SPORT

Boyle for both gold medals), as well as Seoul javelin champ Petra Felke, have each been named as steroid users. And former world swimming record holder Christine Knacke claims that even as a young girl she was given 12 tablets containing steroids every day. She revealed that as a result of the drug taking her compatriots Barbara Krause and Andre Pollack suffered in pregnancy. Krause had two babies with deformed feet and Pollack a miscarriage.

Two East German doctors claimed last year that ice skating queen Katarina Witt was one of many East German athletes who had won gold medals through steroid use and that for every success like her there had been hundreds of failures — teenagers who became invalids because of the drugs' side-effects.

Dr Hans-Juergen Noezenski, former chief of the East German Judo Association, told the West German newspaper *Bild*: "Every athlete who competes internationally for East Germany is doped — *every one*."

Another doctor, Hans-Georg Aschenbach, who won a ski jump gold medal at the 1976 Olympics, said he had been forced to take drugs when he was competing. "Those who did not were dropped from teams, from their clubs. Life was made difficult for them." He said the steroid plan for East Germany was created in the Sixties with the approval of the country's leader, Walter Ulbricht. Regular testing within East Germany meant that many athletes who tested positive stayed away from international tournaments and claimed to be injured. This, he said, was why so few athletes were ever caught.

East German athletes have long been regarded more as marvels of pharmacy than of sport itself. *Sydney Morning Herald* columnist Peter Fitzsimons recently wrote: "The same international dynamic which drove the Communist state to dominate at all costs in the sporting field also ensured that secrecy was paramount. There was to be no solid contradiction to the desired political impression that such athletes could only come from a superior state."

At least one East German sports centre had a greater resemblance to a nuclear physics station than it did to a sports establishment. Fitzsimons quoted Professor Herman Buhl, the head of the medical research team at Germany's top sports medicine centre in Leipzig, as saying that athletes had been "doping" there for years to boost their training in power sports. So advanced was research into steroids that doctors even knew the best time of the day for each athlete to take their medicine.

According to the West German magazine *Der Spiegel*, the centre was home to 18 professors and a mind-boggling 586 medical researchers whose job it was to create the world's greatest athletes. Dr Buhl said it was wrong to say that East German success was due only to doping. There were other motivations. "The people in our country were 40 years behind the Wall. It was not possible for us to go anywhere. Only eight or ten of my scientists have been allowed to attend international conferences in recent years. A medal is money. I had my orders."

Dr Buhl said his team worked for ten years studying "hormonal regulation." They worked out meticulously how an individual reacted to training and diet, pressure and competition. "We can say how an athlete's insulin or cortisone or testosterone level changes when he trains in such and such a way, and so his physician or coach has information about the regulation of his system. Then our task is finished. After that the coach and physician can give him a special program with substances and medicaments. I cannot say what the dosage is. I don't know what a coach does with his athlete."

But East German training involved more than just the administration of "medicaments." A lot more.

German machinery helped. At Leipzig, Kristin Otto trained for her six Seoul gold medals with the kind of gizmos Ivan Drago used to reshape the face of Sylvester Steroid in *Rocky IV*. Beneath the training pool in Leipzig's underground measuring station, swimmers like Otto could be analysed, with every kick and stroke memorised and categorised by computer. Swimmers would be kept in one position in the pool, swimming against the tide, the power of which was determined by the strength of the subject. Otto won her gold in Seoul but in the new Germany she has been treated like a broad-shouldered Marie Antoinette — subjected to abuse as one of the pampered elite of an old empire.

While the Australian Institute of Sport considers establishing a high altitude training centre in the Snowy Mountains, the East Germans kept their athletes in one spot and brought the mountains to them. Or at least, mountain altitude. In huge underground caverns at Schonefeld just outside Berlin, athletes could train in an atmosphere where oxygen was sucked out to simulate heights as great as 4000 metres. At Kienbaum there were indoor artificial hills and a pressure chamber big enough to accommodate 50 runners.

The Germans reckoned the high altitude training made them feel on top of the world. Olympic walking champ Peter Frenkel attributed his success in the 1972 Games at Munich — beating the Olympic record by three minutes — to the high altitude chambers.

Medical opinion on the benefits of high altitude varies. The process is designed to allow the blood to carry more oxygen as it is forced to cope in an atmosphere where oxygen is scarce. The decreased blood oxygen levels are detected by the kidneys, which compensate to restore the blood oxygen content by circulating a hormone called erythropoietin (EPO), which makes the bone marrow release more red blood cells (haemoglobin) into the circulation. The haemoglobin carries oxygen. Altitude training is said to take effect above about 1800 metres and after a few weeks of training the athlete should have a higher concentration of the haemoglobin than he had at sea level.

Research continues into the effects of altitude training and its exact benefits are still a little uncertain. What has been proved is that blood doping, a practice almost Gothic in its procedure, really does work. Blood doping, or blood "packing", became illegal on the world sporting scene in 1986 but as Mike Hurst, journalist and coach of Olympian Darren Clark, put it: "For years it was a legal practice that was immoral. It went against the whole principle of fair competition."

Blood doping is said to be favored by cyclists and distance runners. It is almost impossible to detect and the only people who ever get caught are the ones who own up after their careers have finished.

At Montreal in 1976, Finnish distance running hero Lasse Viren was said to

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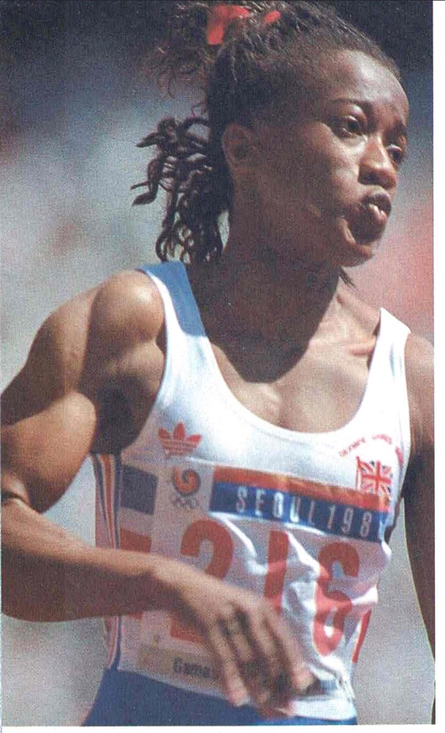


THE DEATH OF SPORT

When Betty Cuthbert sprinted to glory in 1956, she looked nothing like this.

travel with his own personal blood bank, and Kaarlo Maaninka claimed he was blood doped when he won two medals in Moscow four years later. At the 1984 Games in Los Angeles, all 24 members of the American cycling team were offered blood. Seven of them, including pursuit gold medallist Steve Hegg, accepted.

According to Dr David Martin, a physiology professor from Atlanta, Georgia, "the safest and most effective" way of blood doping an athlete is to remove about a litre of blood, freeze it at minus 80 degrees Celsius, wait for about five weeks while the athlete's body repairs itself by bringing the haemoglobin levels back to normal, and then infuse the thawed red blood cells just prior to the competition. For about three weeks after the infusion the athlete will have a haemoglobin count eight to 12 percent higher than he did previously. This will increase the ability of his blood to carry oxygen and thus raise his aerobic capacity.

Dr Martin asks the question whether blood doping should be regarded as acceptable. After all, no drugs are involved and the athlete is merely using or improving his own blood. But as he admits himself: "The *morality* of the process is little different from the use of anabolic steroids. Both are pharmacological regimens specifically intended to provide an unnatural advantage. The risks of successfully collecting, storing and infusing an individual's own blood with no transfusion reactions are not small enough."

Yet blood doping is still not uncommon among the world's distance athletes, if rumor can be believed. As *Newsweek* magazine said at the time of the Seoul Games: "Suddenly that last hill on the marathon course appears almost inviting. So does the testing tent, because no foreign substances are involved."

Such is the dilemma posed by the new drug EPO. EPO, you'll recall, is the natural hormone that the kidneys create when the red blood cell count is low. But now scientists can create an artificial version almost impossible to detect, and one which has already had spectacular results in tests conducted in Sweden. "It may ruin athletics," says Dr Bjorn Ekblom, Professor of Physiology at the Karolinska Institute in Stockholm, and the man who first tested the blood doping process in 1972.

The good doctor says EPO could be more dangerous to sport than anabolic steroids and wants it added to the International Olympic Committee's list of banned substances. "Among the world's elite athletes, the difference between the best and the tenth best is often only a fraction. If the tenth best takes the drug, he becomes the best overnight."

In an interview conducted by the *Washington Post*, Dr Ekblom revealed the results of tests he carried out on 15 average athletes using EPO. None was a particularly talented performer, though all were fit — running, cycling or swimming regularly to stay in shape. Within weeks of taking EPO even the slowest among the 15 began recording times that were amazing. The best, Dr Ekblom said, were performing like supermen. "The effects were truly remarkable. They improved by at least ten percent in every case. It is as if someone entered a 100 metre race but started at the ten metre line."

Even small doses of EPO administered over seven weeks raised the hemoglobin levels by an astonishing 33 percent. EPO is a legal drug used to treat many blood disorders. But in large doses it can be fatal. It also presents a problem to athletics officials, and sport in general, that will take some solving. As the *Post* stated, detection will be tricky and may require expensive tests — so expensive that they will cost more to administer than all other drug tests put together. For starters, EPO disappears from the body within hours.

Dr Ekblom has been conducting his research into the drug in the shadow of Stockholm's Olympic Stadium, a marvellous creation built for the 1912 Games when the Finnish distance runners established their dominance in that field.

The sporting world was a lot different back in 1912. It would be another 25 years, for instance, before anyone ever heard of steroids, and another 50 before they would be on the back page of every newspaper almost every week.

Although only ten athletes, including 100m champion Ben Johnson, were detected using illegal substances at the Seoul Olympics, more sophisticated testing after the Games revealed that at least 50 of those tested had used steroids. At an Australian Senate Inquiry Darren Clark reckoned that one in seven Australians there had used steroids, while a report in the *New York Times* estimated that at least half of the 9000 athletes who took part in Seoul '88 took pills, injections and whatever else was going.

Rumors have long been floated that Florence Griffith-Joyner's magnificent transformation from a world-class athlete into a modern-day Superwoman at Seoul had something to do with Human Growth Hormone, or as Cameron Williams put it in *The Australian*: "Word is that Flo-Jo was pushing it to the limits by competing as Flo-Joe."

Back in 1983, sports medicine expert Dr Peter Larkins said he did not know of any Australian athlete using Human Growth Hormone, but "would be very surprised" if it wasn't being taken by some athletes. The hormone is taken from the pituitary gland at post mortems.

Ben Johnson's coach Charlie Francis told Canada's judicial inquiry into drugs in sport that 80 percent of top international track and field athletes use drugs to give them an advantage. Francis said he had used steroids when he sprinted for Canada at the 1971 Games and that the 15-year-old ban on them by the IOC had done nothing to stem the tide.

Canadian weightlifters have admitted that to pass steroid tests they would even inject a co-conspirator's "clean urine" into their own bladders shortly before a sample was to be given. Evidence was given to the inquiry that the Soviet Union would send a ship equipped with urine testing machines to each Olympic city, testing their athletes to see how long they could use the drugs before an event without getting caught. Prior to the 1984 Games in LA, the Americans were said to have offered their athletes voluntary tests to determine the "clearance times" of the drugs they were using.

Anabolic steroids are synthetic derivatives of the male hormone testosterone, prescribed in the treatment of aplastic anemia, breast cancer, burns and osteoporosis. It has become painfully obvious to sports officials that they are now being used by athletes simply because just about every other competitor is on them.

Their advantages have been well documented. Steroids can increase muscle bulk, make ligaments and tendons stronger, and allow quicker recovery after training. They can also make an athlete more aggressive.

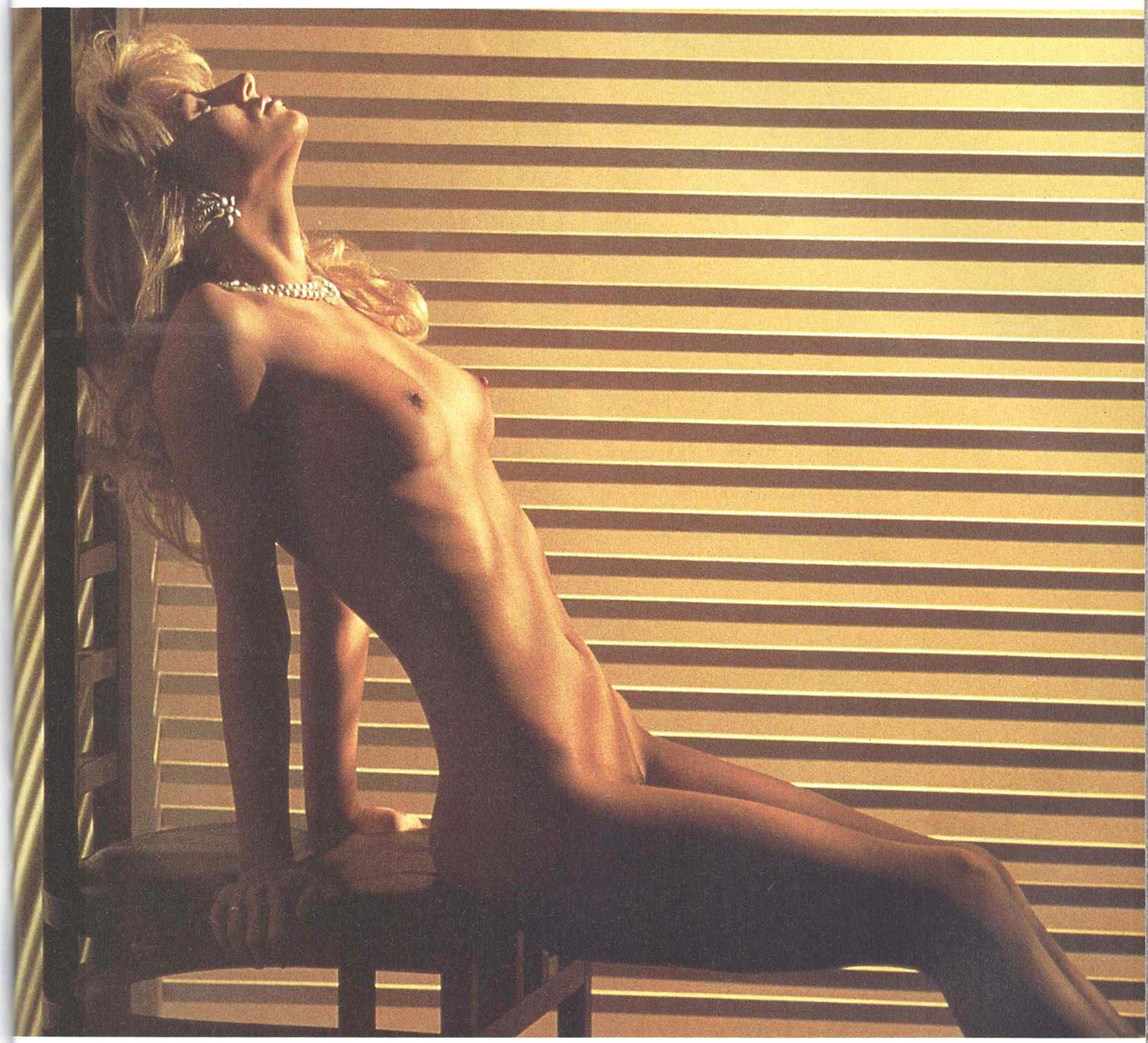
Arthur Stanley, health researcher and one of the leading Australian writers on health aspects of drug use in sports, high-

Continued on page 144

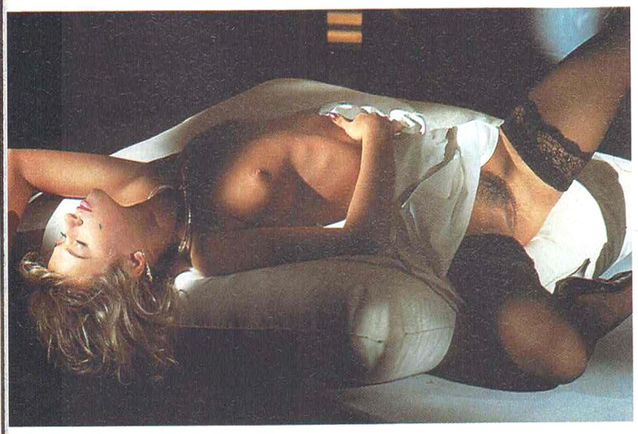
Whenever 25-year-old Freya Andrews is on the ground she feels a little trapped. "I love flying — any sort of flying," she says. When not working as a charter pilot, curvaceous Freya likes to go hang gliding. "You leap off a cliff and there you are, slowly riding higher and higher on a big, warm thermal, with the whole world beneath you."

SKY HIGH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHOTORAMA



Freya has started training for her chopper licence. "That's different flying — very difficult, very exciting. Anything that's challenging is good." When bad weather sets in, Freya feels the world turns more slowly. "Then there's only one thing to do," she smiles.



"A lot of people fantasise about making love on a plane, and yes, you can put it on autopilot and take your time." Freya is waiting to meet a special man who likes to fly as high as she does. "I know he'll be up there somewhere chasing the clouds. I'm sure I'll find him eventually."

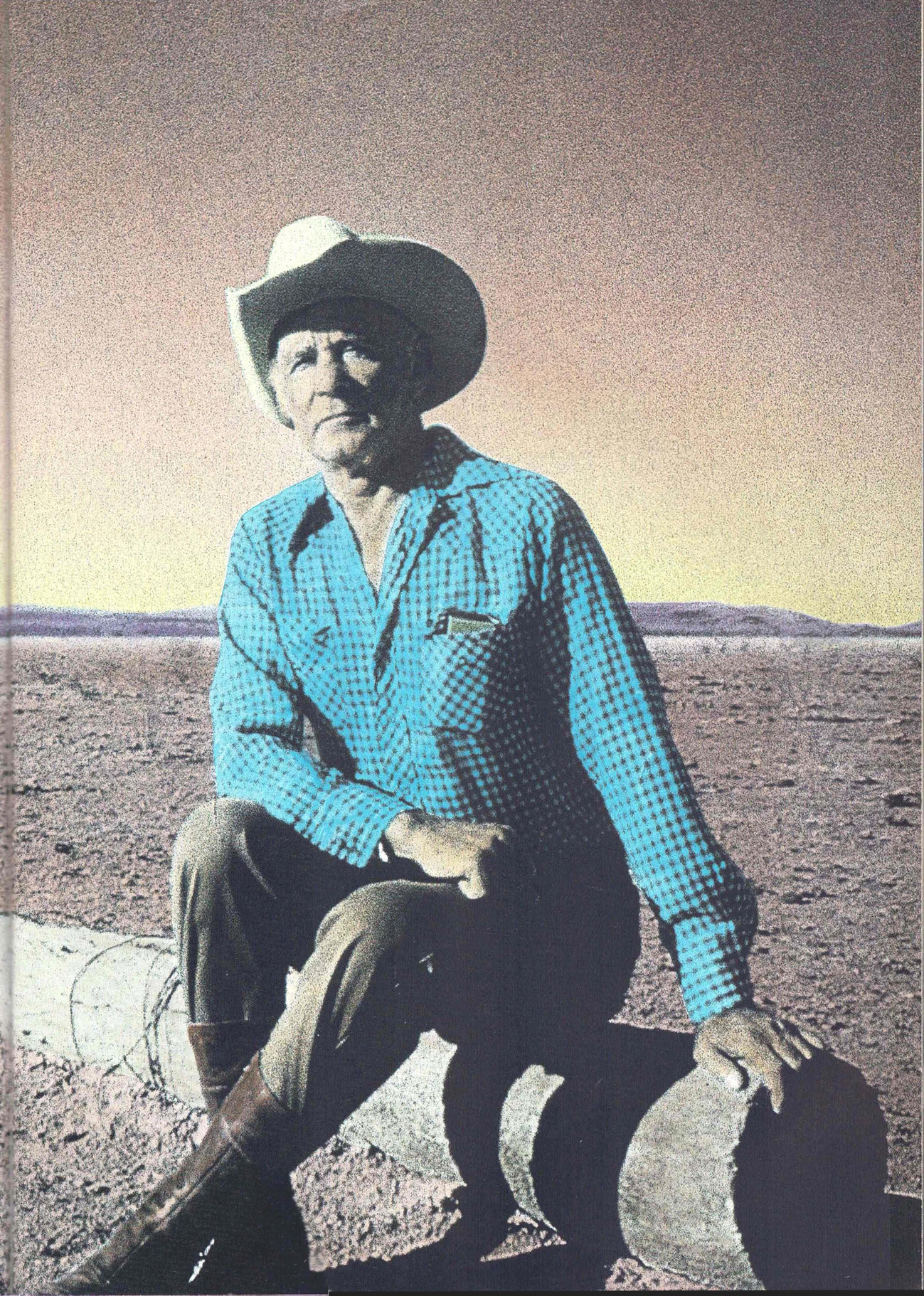
THE King OF Lawn Hill

Sebastio Ferreira Maia, the 72-year-old ex-Brazilian beef baron multi-millionaire, Las Vegas playboy and legendary lover of beautiful women, greets me in the slightly seedy foyer of the Argent Hotel in Mt Isa. Maia (pronounced Meyer) is dressed flamboyantly in Irish-green trousers, a green and white striped shirt and a grubby peaked cap complete with anchor insignia. He has distinctly un-Latin looks, with pale blue Anglo-Saxon eyes and fair skin.

With him is Brazilian journalist Alceu Gama, Maia's biographer and acting interpreter. Maia communicates through Alceu at great length and in great detail. Hearsay has it that Maia can understand and speak English fluently, slyly using translate-speak for its obvious advantages. But he seems affable enough, and

Blood, sweat and beautiful women have been the trademarks of cattle baron Sebastio Maia's life

WORDS AND PHOTOS
BY ROBERT REID



Lawn Hill

we content ourselves with exchanging pleasantries. I have to keep reminding myself that I am in the presence of one of Australia's richest cattlemen, and the owner of one of the beef industry's most prestigious addresses — historic Lawn Hill Station.

The station is a sprawling million-hectare cattle property backed up against the Northern Territory border in the far north-west of Queensland. It's a land of black dirt plains and brooding ranges worn smooth by wind and rain. Burketown slumbers a couple of hundred kilometres north on the edge of the Gulf of Carpentaria, while Mt Isa is 250 kms to the south-east. From Lawn Hill it's a long way to anywhere. The station homestead squats on flat-topped Lawn Hill itself, where it has survived for more than a century. In October 1889 it was the scene of a bloody shoot-out between the police and a renegade half-caste named Joe Flick. In a dramatic siege, Senior Constable Alfred Wavell was shot dead, the station owner, F.H. Hann, was shot point-blank in the chest but survived, and an Aboriginal boy named Nym was killed. Flick escaped from the house under cover of darkness, but was cornered the next day and died in a hail of bullets. All the victims are buried on the site of the final gun battle.

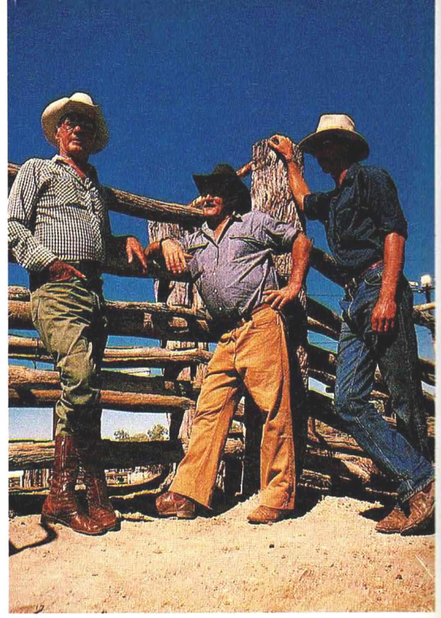
Maia is the undisputed boss of the station. He walks his territory with authority, control and power. He is well-liked and is known as a tough boss, but a man who will listen to reason. All the same, not everybody likes him.

When he first arrived in Australia and bought up cattle stations at Charters Towers, Julia Creek and Lawn Hill, Maia was labelled the "mystery Brazilian" who threatened Queensland with foreign ownership of its grazing lands. Tales of a South American cattle baron with an open cheque book sent shudders down the spines of Australian cattlemen. Today those fears still persist. After 12 years, Maia continues to be treated with guarded hostility by many of his neighbors in the land he has come to call home. It is a situation he accepts with a shrug of resignation.

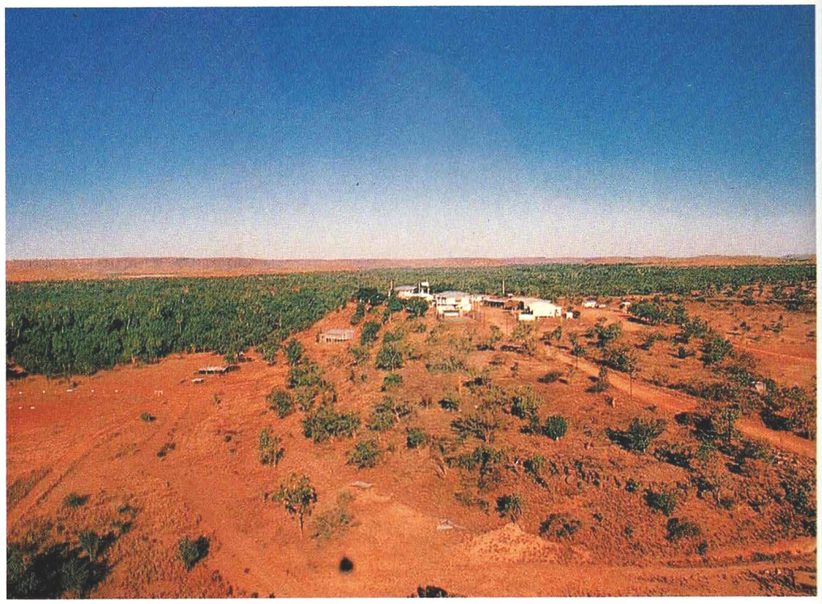
In 1984, the *Business Review Weekly* listed Maia as one of the 200 richest men in Australia, estimating his net fortune at $20 million. But he refuses to put a figure on his material wealth. "One million, ten million, what does it matter?" he says.

But Maia is undoubtedly not short of a quid. Already a multi-millionaire before he left Brazil in 1975, and now a real estate speculator and owner of a large construction company in Las Vegas, he is considered by many to be in the billionaire bracket. His generosity is almost as legendary as his fast-lane lifestyle in Las Vegas. His nephew Aramis, who worked with Maia for a decade in Australia and the US, was given a $A1.2 million bonus last year.

Apart from his liking for beautiful young women, Maia claims he indulges in only two other expensive "vanities." One is his plush $US4 million Las Vegas mansion; the other a penchant for fancy cars. He owns a Rolls Royce, a Mercedes saloon and a Mercedes sports model. Oh, and an "ordinary" Ford. But there are no visible trappings of the mega-rich at Lawn Hill, where Maia spends each mustering season with his team of bushmen. The



The different lifestyles of Sebastio Maia: right, with station hands at Lawn Hill and far right, in millionaire mode at Las Vegas. Below: The settlement at Lawn Hill is a long, long way from anywhere.



two-storey homestead is comfortable, spacious, but unpretentious.

Maia's life story reads like a work of fiction. Contrary to popular belief, he was not born into a poverty-stricken family. His father was a middle-class cattle dealer in the town of Passos. One of six children, Maia was quick to understand the principles of business. However, his first commercial venture was not in cattle. At 14 he leased 20 hectares of land on borrowed money and planted rice. The crop was a success and he pocketed $US5000. His next move was to buy cheap mules in poor condition and fatten them for resale. After that, Maia joined his father in the cattle business, droving steers across Brazil for six months at a time.

By the time he was 18, Maia had moved to Sao Paulo and was doing all right. He had a taste for the good life and lived it up with a group of rich friends. He also managed to get himself into a bag of trouble. He had carelessly impregnated Waldo Pinto, the 18-year-old daughter of a well-known military family. The girl's parents were not amused. "I was under great pressure to marry," recalls Maia. "Threats were made to kidnap and kill my young brother, so I agreed to a 'show-off' marriage in church, which in Brazil is not legally binding unless a civilian ceremony is also performed." The face-saving marriage appeased Walda's family, but Maia vowed never to see her again.

At 24, Maia decided to take a long hard look at his lifestyle. He didn't like what he saw. "I had become a spendthrift," he says. "I was worthless to society and to myself." In a rush of discipline, he gave up the good times for a tough, spartan existence in Aracatuba, a mosquito-infested

frontier town in the Brazilian interior. During eight years clearing his scrub-covered farmland, Maia was struck down by malaria 14 times. Trading timber from his land for petrol, which he stockpiled and sold when demand was highest, he saved every cent and lived entirely for work.

Maia soon became an influential force in Brazil's cattle industry. At that time the Brazilian beef market was controlled by American and British companies. "My country didn't have a beef export industry. I wanted to build a truly Brazilian meatworks, but nobody would gamble with me against the Americans and the English." Refusing to give in, Maia struggled alone against the foreign monopoly. "It was a great, great fight," he recalls. "A big battle. I started building in 1952 and didn't complete the meatworks until 1959."

The American and British beef interests weren't too happy with Maia's success. They refused to buy his cattle and blockaded his meatworks. The wily Maia countered by taking over a run-down abbattoir in Rio de Janeiro. Rio, then the capital of Brazil, was short of meat due to the foreign stranglehold on the market. Using the neglected railroad system for transport, Maia fired up the abbattoir with his own stock, and cornered the Rio market. His business boomed.

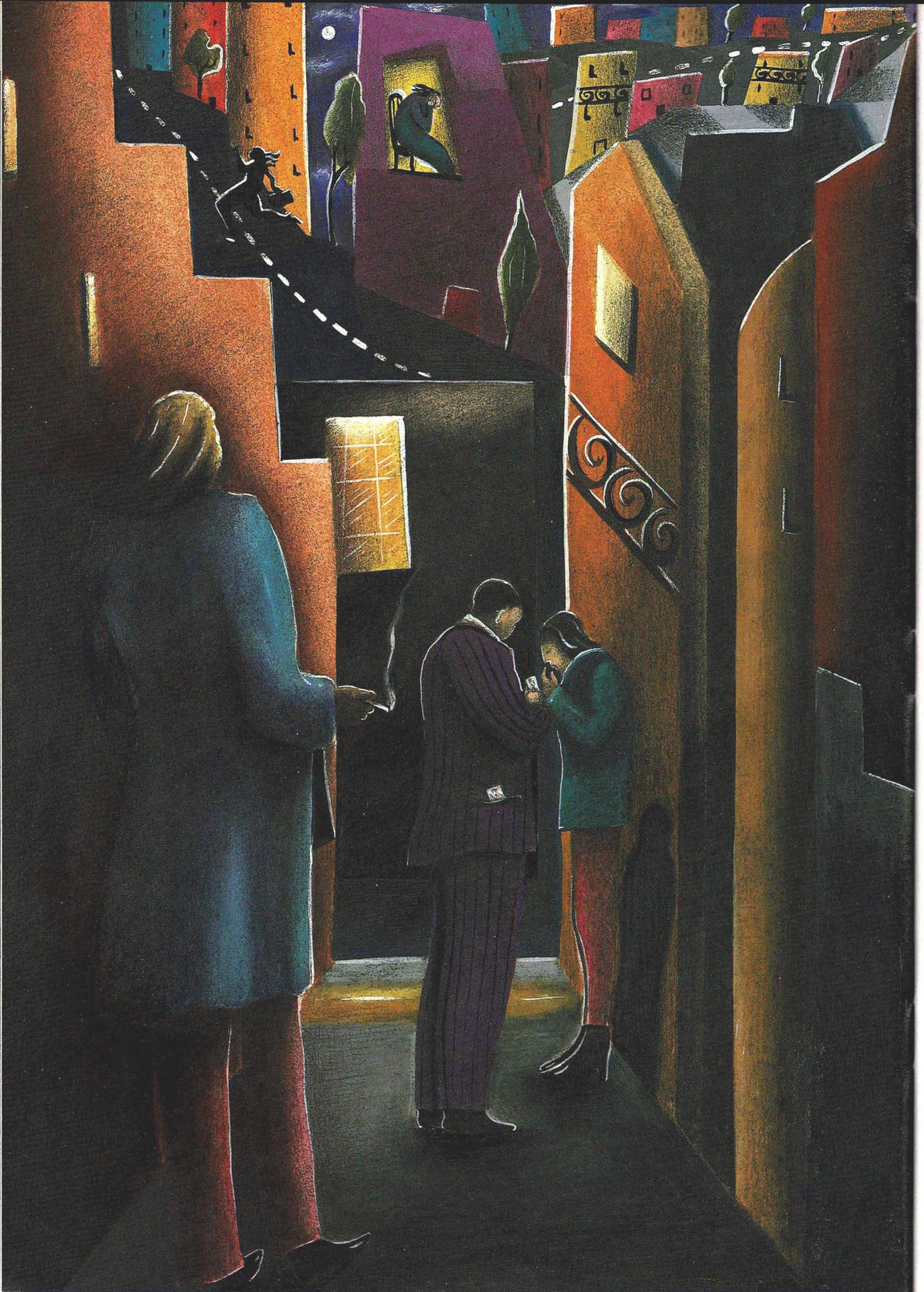
With David and Goliath bravado, Maia decided to challenge the foreign beef giants at their own game. It was a huge gamble, and one which could have destroyed him. Maia calculated it was impossible to blockade all the companies, so he selected the biggest — the British Anglo company — which was located far from its own cattle source of Sao Paulo. Maia moved quickly, purchasing all available cattle. By the time Anglo realised what was going on, Maia had wrapped up the game. "So Anglo had the biggest meatworks, but no cattle," recalls Maia with a grin.

It wasn't long before Anglo's president was on Maia's doorstep, ready to negotiate. Maia took a tough line. "Anglo had urgent contracts to fill and needed 50,000 head of cattle, which they could only get from me," he says. "I gave the president my price, and reminded him I held all the cards." His price, of course, was heavily loaded. The Englishman was horrified and stormed out of the meeting. After ten days, Maia was worried. Secretly, he was desperate to sell, and could only hold out a few more days. But Anglo capitulated just in time. "This was the greatest victory of my life," says Maia. "A little boy from Passos had grown up to defeat the powerful Anglo company."

Maia was at the top. He was accepted by the Establishment, he was rich and he was the people's hero. He was also a close friend of the President, Joao Goulart, popularly known as "Jango." Maia and Goulart became partners in beef properties, and Maia was pressured to run for office in government. He was adamant in his refusal to become involved in politics, but rumors persisted about his political ambitions.

Maia didn't have to worry about it for too long. In March 1964, the roof fell in on Brazil. A military junta led by Marechal Castelo Branco took control of the country, Goulart fled to neighboring Uruguay and thousands of Brazilians were tortured, murdered and declared missing. "It was a terrible time for Brazil," recalls Maia. "I was worried about Jango, and tried to fly to Uruguay to see him, but my plane was stopped at the border by the military."

Continued on page 110



FICTION BY SUSAN GEASON

ILLUSTRATION BY KERRIE LEISHMAN

disorganised crime

When Syd Fish went looking for a missing Filipina, he found a lot more than he'd bargained for

I looked up from my chocolate eclair to find Fiona McLeod watching me, chomped down too suddenly with shock, and got cream all over myself. I got up feeling stupid, and she reached out with a kid-gloved hand and wiped a blob of cream off my face. "At least it's not egg this time," she said.

"Mrs McLeod," I replied, with what dignity I had left.

"Ms Pierce," she corrected, sitting down and giving me lots of tanned, mini-clad leg. "I'm not using anything belonging to Fatboy anymore."

Except his money, I thought. Her clothes bill would have fed a Somali village for a year.

"I've got a job for you, Mr Fish," she continued, smiling coldly and folding her hands over an ideologically unsound crocodile bag — but then, Fiona was not strong on ideology.

"I don't do dogs anymore," I said.

"Just merchant bankers?"

Fiona's husband had hired me to relieve her of two English sheepdogs in a custody battle; I got sidetracked and Fiona's brother Ambrose had taken the dogs back with the aid of a shotgun. During the case I'd fallen for Fiona's best friend, Lucy Le Gay, but I'd blown that too.

"Just what is it you want, Ms Pierce?" I asked.

"I've come to you because Lucy seems to believe in you. Despite everything."

True or false, it was a verbal stiff-arm, and I remembered Hamish McLeod's respect for his wife as an opponent. Fiona had been watching

my face; smiling, she lit a cigarette with a slim gold lighter and lots of hand business and flashing diamond rings and murmured: "You'll take the case?"

"Since we're playing show-and-tell, I'll take the case if you'll answer one question . . ." I felt her tense up, then relax when I said: "What made you marry Hamish McLeod?"

She blew out a plume of smoke while she decided what I needed to know. "It just sort of happened. You know, like falling asleep on a train and waking up at the depot."

It was a blatant evasion, but I laughed and we were united momentarily in our dislike of her ex-husband. I have an unfortunate weakness for bad women, especially when they look as good as Fiona Pierce McLeod.

"Tell me the worst," I said, succumbing to my fate.

"I want you to find a Filipina called Dolores de Cruz. She was a special friend of Ambrose's but she left him. I want to talk to her."

"What about?"

She hesitated. "She has something that belongs to me. I want it back."

"Like what? Money, jewellery, your stamp collection, your Cat Stevens records?"

She gave me a thin-lipped smile. "Something of sentimental value only, Mr Fish. A . . . memento."

"You think she's willing to give it back?"

"I think she might need money."

"Ah. And is Ambrose looking for Dolores too?"

"I suspect he might be."

I didn't relish the thought of running into Ambrose Pierce in any of the back lanes of Kings Cross. "This Dolores — is she a computer operator, a social worker, a nuclear physicist?" Fiona didn't crack a smile. "A barfly?"

Jackpot. "She's an ex-hooker Ambrose brought back from Manila."

According to my information, Ambrose had owned at least one brothel in Mabini Street, a notorious vice strip with a heavy concentration of Australian investors who had heeded John Button's exhortations to expand into foreign markets. Some of them had been forced out when Cory Aquino started to clean up the Ermita district and made it too hot for expats.

"Is Ambrose keen to be reunited with Dolores because he can't live without her, or does she know too much about his, uh, business affairs?" I asked.

She frowned. "My brother is not the sentimental type."

I'd thought not. "So where would Dolores go? Has she got family or friends in Australia?"

"No family that I know of — they changed the immigration laws before she got the chance — but she might have made contact with some other Filipina working girls. Ambrose wouldn't have let her hang out with them, though; he's trying to look respectable these days. Doesn't want to attract attention."

Ambrose wasn't likely to be worried about the gossip columnist from the *Wentworth Courier*, so it had to be the Federal Police or the National Crime Authority he was avoiding. "So she's probably holed up somewhere until her money runs out. Then she'll have to hit the streets," I suggested.

"I'd say so. I can't see Dolly managing to get by on the dole, somehow."

She gave me a picture of a small, beautiful girl of about 25 with good cheekbones, long, thick hair and a pouting girlish mouth belied by hard, knowing eyes.

"Doesn't look too bright," I remarked.

"Don't underestimate her. She's come up the hard way and she's pretty street-smart."

She got up to go: "Just find out where she is and let me know. If you approach her she'll think Ambrose sent you and bolt again."

"This memento mori," I said. "Does Dolly know what it's worth?"

"I don't know. But certain other people would. I don't want it to fall into the wrong hands."

She strode out, leaving me with a hint of some musky perfume and a faint sense of foreboding. I turned on the radio to get the news and caught John Pilger saying: "I don't have a vendetta: I'm a journalist."

That night I flashed Dolly's photo around all the strip clubs, live sex acts and health clubs at the Cross and questioned hundreds of freelance harlots in Darlinghurst Road and William Street. I didn't see Dolly, and nobody admitted knowing her.

I was heading for the Bourbon And Beefsteak for an overpriced beer when I was bailed up by a Pommy bird with waist-length hair and big hips encased in skin-tight shiny blue leotards, who said: "Want a girl, love?"

"Yeah," I said, showing her the photo without much hope. "This one."

She took the photo, shifted her wad of chewing gum to the other cheek and remarked: "You and everybody else."

I had a short, sharp adrenalin rush. "Like who?"

"Time's money," she replied, and I handed her a $20 bill which she folded small and tucked into her uplift bra. "A big bloke, about 45, built like a brick shithouse. Bouncer at the Kellet Club, I think."

Luther Huck, goon for Ronny Brackenridge, who was owner of an illegal gambling casino and reputedly a drug financier. Either Luther was moonlighting for Ambrose Pierce or Brackenridge and Pierce had something going.

Discovering Dolly's whereabouts suddenly seemed more urgent than my need for a hit of hops, so I drove out to Canterbury Road in the city's south-west. A satellite vice centre had sprung up there as gentrification squeezed the beats in the Cross.

Though I tried a few massage parlors and what looked like thousands of single mums supplementing their pensions with part-time prostitution, I drew a blank. I wondered briefly if Dolly had fled interstate, but decided she'd be more likely to stick with what she knew. And if she intended to do some horse trading with Fiona, she'd have to stay in Sydney.

Exhausted and depressed by all that flesh for sale, I picked up a pizza and retreated to my flat, where I rang my mate Lizzie Darcy at her paper.

"Where would you look for a Filipina on the lam?" I asked. "I've covered all the bases where a barfly might have landed. Nothing."

"A bride?"

"No, an ex-working girl Ambrose Pierce imported."

She groaned. "Have you tried the Harbor?"

"I think she's still alive. Luther Huck is looking for her, which means Brackenridge. And Fiona says her brother is after her, too."

Lizzie didn't like it. "What's Fiona's game?"

"She says she wants to talk to Dolly with a view to buying back something the girl stole from her . . ."

"Like what?"

"She wouldn't say."

"Got any ideas?"

"None."

"Why is Ambrose so keen to get her back?" Lizzie asked.

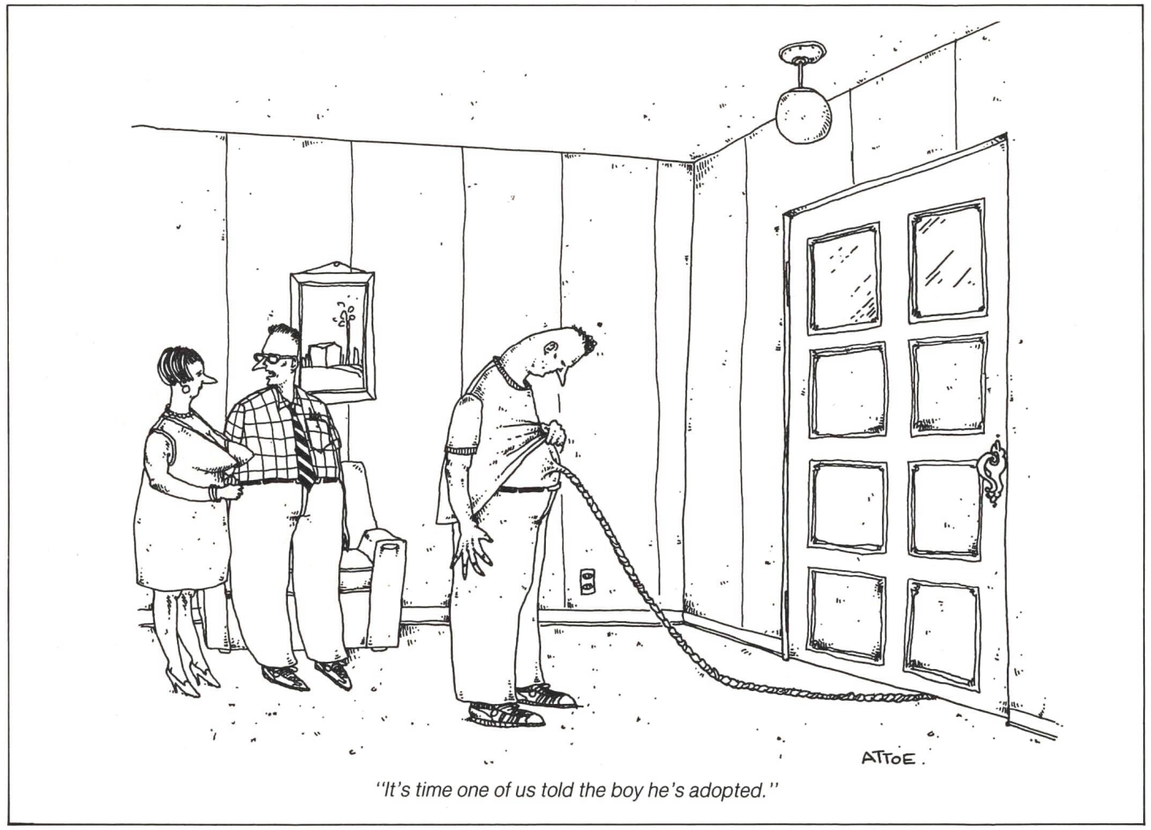
"Maybe he misses her."

She laughed. "If she's crossed Ambrose, she's in real trouble, Syd. She might be holed up in a motel until her money runs out — in which case you'll never find her — or some friends might have taken her in."

"Fiona doesn't think she's got any friends in this country."

"Fiona's a fool," Lizzie dismissed. "The Dollys of this world might look like bimbos, but they have pretty strong survival instincts and they know how to network."

I groaned: "There are an awful lot of Filipinas in Sydney."



"It's time one of us told the boy he's adopted."

> Discovering Dolly's whereabouts suddenly seemed more urgent than my need for a hit of hops.

"Yes, but you can rule out the diplomatic corps and the sort who edit the newspapers or sit on the Ethnic Affairs Commission."

"Yeah, but Ambrose would know all the low-lifers too," I pointed out.

Lizzie agreed and pondered the problem. "So she'd have to go for help to somebody Ambrose doesn't know . . . some charitable organisation, maybe. Wait a minute . . ."

She lit a cigarette while I waited. "You're smoking again," I accused.

"No," she lied, moving on quickly to distract me. "I'm sure I read a piece about a Catholic organisation that runs a refuge for battered Filipina brides. It quoted some priest. Let me check it out and get back to you."

I killed a couple of Coronas, though I didn't have any posy lime slices, while Lizzie winkled out the information and rang me back. She gave me the priest's name — Damien Bierne — and the address and phone number of the refuge. I was about to hang up when she said: "Be careful, Syd. Don't lead Ambrose and his gorillas to Dolly. Nobody deserves that."

It was almost midnight, but I cajoled the Valiant into life and found the refuge, an ordinary suburban house in Ashfield. There was a miraculously unvandalised public phone up the road, so I positioned myself with a good view of the front door and rang and asked for Dolly de Cruz. Naturally they wouldn't admit she was there, so I said I was Ambrose Pierce and I was on my way over from Double Bay to break down the door and take my wife home.

It worked. Shortly after, a taxi pulled up and Dolly ran out with an overnight bag and climbed in. Keeping a discreet distance, I followed the cab to a seedy block of flats in Surry Hills. Dolly went in, and I saw a light go on in a front flat on the second floor.

Then I went home, set the alarm for 6am and slept like a log. I don't know how Dolly slept.

The next morning found me across the road from the flats, slumped in the Valiant with a takeout espresso and two jam donuts. I figured Dolly would eventually go out to make phone calls and buy bread and milk, giving me the opportunity to search the flat for Fiona's missing memento.

Some sixth sense — and the echo of Lizzie's parting words — warned me not to give away Dolly's whereabouts until I'd figured out what Fiona was up to. Fiona, I knew from bitter experience, kept very strange company.

To while away the time I turned on the radio. An educated, girlish voice informed me that the police had set up road blocks around Centennial Park and had caught a 28-year-old fugitive with a speech impediment, a blue beanie and a red jumper, who had taken a hostage on his motorbike. He was suspected of committing 33 sex crimes.

It made me feel very normal. For three hours I watched people going to work: mums — and the occasional dad — delivering bundled-up babies to daycare, kids dragging to school, old ladies going out to buy cat food, writers and artists setting off with their newspapers to coffee shops to seek inspiration, the postman, various dogs leaving little messages for unwary pedestrians, and finally Dolly, in big Audrey Hepburn sunglasses and headscarf.

As soon as she turned the corner I whipped into the building and up the stairs. It was a big ramshackle old house converted into flatettes with no security whatsoever. Perhaps the owner believed his tenants didn't have anything left to lose. Dolly hadn't had time to organise a deadlock, so the door opened easily with a credit card.

The interior was no surprise — an ancient gas stove on the louvred-in verandah, cracked lino, a small stained sink, a single bed with a hot pink candlewick bed-

Continued on page 104

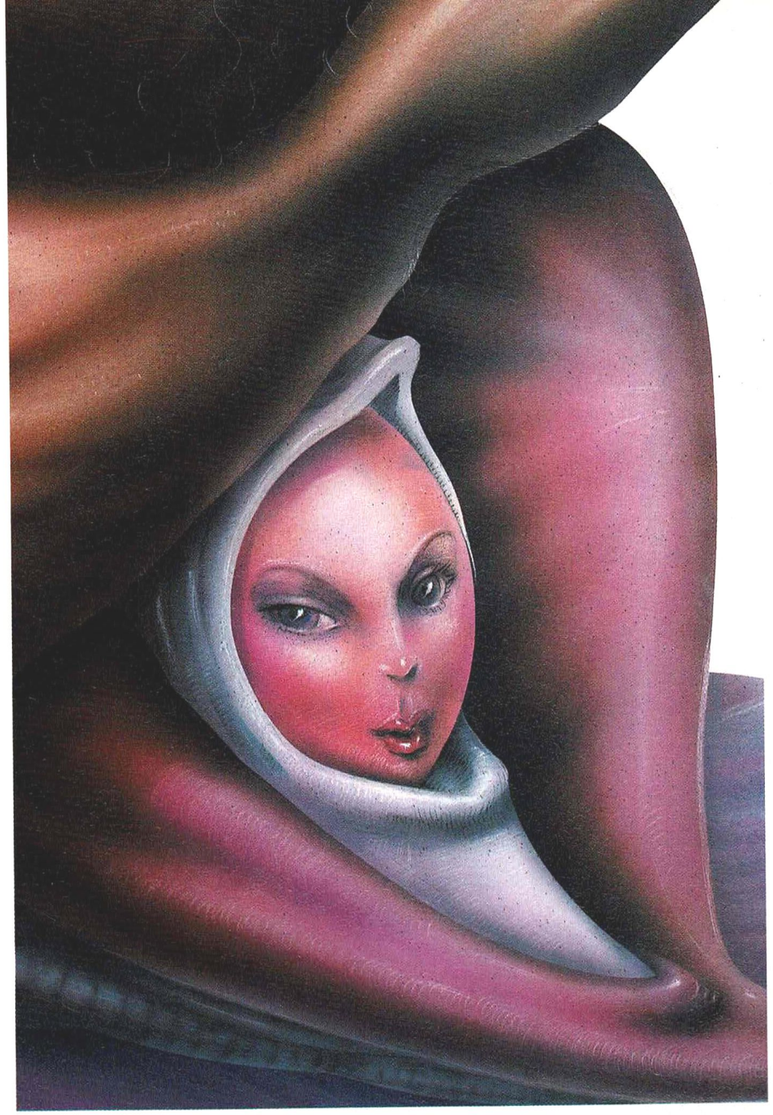
25 THINGS YOU NEVER WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX. BUT WE'RE GOING TO TELL YOU ANYWAY

Are you the bloke who reckoned that coitus was that stupid game they play on the decks of cruise ships? The one who gave his Mum *The Happy Hooker* because she'd taken up crocheting? And what if someone was to ask you to define labia minora? Would you take a stab in the dark and say she was Nana Mouskouri's cousin?

If you're afraid of feeling left out whenever the conversation turns to sex because you don't know a G-spot from a rat's arse, fear no more. The following fact sheet has been assembled for men just like you who don't know much about sex but know what they like. Memorise a couple of the following sexual facts and you'll be a hit next time the chat runs to complicated rude stuff. Bone up on them all and you may never again have to worry about getting towed away from an erogenous zone.

BY ANITA NEWMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY EDD ARAGON



25 THINGS

1. Getting married is the most expensive way to have sex. Based on national averages for income and sexual activity, over the course of a 40-year marriage it will cost you $750 every time you get laid.

2. Women who read *Cleo* are twice as likely to have multiple orgasms — even when they're faking them.

3. Women with soft, sexy voices are always overweight.

4. Eighty-five percent of all lamb's fry sold in Australia is purchased for sexual purposes.

5. Prostitutes do not charge good-looking guys, only the ugly ones.

6. In Tasmania, it is illegal to have sex with more than one woman at the same time unless you are all related.

7. The best sexual lubricant in the world is yak butter. It is also extremely rare outside Tibet.

8. People whose second toe is longer than their big toe have a preference for the "doggy" position during sexual intercourse.

9. Homosexuals can all recognise one another by using the secret codeword, "Hello."

10. Jewish-Australian women have sex an average of three and a half times a month. The "half" is always with their husbands.

11. According to *Pflugg's Digest Of Sexual Records*, the owner of the largest ever recorded penis was *white*. Posthumous measurements of Yorkshireman Norbert Pratt's remarkable organ revealed a length of 30cms and a width of 16cms. The unfortunate Pratt died in August 1963 after falling in the path of a steamroller.

12. In Adelaide, all female parking police are required to wear crotchless panties.

13. The Marquis De Sade and Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch, the two men whose names have been immortalised in sado-masochism, never met each other because they lived a hundred years apart. But their respective literary agents did have a brief, violent affair in Berlin in 1926.

14. Circumcised men are twice as likely to have gold American Express cards as uncircumcised ones.

15. Ninety-two percent of shoe salesmen are foot fetishists who would gladly do the job for nothing. The other eight percent aren't very happy.

16. Most professional Rugby League players are gay.

17. Fondling midgets in public is a misdemeanor on Norfolk Island.

18. The muffled laughter you think you hear whenever you're shopping for jeans is not imagined. Since 1987 men's clothing stores have been required by law to install two-way mirrors in all changerooms.

19. Prune juice is a powerful aphrodisiac.

20. Except in remote regions of western Bulgaria and most of Italy, men seldom make passes at girls with fat arses.

21. Sandford Modess, 19th Century millionaire bandage baron and inventor of the modern sanitary napkin, was a keen achaeologist who was present at the opening of several noted Pharaonic burial chambers. Modess died in 1893 under mysterious circumstances attributed at the time to an evil spell said to befall desecrators of ancient Egyptian tombs. Modess penned the moderately successful autobiography *From Rags To Riches* shortly before succumbing to the curse.

22. There are very few male lesbians.

23. On the Victorian gold fields during the 1850s, resourceful miners deprived of female companionship would assuage their frustrations using "vaginas" fashioned from large potatoes and turnips. Hence the expression: "She's a great root."

24. One raincoat per staff member is standard issue in the shower facilities of most European condom factories.

25. In frequent masturbators, the "Life Line" on the palm of the left hand will show a deeply defined "hook" close to the wrist. You may look . . . *now*.

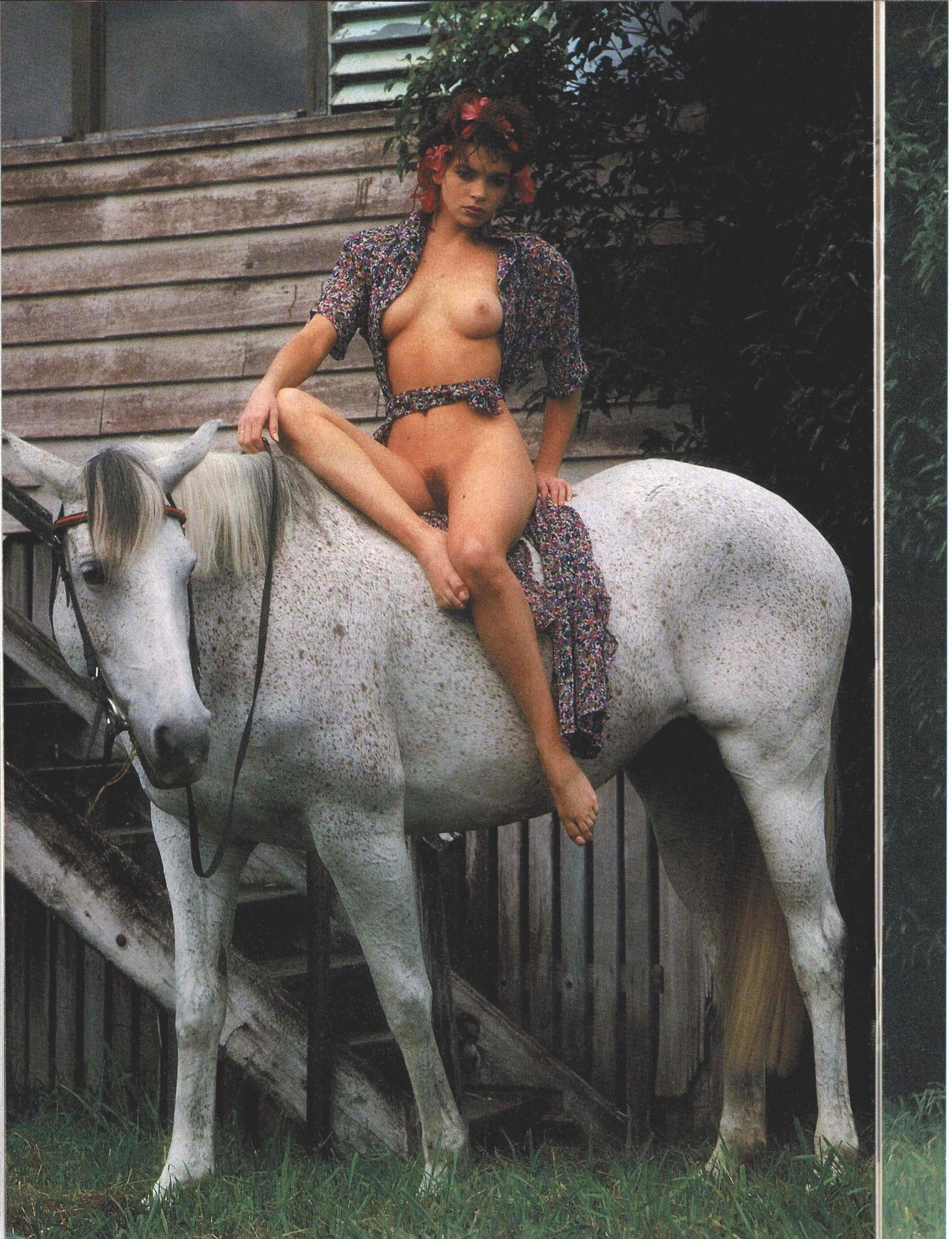
Jade

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; jewellery from Occult World, Crown St, Sydney (02) 331-2942; white gauze shirt from Risk, Crown St (02) 331-4276; fringed suede vest from Wheels & Doll Baby, Crown St (02) 361-3286; floral dress and white cotton skirt from Cash Palace, Oxford St (02) 360-1565; blue silk shirt, brown cotton skirt and red lace-up period dress from ABC Costume Hire, Pacific Highway (02) 950-4284. Transport to Mudjimba Island compliments of the Sunshine Coast Westpac SLSA Helicopter Rescue Service (071) 48-7777.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

Romantic Retreat

The romantic history of Mudjimba Island, just north of Maroochydore, made it the perfect setting for our rustic shoot of enigmatic 18-year-old Jade Adams. In the late Fifties Mudjimba was used as a hideaway by Sean Connery. He and his lady friend were stranded there for 11 days during a raging storm.



Jade, a dancer and model, is a petite 34-22-33. She hails from Brisbane, where she grew up, and has no plans to move away from Queensland. She especially enjoyed Mudjimba's dreamy atmosphere. "I'm a warm-blooded creature," she says, "and I feel very much at home in such a typically Australian environment."

A old Aboriginal legend tells of a warrior named Coolum, who fell fiercely in love with a beautiful young girl. Her mother refused them permission to marry. Coolum was so wrought with frustration that he ripped off the mother's head and flung it into the sea. It became Mudjimba Island.

The word "Mudjimba" means "old woman". By taking Jade to the island, we've certainly changed the "old" part of it. Jade, whose second name is Victoria, is a Virgo and is characteristically both shy and strong-willed. She avoids alcohol and is glad that her dancing keeps her in top shape.

Jade is single. At 18, she says, she's not ready to make any long-term commitments and is happy to concentrate on her work. Her trip to Mudjimba was a welcome break from a hectic routine. She wouldn't have minded, she says, being stranded there herself for a few days with somebody sexy and special.

BY KIRK WILLCOX

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

The environmental movement, like everything else, is for sale. There are plenty of big business bidders.

the green MACHINE

Australia's industry and government boffins are currently putting together what might be called the Environmental League. It's much bigger and bolder than the football variety, and its purpose is to lobby intensely an increasingly cynical public. The message they're pleading is simple enough: "Forget about what's happened in the past — we're fixing that in the future. No — we're fixing it *now*."

They're "fixing" it all right — and as they say in horse racing circles, the fix is in.

To give you an idea of what's going on, the list of exhibitors at this year's Environment '90 exhibition and conference in Sydney, all mad keen to show off their new green wares, reads like a rather motley crew. Among the groups you'd expect to find at a show like this — like Greening Australia Ltd, the Skin And Cancer Foundation,

green

the Freshly Squeezed Water Company — were companies and government authorities like the Water Board, Pacific Waste Management P/L, James Hardie Industries, BHP and the Joint Coal Board.

Now, if what's happening in the US is any indication of what will happen here — and of course, it always is — there are going to be some very weird bedfellows and awfully hard to explain conflicts of interest. And the Australian masses, slowly being educated to environmental awareness, will become so confused they won't know which way to turn. As Eve Pell, a staff reporter at the Centre For Investigative Reporting in San Francisco, recently wrote: "If the Eighties taught us anything, it is that almost everything is for sale. Even the environmental movement now risks slipping under the influence of some of the most powerful corporations in the United States."

The problem is a dual thing: first, the bullshit face of "corporate environmentalism", which carries about it a stench not dissimilar from that which emerges from Sydney's Malabar sewage outlet; and second, the corporate-government nexus which results in a "licence to pollute" which many activists reckon is a recipe for environmental disaster.

Let's look at "corporate environmentalism" first. McDonalds, the outfit all environmentalists love to hate, put up $700,000 for an "environmental education project" directed (naturally) at youth. One American environment group, the Sierra Club, turned down the offer after "considerable agonising." McDonalds, never one to shy away from a challenge, pushed on with their offer elsewhere, but the National Audubon Society also knocked it back. Greenies were impressed by the knockbacks, but were then shattered when someone did take the money — the World Wildlife Fund, a subsidiary of the Conservation Foundation and one of the top ten environmental groups in America.

The first result was a glossy magazine called *Wecology* (surprisingly enough, not *McCology*), which was fairly thin on content but thick on corporate image ads for McDonalds. The centrefold was a sexy: "The Environment: What In The World Is McDonalds Doing About It?" The ad claimed the company was the largest user of recycled paper in the fast food industry; was involved in a recycling project for styrofoam; was the first to remove CFCs from its polystyrene packaging; and didn't use beef raised from rainforest areas.

Meanwhile, the American city of Portland has banned styrofoam food containers and McDonalds lost a lawsuit trying to overturn the decision. In fact, McDonalds got a guernsey when, in 1988, the US magazine *Multinational Monitor* published a list of the ten environmentally unfriendliest corporations of the year — more of which later.

In America, the World Wildlife Fund/Conservation Foundation has been a target of criticism from grassroots environmentalists. Among its major donors are Exxon, Chevron, Philip Morris and Mobil. And while the Sierra Club knocked back Ronald McD, it has taken money from companies like British Petroleum, Chemical Bank, ARCO, Pepsi and United Technologies, in a scheme in which companies match employees' contributions.

But environmental writer Brian Tokar, writing in the magazine *Z*, reckons the worst example is the National Wildlife Federation. In 1988, it had a budget of $63 million, of which only 22 percent came directly from members. Corporate donors included Amoco, ARCO, Coca Cola, Dow, Du Pont, Exxon, General Electric, General Motors, IBM, Mobil, USX (formerly US Steel), Waste Management and Westinghouse.

While the companies may claim they are just being good corporate citizens — and the environmental groups themselves say they can remain independent — critics aren't so sure. David Rapaport of Greenpeace says that while the corporations may claim to be environmentalists, they are buying off the groups that oppose them. "And the corporations are buying legitimacy as well," Rapaport adds. "Dow [Chemicals] funds environmental groups and schools in Michigan, and the chemical companies do the same in the Louisiana chemical corridor."

In Canada last year, news swept like wildfire through environmental circles when it was announced that the country's oldest and best-known environmental group, Pollution Probe, had publicly endorsed a line of "green" products produced by the nation's largest supermarket chain, Loblaws, in exchange for a royalty on sales. Its executive director, Colin Isaacs, also became an environmental salesperson for the chain and the resulting uproar caused five staff to resign. Isaacs quit soon after, citing lack of Board support for his position.

The United States' biggest handler of wastes, Waste Management Inc (WMI), is the company attracting most attention. WMI is a worldwide conglomerate, specialising in processing toxic chemical waste, with an annual gross income of more than $3 billion and nearly 900 subsidiaries.

Eve Pell says that although WMI is the nation's most advanced handler of wastes, "it is also known for its leaky landfills, its conviction for price-fixing, and its violations of environmental regulations that resulted in more than $30 million in fines being assessed from 1982 to 1987. For those reasons it has become a prime target for many grass-roots activists around the country."

"I'm afraid you just discredited yourself in the eyes of the jury."

Even so, it still managed to get its foot in the door of the Environmental Grantmakers Association (EGA), which consists of foundation executives who have funded, worked with or studied many of the varied organisations that make up the US environmental movement.

Pell says the diversity of the funders mirrors the diversity of the environmental movement itself — "which spans a wide spectrum of environmental policies and goals — from simple preservation of rainforests to lawsuits against polluters. By deciding which organisations get money, the grantmakers help set the agenda of the environmental movement and influence the programs and strategies that activists carry out."

When WMI's Director of Public Affairs, Dr William Y. Brown, was invited to EGA's Princeton meeting in 1988, there were some raised eyebrows. At these meetings, open, detailed discussions are held about what various groups of activists are planning and who should be funded. So you don't need to be Einstein to work out that as a major target of some of those groups, WMI is now in a position that the fox might envy: guarding, even financing, the henhouse.

Pell says that the WMI debate has polarised the EGA into groups roughly paralleling the divisions in the environmental movement — "where groups that favor compromising with polluters square off against those that favor confrontation. Some funders refuse to attend any meeting where Dr Brown shows up."

It's always fun to make an example of McDonalds, because they're such a fun outfit. Here's how the *Multinational Monitor* put it when it published its hitlist of the ten worst corporations in 1988: "Imagine a container the area of a football field, ten miles high, 1.6 billion cubic feet in volume. Imagine this container filled with styrofoam. That's how much of McDonalds' nonbiodegradable, nonrecyclable, petrochemical styrofoam ends up on the streets or in the trash heaps of the [American] nation every year.

"With more than 10,000 fast food outlets worldwide, McDonalds is hard to miss. And it is growing at a furious rate. A new McDonalds opens its doors somewhere in the globe every 15 hours."

Earlier this year, McDonalds caused a big stir by proposing to open a store at Sydney's Bondi Beach. Fresh from fighting the local turd wars, the activists hit the beachfront. "A Bondi Beach McDonalds? Say McNo," headlined a 100 percent recycled pamphlet of the Bondi Beach McDonalds Action Group. "McBoycott" stickers also mysteriously appeared in nearby shops and on street stalls (no-one is admitting to their origin) and there were badges sporting Ronald's smiling visage with a bubble blurting: "Eat shit."

The fast food outlet was threatened with legal action by a group of Hobart environmentalists, the Hamburger Action Group (HAG), earlier in the year. They claimed an advertising campaign run by McDonalds last year in newspapers and magazines was false. The ads described the material used in McDonalds' foam containers as "ozone-friendly" because they contained "no damaging chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs)."

The CFCs, which had been used to blow the foam, were replaced with HCFC22, which HAG argued can still damage the ozone layer, although to a lesser extent. The group threatened action to compel McDonalds to print retractions in the publications where the ads originally appeared. It had already approached the Trade Practices Commission. McDonalds conceded that "advertising in these terms will not be repeated." They might have wanted to add: "A Big Company can admit its mistakes."

McDonalds opened their Bondi Beach store in July and their opponents went along for a "Purge Polystyrene Polluters" protest. A spokesman for the group, David Vincent, said: "We especially attacked them on their use of polystyrene containers and now the council has taken the first steps towards what we hope will be a ban on their use."

And the Tasmanian Department of En-

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STYLE SHOWN; SABRE SPORTSHIELD (Item No. 39115)
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vironment and Planning has accepted HCFC22 as an ozone-depleting substance and has included it on the CFC legislation as a controlled substance. But spokesman Rory Doohan says HAG is concerned that the Tassie Government could cave in to pressure from the large mainland packaging companies and, by exemptions, allow continued use of HCFC22, especially for non-essential uses such as non-biodegradable packaging. "The department is well aware of the alternatives that exist for this ozone-depleting substance and the government should not give out licences to further pollute."

So, here we have arrived at item number two on the dual agenda — the big bogeyman, the "licence to pollute."

Alexander Cockburn wrote in the April 1990 issue of America's *New Statesman & Society*: "The talk now is of 'Third Wave' environmentalism, which (you may not be entirely amazed to hear) sees the plausible strategy for action as being regulation by 'free market' forces. In this model, corporations are allocated certain pollution rights, which can then be traded, rather in the manner of 'air rights' being swapped by developers of high-rise buildings." And — surprise, surprise — that's part of the drift in the Australian Federal Government's discussion paper *Ecologically Sustainable Development*, released in June this year.

Translated from bureauspeak, the paper says what we've got to do is work out a way of keeping our products internationally competitive without stuffing up the environment, and that there are basically two ways we could go: we could use a price-based plan, with various charges and subsidies which would directly alter prices with the aim of "internalising" environmental costs and benefits; or we could hand out rights to use resources, or pollute the environment, up to a predetermined limit, and allow those rights to be traded.

There are working groups from eight industries — forestry, fishing, mining, tourism, agriculture, manufacturing, transport and energy production — currently figuring out their responses to the paper. They're due to report early in 1991.

If the rights plan is adopted, it would mean that industry pollution limits would be set, quotas established and pollution fees charged accordingly. Companies which did not use up their full quotas could then sell the rights to pollute to other companies.

Richard Gosden, the Research Manager of Stop The Ocean Pollution (STOP), reckons the existing system of granting polluters a licence to protect them from prosecution is delirious enough; "But to go one step further and to say that there is a quantifiable level of pollution that is acceptable and then allow the existing polluters to own the rights to that pollution, even to the extent of allowing them to sell those rights so that pollution becomes an asset, is a guarantee for environmental disaster."

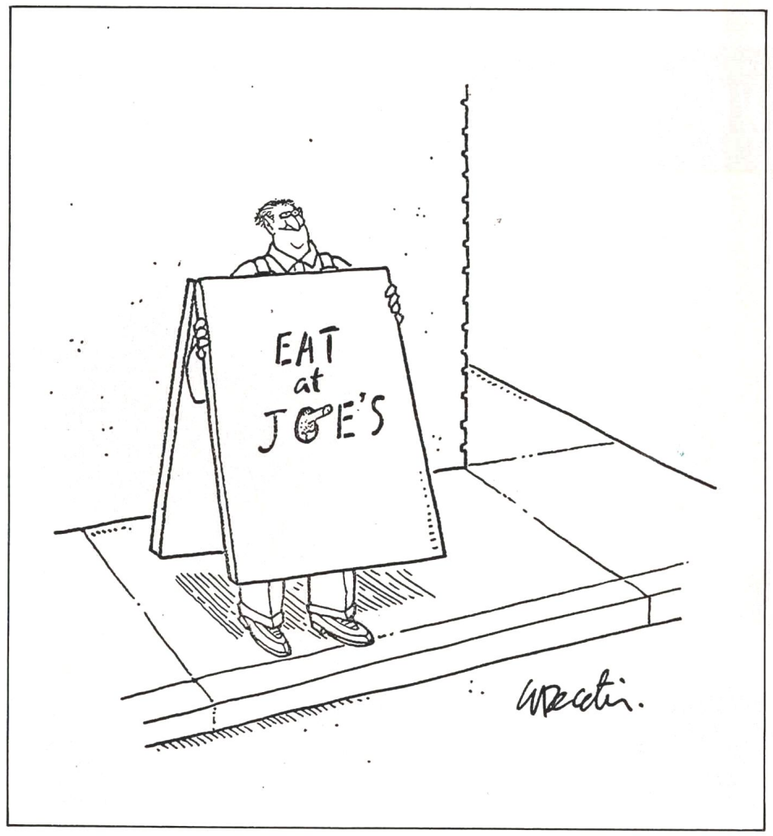
Under the current system, BHP, through its subsidiary Australian Iron and Steel (AIS), has a licence issued by the NSW State Pollution Control Commission to discharge up to 1.6 billion litres of waste per day through 17 outlets into Allan's Creek, Port Kembla. It pays the highest charge in the state for this privilege — $46,983.60. The one-year licence is up for renewal in December. At the time BHP also paid the second highest licence fee in NSW, $33,174.80, for its Newcastle plant, which was allowed to discharge 1.19 billion litres a day into the Hunter River. (There are about 3000 licences issued to private companies and government authorities in NSW alone.)

At last count, BHP was unable to meet the licence limits for ammonia and cyanide at Port Kembla. According to Gordon, there's an increasing tendency to write off sections of the marine environment that have become contaminated with industrial waste by declaring a "no go zone" in the form of a fishing ban. "This is done as an alternative to seriously cracking down on polluters and allows them to turn ocean waters and estuaries into licensed toxic waste dumps."

In fact, all around Australia steel works, metal smelters, factories, oil refineries, pulp mills and sewage systems pump out effluent that would not be tolerated in many other parts of the world. According to Gosden, the Commonwealth has got to step in and enforce National Clean Waters standards: "The principal reason why state governments can't get tougher on liquid waste disposers is that they're under threat from industry that if cheap waste disposal is denied to them, they'll pick up their industrial complexes and move interstate."

If you're in any doubt about that, remember what happened earlier this year when the NSW Government unveiled a bond system whereby companies had to meet targets cutting back on toxic waste discharges or forfeit part or all of their bond. It was revealed in the State Parliament in May that the then NSW Deputy Premier and Minister for State Development, Wal Murray, had written to the Environment Minister, Tim Moore, in the previous month, expressing BHP's concern about the impact the bond scheme would have on its operations and planned investment of $1 billion in NSW during the next seven years.

"I, too, am concerned," Murray wrote, "that a 'pollution' bond scheme could be seen as inconsistent with the government's economic development strategy and could needlessly turn away potential investors." Right on, Wally.



Greenpeace has already detected numerous alleged breaches of licence limits, taking on outfits like BHP, Caltex, pesticide manufacturer Nufarm, and Tasmania's Electrolytic Zinc (EZ) — an action that led to police charges. Greenpeace's Executive Director in Australia, Paul Gilding, sums up the whole mess like this: "The problem is now the culture of government and industry working together to pollute. It's clear from our campaign that governments won't do anything unless forced to do so by public pressure."

And even when they are, the results can be as dodgy as a seafood pizza. One example: enormous public pressure on the NSW Government over the past two years forced it to announce a $6 billion sewage fix-up program for Sydney over the next 20 years (whether this will actually happen remains to be seen), as well as a range of huge fines for illegally discharging pollutants.

But again, the evidence suggests the "fix" is in. The State Pollution Control Commission set new one-year licences for the Water Board's three main ocean outfalls at Malabar, Bondi and North Head, effective from last July. Given the government's undertaking to reduce pollution, especially after its own Department of Health found a definite risk to swimmers in a study conducted the previous summer, you'd expect the licences to be much stricter than in the past, wouldn't you?

Well, they aren't. The draft licence for North Head says the maximum output for grease and oil would be 102 tonnes per day. The previous licence allowed 66 tonnes per day. The maximum for "suspended solids" (read: "assorted shit") was lifted from 84 tonnes per day to 348 tonnes. Keep your mouth shut, and every other orifice, before entering the water.

In a statement to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, the SPCC said the new licences would not result in any more oil, grease or suspended solids being released into the ocean. If this seems confusing, given a basic understanding of arithmetic, the explanation is that the SPCC said the Water Board could not and did not meet the previous licence conditions because they "did not represent reality."

Obviously enough, it's the threat of the hefty new penalties that's prompted the licence adjustments. And you don't need any letters before your name to figure out, as Dr Sharon Beder of Sydney University has done, that "if the SPCC was really serious about controlling the pollution, they would fix interim periods in which the Water Board, or other companies, would have to reduce the waste they were discharging to environmentally desirable standards."

Or what about this one for a classic sidestep by members of the Environmental League? The *Herald* revealed in July that an agreement between the Water Board and the ACI Australian plant at Botany — the main source of mercury leading to the Malabar sewage works — allows ICI to discharge mercury at a level four times the concentration allowed in the Malabar licence. As Dr Beder says: "The SPCC sets the standards for the Water Board to meet, then the Water Board makes an agreement with ICI. Then the SPCC turns around and loosens its limits to accommodate the agreement. So who's in charge — the SPCC, the Water Board or ICI?"

Indeed. It's not hard to see why NSW environmentalists call the SPCC the "State Pollution Consent Commission."

So beware of the Green Machine, and do not swallow its bilge. It's much more dangerous than Mal Meninga's mob, and under the current political system, could be just as unstoppable — especially, as we've seen, when it gets itself into the opposition half.

The Greens in Eastern Europe are already discovering that the longed for solutions of the "free market" don't bring environmental clean-up; poison, like the bureaucratic growth curve, is part of the bottom line of capitalism. And the Americans are learning the same lesson; as Alexander Cockburn succinctly puts it: "Any genuine environmentalism is incompatible with corporate culture."

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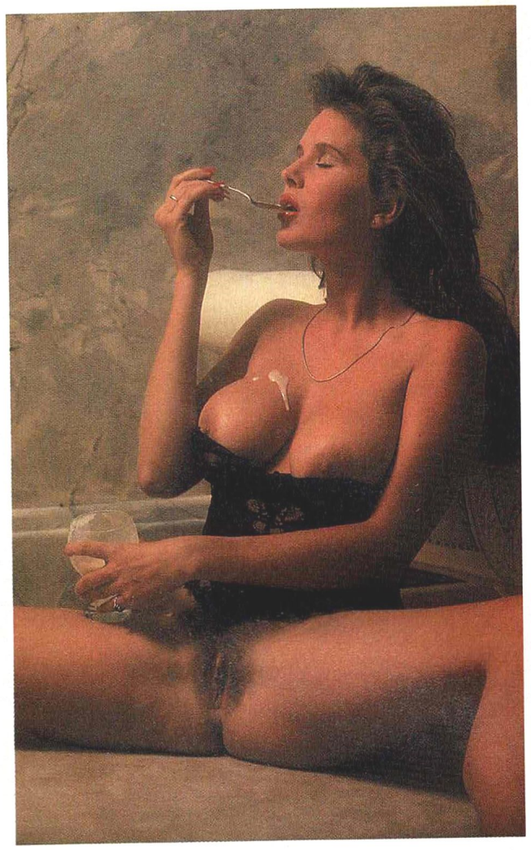
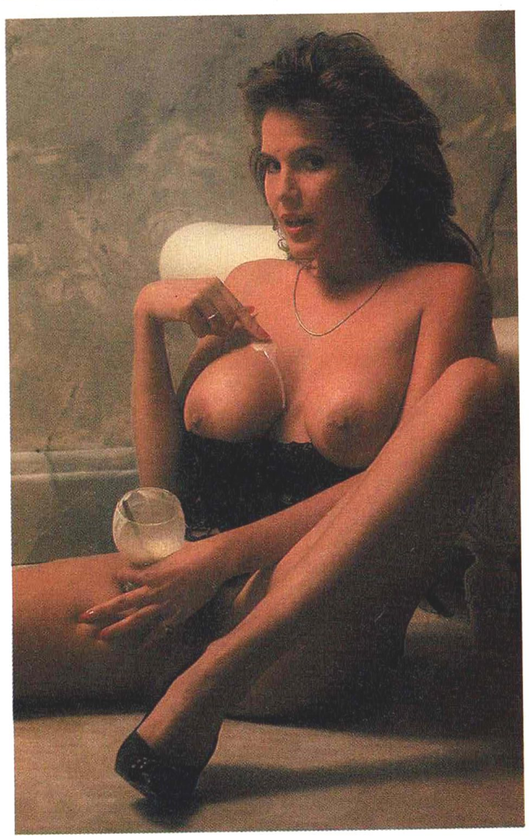
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JO HAMMAR

Angie Simpson is nothing if not dramatic. This succulent 26-year-old believes in reincarnation, and is convinced that she was the feted Queen Guinevere in a previous life. "The Queen of the Round Table had everything she could possibly imagine — except the freedom to love the one man she really wanted."

QUEEN OF THE ROUND TABLE

Angie, who runs a city restaurant, has read everything she can about King Arthur's court. "Often I imagine standing on the battlements of the mythical Camelot, watching Sir Lancelot ride out on some quest. How she must have longed for him!"





In the *Morte D'Arthur*, Lancelot climbs the castle wall and rips the bars from Guinevere's window with his bare hands so that he can get in to be with her. "If only men were still so determined," sighs Angie. "I would give anything just to be loved like that."

WORDS BY TRISH MURPHY
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER MARTIN

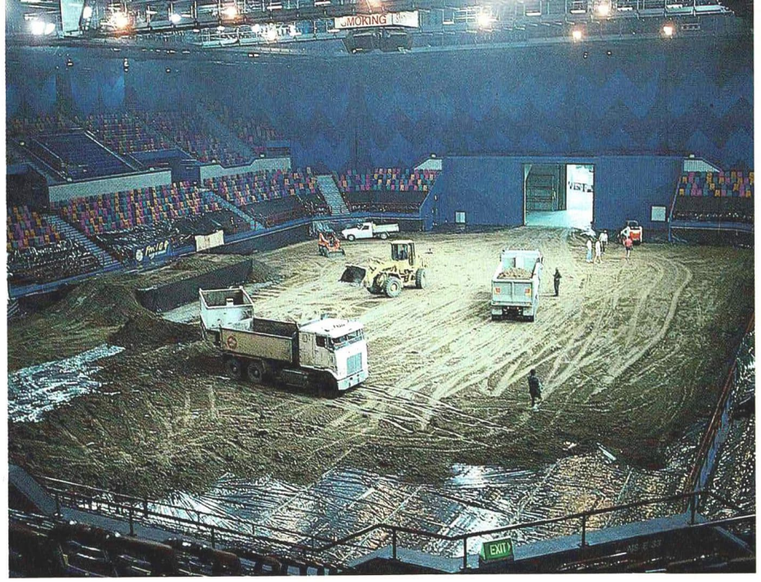
INSIDE

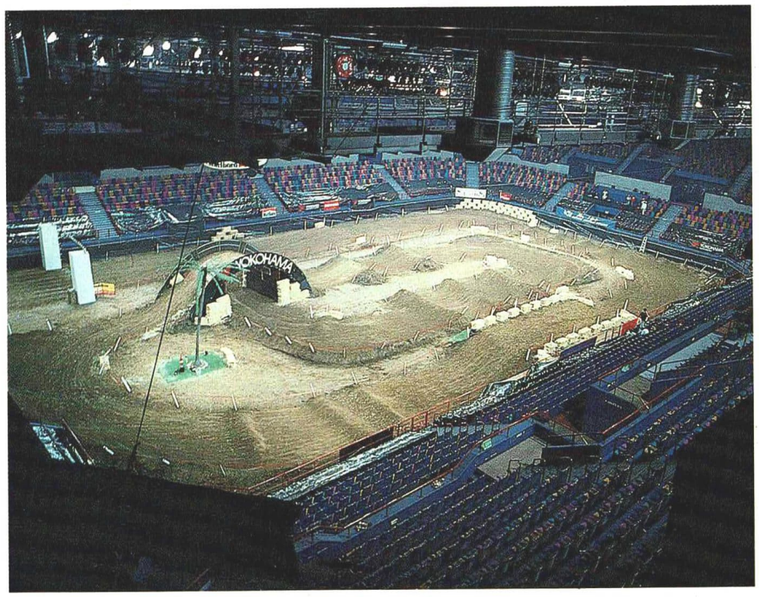
Take a mountain of mud, move it indoors and let eight guys on screaming bikes loose on it. That's supercross.

Whatever it is they're doing at the Entertainment Centre, it hasn't got a whole lot to do with rock 'n' roll. The floor has been covered in heavy-duty plastic and a bulldozer is pushing tonnes of earth around the place. Mud wrestling, perhaps? No. By evening the air will be filled with flying dirt and the howl of motorbike engines.

It's supercross, an indoor version of motocross that's been pulling crowds around the country. It's fast, dangerous and dirty — a far cry from the days when racing a dirt bike consisted of slapping knobby tyres on your old road bike and hauling on your favorite pair of faded jeans. The guys riding the bikes now look like weird warriors in their high-tech armor, and the riding, indoor or not, is soaring, stunt-man stuff.

RUNNING





Previous page: Flashy riding by Eddie Warren makes him a crowd favorite. Warren, an American who has settled in NSW, is one of the top three riders on the circuit this season. This page: Construction of an indoor track involves laying down tonnes of earth on heavy-duty plastic, and then building a series of jumps, bridges and ditches. Opposite: Between the devil and the deep, dark ditch — Eddie Warren, riding at the Gold Coast Supercross circuit, shows he can take a bit of dirt in the face.

INSIDE RUNNING

It's a white-knuckle business. Because supercross is held indoors, overall track space is much tighter than in motocross. This results in reduced lap times and a curbing of the high speeds normally associated with outdoor racing. But the thrills and spills are no less indoors — the number of jumps, and their actual size, is substantially increased. It's quite common to see riders soaring as high as ten metres over jumps. A maximum of eight riders compete in any one race.

The stakes are high, and competition is fierce. The choicest prize on offer this year was at Moomba Park, with a $15,000 purse for the winner, $6000 for second place, $2000 for third and smaller amounts for the remaining competitors. It was won by Craig Dack, one of the top three riders in Australia at the moment. On average, though, the winner's purse is around $1000 or $2000. The prize money is split, in decreasing amounts, between all eight competitors in a race, so even if you come last, there is still a consolation prize. According to Stephen Gall, four-times Mr Motocross winner and now an instructor, a rider can, if he wins everything in a season, make $100,000 a year. But, says Gall, "that never happens."

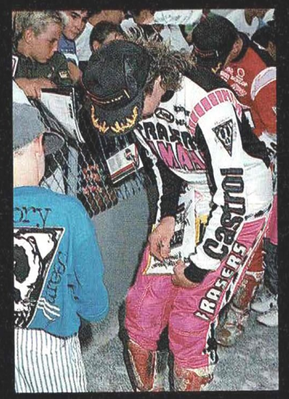
High stakes, high tech, high costs. To compete on the circuit in 1990 means battles of sponsorship, money and preparation have to be won before a rider even arrives at the track. Most of the top 15 riders have sponsorship in varying forms — free bikes, spare parts and protective clothing. But the costs, for an up-and-coming rider who has not yet gained

Main picture: Eddie Warren goes sky riding — it's quite common to see riders soaring as high as ten metres over jumps. Below: Hot competition for Warren and Dack is Glen Bell, riding here at Coffs Harbour for Team Honda Australia. Below left: Greg Scott, who later retired after breaking his neck twice.

INSIDE RUNNING

the benefits of sponsorship, are massive. A bike costs around $5000 and to really be competitive, a rider needs around four bikes a year. Spare parts can amount to around $6000 (at the "right price", not retail), clothing $4000 to $5000 a year, and transport around $10,000, assuming you already have a van in which to carry your bike and gear. You need to win to make ends meet.

Life at the top is short — at the most, five or six years, if you can stay up there. By the age of 30 (and younger, in the



States), it's all over. There is also a toll in injuries — mostly, according to Gall, it's the knees, shoulders and wrists that cop the worst of it. One particularly unlucky (or lucky, depending on which way you see it) rider is Greg Scott, who crashed while practising and broke the fifth and sixth vertebrae in his neck. He was off for a year, but made a good comeback, getting back into the top ten. But at Dubbo this year he crashed again, and broke his second vertebra — which usually means death. At the time of writing Scott was just coming out of his brace, with no signs of paralysis from either accident. But he won't be returning to the track. Twice, for Scott, has proved more than enough.

Such serious injuries are unusual, says Gall. But it's imperative to wear the right gear. And most important of all is fitness. Craig Dack, for instance, has a rigorous training program. On a hard training day he goes for a 45-minute high-intensity run, swims 20 laps of an Olympic pool and follows that with a 50km pushbike ride. The following day he'll rest, doing stretching and aerobics, and day three is a hard day again. Lindsay Ellis, the physical trainer at the Institute of Sport in Canberra, says Dack's fitness level is equivalent to that of an international

Right: Craig Dack, who won the $15,000 purse at Moomba this year. Far right: On the grid for the final race at Brisbane; the winner takes most, but each rider wins something at the end of the day. Below: The Marlboro Yamaha team, with four-times Mr Motocross winner and team manager, Stephen Gall, on the bike.

INSIDE RUNNING

triathlete or a ten-speed cyclist.

Supercross originated in the US in the Seventies, and the first meeting held in Australia — at the Sydney Showground in 1980 — drew a crowd of 40,000 spectators. With the withdrawal of the Showground as an entertainment venue, interest waned until venues such as the Entertainment Centre became available. Further interest was generated in supercross with the cancellation of the mainstream outdoor series, Mr Motocross, last year. The success of the indoor sport, and its potential for advertising, once again attracted sponsors, but mostly those within the industry, such as the dealers — Yamaha, Suzuki, Kawasaki, Honda and KTM, an Austrian company with an Australian dealership.

In 1990 there have been 27 races, with four or five carrying big prize money. It has also been confirmed that Australia is to host a round of the World Supercross Championships next year. As well, the Mr Motocross series has returned, helping to balance the racing calendar. Through so much additional racing, the level of riding in Australia has risen to international standard. Our best export so far has been Jeff Leisk, who, hot on the heels of Wayne Gardner's success, fought tooth and nail to finish second behind England's David Thorpe in his first Grand Prix season on the World 500cc Championship circuit.

Dack is another Australian rider to have tackled international competition: after a top season at home in 1988, he left to spend a year on the tough European circuit. He qualified for every Grand Prix, putting him in the top 30 of 80 riders, and he finished the year about 20th. However, he missed home, and is now back, riding for the Marlboro Yamaha Dealer Team.

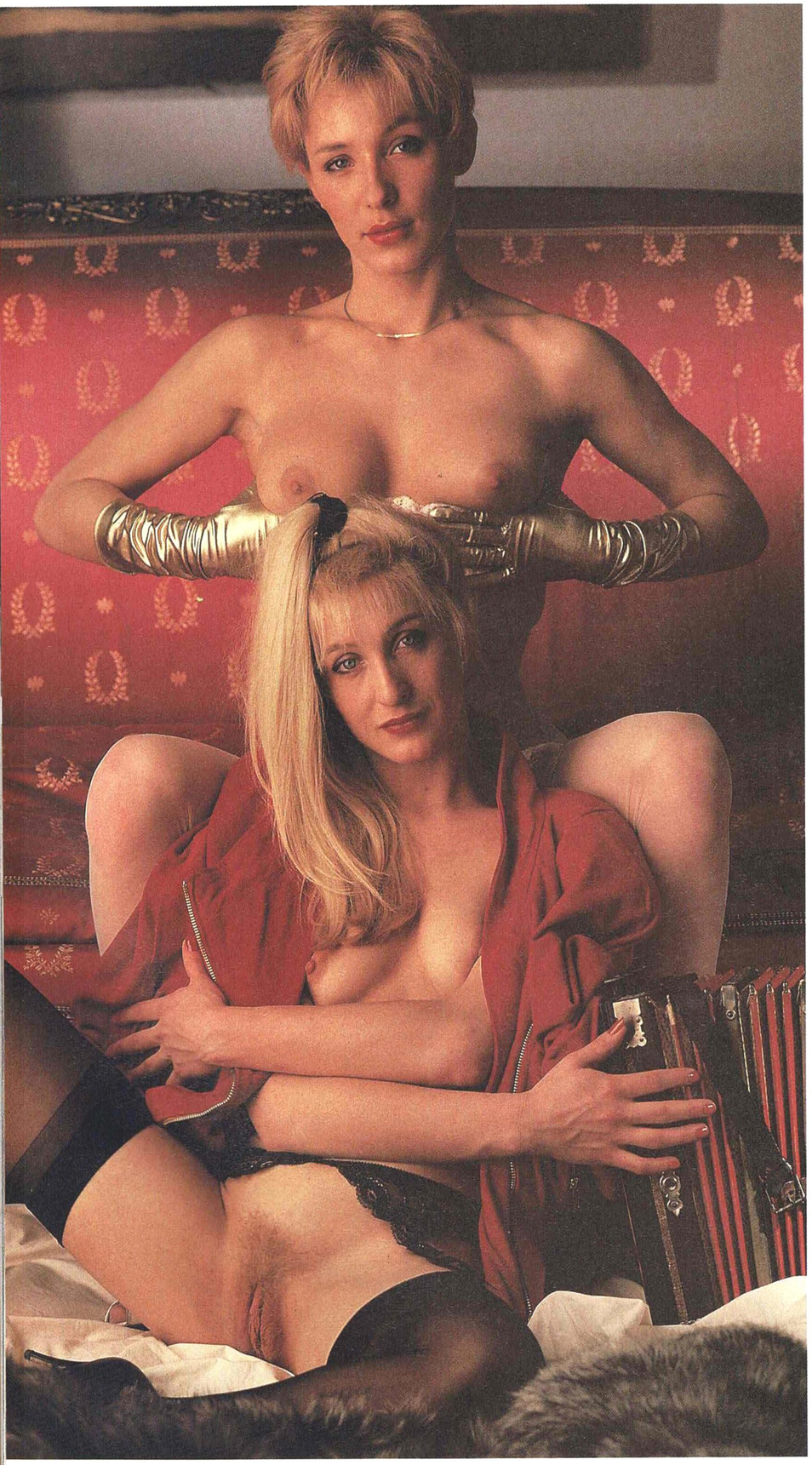
High stakes, high risk, high adrenalin. It's the sheer buzz of dirt-bike racing that is the real thrill, says Stephen Gall. He cites the inaugural Supercross Masters in Chelsea, London: it was wet and muddy, he'd had a rough time during the qualifiers, he was up against hot competition and he didn't expect to win. After a fight to the death in which he led, fell, regained his lead, fell again, won back his lead and hung on tooth and nail, he found himself in the spotlight with his first big overseas win.

That buzz, that exhilaration, is what really makes it worth it. And, adds Gall a trifle wistfully, it's the hardest thing of all for a retired rider to replace.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

double booking

Beth and Judith had never met before. Each had arranged to meet a friend at a nearby hotel. The friend had booked the room, and by mistake, had double-booked his girlfriends. When they found out, Beth and Judith looked at each other and laughed. "Let's teach the double-dealing creep a lesson!"



They were both ready for an inspired evening anyway, and this was something new, so they locked the door and soon the steam was rising.

When the friend arrived, knocking to be let in, all he could hear was a duet of ecstatic moaning. "It's old Two-Up," whispered Beth. "Are we going to let him in?" "Eventually," replied Judith. "And he better be ready for some real two-timing when we do!"

Continued from page 57

spread and a lumpy pillow, a pink laminex table and two vinyl chairs, a Fifties walnut-veneer dressing table and a rickety wardrobe. I'd done time in similar cells as a student. They invariably stank of gas and other people's wasted lives and were game reserves for hordes of giant mutant cockroaches.

It didn't take me long to search the place. Dolly was travelling light. Not knowing what I was looking for made it a bit hard, but I didn't think Fiona McLeod would be sentimental about jewellery or money, so I looked for a document of some sort. Dolly's prayer book, a virginal white mother-of-pearl number she must have got for her First Communion back in the village, held the answer.

It was a photograph of Fiona and two men. One of the men was Ronny Brackenridge, but I didn't recognise the other, who was olive-skinned, with very black eyes, dark hair cut close to the scalp, good bones and a sensuous mouth. I pocketed the picture and split while I was ahead.

When I got back to the office I checked out the photo more carefully. Brackenridge's presence could be explained by a likely connection with Fiona's brother, but the second man remained a mystery. Was he the reason Fiona wanted the picture so badly?

That night I met Lizzie and Frank Donohue for a drink at the Woolloomooloo Bay. I'd taken a long shot: Frank was the paper's expert on organised crime.

The Bay was rocking. An American warship with nuclear warheads was docked across the road and gradually the pub filled up with hundreds of sailors with crewcuts gelled into fashionable spikes. Then a flying wedge of anti-nuke protestors arrived and stood outside drinking beer and catcalling the Americans.

"They're a bloody disgrace," said Frank.

"Who?" I asked.

"Those bloody pinkos."

"I though they were greenies," I said. Lizzie frowned in warning and desisted. I needed Frank's expertise.

I held my tongue while Lizzie and Frank discussed the latest organised crime beat-up. I'm a little cynical about organised crime. It had become a bandwagon jam-packed with empire-building QCs, political cops, ambitious politicians, canny commentators, criminologists and gullible journalists. I'd reported the Mr Asia case and it was obvious, to me at least, that Terry Clark and his Keystone crims could have been retired early if the cops hadn't been crooked or stupid or both.

When they ran out of horror stories, I showed Frank Dolly's photograph. "Don't know the lady," he said, "but the dago is Mario Morelli aka Ronny Brackenridge, and the other hood is Jean-Paul Le Gay."

My jaw dropped: Lucy's husband.

"Where does Le Gay fit in?" asked Lizzie, not noticing my shock.

"Organised crime in the Philippines. Vice, drug running from the Triangle; you know, the usual. Haven't heard anything about him for a couple of years, though. I thought he'd gone back to Europe.

"No, he just disappeared in the Philippines," I said.

"How come you know him?" Lizzie asked me.

"He's Lucy's husband," I said. "The Lucy who's Fiona's friend."

Lizzie's eyes widened then narrowed. Smiling sweetly, she said: "Would you excuse us for a minute, Frank?" Then she dragged me out on to the crowded footpath and hissed: "Where did you get that photo?"

> I'd done time in similar cells as a student. They stank of gas and other people's wasted lives.

"Dolly," I said.

"Dolly gave it to you?"

"Uh, I stole it while she was out."

Lizzie stared at me as if I were a dangerous lunatic: "What if Dolly's arranged to sell it to someone and they come to get it and it's not there? Someone like Ambrose or Brackenridge or this Le Gay character? Have you thought about that?"

I hadn't.

"You've got to get it back to her, Syd. Tonight." She grabbed my arm: "Promise me!"

I promised.

"I don't know what's going on with you and Fiona and Le Gay and this Lucy, but your judgment is up Shit Creek," she concluded. I was beginning to agree.

Frank looked at us strangely when we returned, but we brazened it out. While I was waiting for him to leave, I checked out the photo again in case I'd missed something. I had. The picture had been taken in sunlight in front of the Barracks in Macquarie Street, and clearly visible in the background was a 1990 Festival Of Sydney poster.

When we finally dislodged Frank, Lizzie said: "You've got a very strange look on your face. What did you see in that photo?"

"A ghost," I answered. "Lucy Le Gay thinks her husband died somewhere in South-East Asia three years ago, but he was here in Sydney in January, large as life, playing footsie with Ronnie Brackenridge and Fiona McLeod."

"Business partners?"

"Looks like it. And you know what sort of business. What's say Brackenridge is playing a double game, doing business with Ambrose Pierce, and meantime flirting with Le Gay, who's supposed to be dead? And what's say Fiona is on with the handsome Jean-Paul, her best friend's husband?"

"Run that by me again, would you mate?" said Lizzie, so I explained that Fiona and Brackenridge wouldn't be so keen to get hold of the photo unless they didn't want to be seen with Le Gay; that they must be double-crossing Ambrose Pierce. And maybe Fiona didn't want the photo to fall into Lucy's hands.

As I was explaining all this to Lizzie, I remembered Lucy telling me how surprised she'd been when Fiona had rung her after Jean-Paul had disappeared. They hadn't been close when they had worked together at Qantas, she'd said. Why had Fiona wanted to cosy up to her lover's wife — did she feel guilty, or was she simply keeping tabs on her boyfriend?

As I got up to leave, Lizzie asked: "What are you going to tell Fiona?"

"I don't know. I'll worry about that after I get the photo back to Dolly."

It didn't take me long to get to Surry Hills. By the time I got there I'd decided to front Dolly and tell her to give back the photo before her little blackmail scam got out of control.

The light in the front flat was on, so she was home. Music spilled from one of the flats on to the stairs. It got louder as I neared Dolly's door, which was ajar. The hair on the back of my neck rose.

Standing well back, I kicked the door wider. The flat looked like the aftermath of Cyclone Tracy. Dolly was on the bed, tied up and gagged; before they'd stabbed her, somebody had stubbed out cigarettes on her arms. It hadn't done them any good; she didn't have anything to give them. I had it.

I peeled off and threw up in the lavatory, then staggered to the corner shop, called Lizzie, told her what had happened. She told me to wait for the police and give them the photo. I didn't want to spend all night at College Street telling my story over and over, and I wanted to hear Fiona's side of it, so I hung up and went home.

I felt as bad as I'd ever felt in my life — sick and stupid and guilty as hell.

I needed to talk to Fiona. Her answering machine was on, so I left a carefully-worded message. (I've seen what damage a recorded message can do when it gets

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into the wrong ears.) Pouring myself a slug of brandy, I turned on the radio — my black and white TV had finally died with a small, strange buzzing sound, like a wounded wasp. A news update told me that Dolly de Cruz had been found dead in a flat in Surry Hills; the police were obviously holding back the torture details. There was nothing to do but wait.

I didn't wait long. Fiona had picked up the news bulletin and rang.

"Did you know she was there?" she demanded.

"Yeah. I flushed her out and followed her there."

I heard a sharp intake of breath: "Did you talk to her?"

"No, I hadn't got round to it."

"So you didn't get it?"

"Get what?" I asked. "What did Dolly de Cruz have that was worth dying for?"

"It hardly matters now, does it?" she said bitterly. "I'm not likely to get my hands on it now."

"It depends who's got it, doesn't it?" I needled. "Your brother, Brackenridge, the cops, Jean-Paul Le Gay . . ."

She almost squeaked and I realised she'd been acting: she was scared. "You bastard. You do have it!"

"Yeah, well, first in, best dressed," I said. "Perhaps you and I should have a little chat. Soon."

She turned up about half an hour later, dishevelled and not nearly as cool or fresh as usual. Perhaps she'd even started to sweat like normal people. "So who killed Dolly de Cruz?" I asked, before she could gain the upper hand.

"I thought you suspected me," she said, surprised.

"Mrs McLeod, I've seen you in action before. You prefer big tough men to do your dirty work. You'd be quite capable of setting Dolly up, but I don't think you've got the guts to stick a knife into someone and twist it. Not personally. Or to torture them with lighted cigarettes."

At that Fiona turned a shade of avocado and made a dash for my bathroom. When she got back I gave her a brandy and said: "Well?"

"It could have been any of them," she said. "It depends on who Dolly tried to sell it to, or who found out where she was hiding." Her hand was unsteady on the glass. She wasn't dramatising — she was in danger: she shouldn't have kept the incriminating photo, and she shouldn't have let Dolly get her hands on it. And perhaps she was wondering if blood was really thicker than water.

If Fiona couldn't trust her brother or her lover — and nobody in their right mind would trust Ronny Brackenridge — she wouldn't be safe in her own home, so I talked her into staying the night at my flat. The brandy had bucked her up a bit, and she turned up her nose at the sagging couch. Her dowager empress act was wasted on me, though: I didn't offer my bed. I was sick of her and her rotten relatives and friends.

I tossed and turned, agonising over whether I'd led Dolly's killer to her door, and finally decided to go to the cops in the morning. Though there was nothing I could do about Dolly de Cruz, I didn't want Fiona to die if I could prevent it. She wasn't a saint, but I didn't believe she was mixed up in the drug scene; she wasn't responsible for her brother, and she wasn't the first woman Le Gay had conned.

Over a depressing breakfast of instant coffee and some toasted crusts with the dregs of a bottle of marmalade Lizzie had bought me at a fete, I asked Fiona why she'd come to me in the first place.

She'd recovered some of her fight overnight. "Use your brains," she said. "Because you hated Ambrose. I knew you

> She turned up half an hour later, dishevelled. Perhaps she'd even started to sweat like normal people.

weren't all that bright, but at least I could be sure you wouldn't sell me out to Ambrose the minute I walked out the door."

And I'd been sucked in by all that bullshit about Lucy and the dogs. Fiona's fathead husband had told me the truth once in our short and unpleasant acquaintanceship, and that was when he warned me that Fiona was a good psychologist, meaning she was a gifted manipulator. I hadn't listened; I'd let her flatter me.

"Well, you can stop trying to con me now," I said grimly. "I'm going to take a run up to Police Headquarters and tell this nasty little tale to Col Patterson. I'm sure he'll know exactly what to do (like crucifying me, I thought). You stay here. Don't you get any romantic ideas about running to the boyfriend; he probably knifed Dolly."

It was hours before the police got bored with making my life intolerable, and the fact that I deserved it made me even madder. When I got back to the flat Fiona had gone. There was a note telling me she'd decided to get out of the country till some of the dust settled; no doubt her old chums at Qantas could get her on the first flight out. She'd head for France or back to South-East Asia — with the Frog, I suspected. At least she wasn't my problem any more.

I bolted myself into my flat and went to bed and slept for hours. It was almost dark when I woke up. Dragging myself out of a near coma, I made a cup of coffee and turned on the six o'clock news to see if the cops had picked up anyone for the killing.

Instead I discovered that there had been a double shooting at Palm Beach, with no identifications yet. Feeling suddenly ill, I rang Lizzie and asked her to get me the address. It was Lucy's house. I hung up on Lizzie's questions, got into the Valiant in a daze, and set out for Palm Beach.

I don't know how I got out there. I can just remember one obsessive fear — that Ambrose Pierce had executed Jean-Paul Le Gay and had got rid of the witness — Lucy.

I was trying to imagine the world without Lucy, my life without Lucy, even though I hadn't seen her since that one dreamlike night all those months ago. I'd been too gutless to go back and ask her to forgive me for using her.

Suddenly I found myself in the street, in front of her house. The police had gone, but their Keep Out warnings were in place: it wasn't anybody's home any more, it was the scene of a crime.

Fuck the police, I thought and forced the French doors leading off the verandah. The house was cold and deathly quiet, and bloodstains had ruined the carpet in the living room.

In a trance, I went into the bedroom. The bed was a mess, and my gut clenched at the thought of Jean-Paul sleeping with Lucy after he'd lied to her and cheated with Fiona. Lucy's patchwork quilt had slipped on to the floor, and I remembered how safe I'd felt wrapped in Lucy's arms under her quilt.

I stood there in a daze until the sound of footsteps jerked me back to reality. A chill ran down my spine and I waited, frozen, as they approached.

"Do you intend to steal that?" said a quiet voice, and I looked down and realised I'd been clutching Lucy's quilt like a life raft.

"I was cold," I said.

We looked at each other for a long time, and then I said: "It was Fiona?"

"Yes. And my husband." The voice small and very sad.

I held out my arms and she came to me and I wrapped us in the quilt and she rested her head on my chest. She was crying softly, but I knew somehow that whatever was broken could be mended, in time.

And she would let me help.

Shaved Fish, a collection of Syd Fish mysteries by Susan Geason, was issued by Allen & Unwin in September, and is available in bookstores for $11.95.

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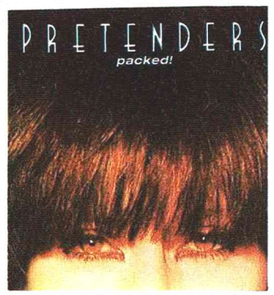
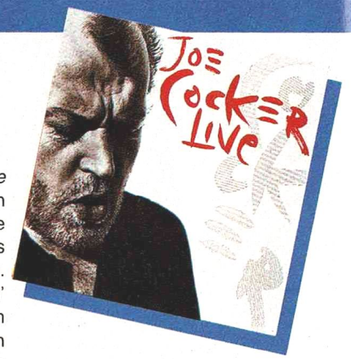
PURE HYNDE SIGHT

The focal point for the Pretenders was always **Chrissie Hynde**. With original and subsequent members dying or leaving, or both, she has still resisted going out as a solo act. The lady is clearly addicted to performing and recording as a band. *Packed* (WEA) never strays



far from simple bass and drums and the signature guitar grooves — chiming picked chords, shimmering tremelo and thick, chunky aggression ("No Guarantee"). Johny Marr (the Smiths), who did some live dates with the band at the end of a year of touring, co-wrote the wistful "When Will I See You." Jimi Hendrix's "May This Be Love" from 1967 also gets a look-in but the rest is pure Hynde sight. One of the more literate and directly spoken rock and rollers, she tilts at familiar windmills in "Millionaires" — "They'll never be like you and me 'cause money can't buy poverty." The rock and roll bravado survives in "Sense Of Purpose" — "Baby I'm potent, just one swig of me would get most guys smashed" — but she's sounding a bit world-weary. The slower tunes all seem to be about personal rejection and "Downtown (Akron)" is a lament for the now-dead heart of her old home town. Still, there's nothing laid back about its beat — she may be down but not out.

In the dim, murky past of the early Seventies a **Joe Cocker** concert was sometimes an embarrassing event as he stumbled drunkenly through the proceedings. This year's model of *Joe Cocker Live* (Liberation) is an artist in full control. This double album is mostly a greatest hits package from his past 20 years. The early Seventies hits ("Feelin' Alright", "With A Little Help From My Friends", "She Came In Through The Bathroom Window") have been left intact — why mess with perfection? The syrupy radio ballad "Up Where We Belong" thankfully is given a big, beaty concert treatment by his powerhouse band. When Joe lets out his famous scream, it seems the years have turned it into a deafening death rattle. But he still makes melodic sense of tunes like "You Are So Beautiful."



Songs For Drella (WEA) is an intensely personal farewell to Andy Warhol by **Lou Reed** and **John Cale.** Claiming that his "diaries are not a suitable epitaph", they sketch his life from growing up with "bad skin, bad eyes — gay and fatty" in a small town; his rise in the art world including producing Reed and Cale's band, The Velvet Underground; his shooting; and his relatively lonely death ostracised from many by his own public persona. Cale and Reed use the most sparse of musical accompaniments (guitar, viola and keys) to their private observations on Warhol and their open hatred for the woman who shot him. Any voyeuristic tendencies will be appeased by this ex-

pression of life as art. You share their sense of loss and pain at not having opened up to him more while he was alive. "I wished I talked to you more when you were alive, I thought you were self-assured when you acted shy, hello it's me."

Joan Jett meanwhile revisits her own childhood influences on *The Hit List* (Chrysalis). Songs range from AC/DC's "Dirty Deeds" to the Sex Pistols at their most fun-loving "Pretty Vacant" and the Kinks' "Celluloid Heroes" (with guest appearance by the man himself — Ray Davies). It's an intensely eclectic selection seamlessly welded together by Ms Jett's raucous monotone and guitar thrash.

Karl Wallinger's World Party is up on the hustings once more waving *Goodbye Jumbo* (Ensign). On the first single, "Put The Message In The Box", he shows a visual fascination with the Beatles' music-making as they careered from the Sixties to the Seventies. Coming on like a born-again George Harrison, he waves the same Green colors of his first album and its anthem "Ship of Fools." "You might hear a new sound coming in as an old one disappears," he sings as he quotes liberally from classic Sixties rockers like the Animals and the Stones, albeit with his own lyrics and musical vision. He steadfastly clings to the notion that Love is the cure — "The World says give a little bit, give a little bit of your love to me."

Poi Dog Pondering come on *Wishing Like A Mountain And Thinking Like The Sea* (CBS). They flaunt an exuberant optimism not often associated with American bands this decade. From Austin, Texas they merge folk, funk and Soweto. An Incredible String Band for the Nineties.

Local guitar virtuoso **Tommy Emmanuel** goes back to childhood inspiration with the Shadows' "The Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt" to kick off his second solo offering *Dare To Be Different* (EMI). Cited by some as being a musical sponge, he makes all the highly different range of styles listenable.

— *Jeremy Cook*

Clockwise from above: World Party steadfastly clings to love; a touch of world-weariness from Chrissie Hynde; Joe Cocker proves that these days he's in full control; and intensely personal music from Reed and Cale.

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Lawn Hill

Continued from page 53

Maia was arrested in Rio de Janeiro one year later. Two army officers in civilian clothes took him to a political prison near the harbor. It was a chilling experience. "Nobody would answer my questions. It was as if I wasn't there, as if I didn't exist," recounts Maia. "I was very, very afraid." He was imprisoned for 16 days. Nobody knew where he was. His third wife, Tereza, thought he was dead. In Brazil in the mid-Sixties, being declared missing was as good as a death sentence. After 12 days of complete isolation, Maia was interrogated for 14 hours.

The interrogation was a turning point in Maia's life. Suddenly the hardship and toil of his past life became a farce. He had sweated and bled on to the soil of Brazil, and now he stood accused of betraying his country. After the interrogation, he was thrown into solitary confinement and two days later he was suddenly released.

Eschewing his previous ascetic existence, Maia became a committed playboy. At 48 years of age he dedicated the rest of his life to the fast lane. He bought a Lear jet and travelled the world in the company of beautiful women. His eight-year marriage to Tereza ended, and Maia was once more a bachelor.

He was obsessed by women. Young women. He was once asked what were the best qualities of a 30-year-old woman, and replied: "I don't know. I've never had a woman as old as 30." In the late Sixties he fell in love with two Brazilian beauty queens — both at the same time. Vera Lucia de Castro was Miss Guanabara 1968. Maia was captivated by her, but she refused to marry him until she completed her nursing studies. Before that happened he became fascinated by the runner-up in the Miss Brazil pageant and winner of the Miss Guanabara crown in 1969, Maria da Gloria, who went on to win that year's Miss World title in Japan. The jilted Vera was heard to lament: "That woman has taken both my crown and my man." Such was the beauty of Maria da Gloria that an Arabian billionaire nicknamed "The Sheikh" offered Maia five 18-year-old English girls in exchange for her — all to be delivered in his private jet! Maia declined, with the comment: "I think of women as quality, not quantity." Maria da Gloria became Maia's fourth wife in 1972.

Although he was wealthy, popular and non-political, Maia was kept under strict surveillance by the military. In 1975, the generals gave him both barrels. Mario Henrique Simonsen, the powerful Minister of Finance, announced that the government was cancelling all Maia's bank credit in a bid to contain inflation. The beef industry was accused of price abuse and Maia's organisation was the biggest, and therefore the worst, offender. "The real reasons were that I was famous, married to a beautiful woman — and *persona non grata* to the military," explains Maia.

Maia decided that he had had enough. He sold his assets and left Brazil, vowing never to live there again. After briefly visiting Las Vegas, he arrived in Sydney on November 20, 1975, hired an interpreter, and set off to investigate land values and the state of the Australian beef industry. He was immediately impressed by the basic honesty of Australian commerce, recognising "a country in an advanced stage of democracy."

Maia visited every state, carefully inspecting grazing properties. "The industry was on a downturn, almost to the point of collapse," he says. "There was a surplus of cattle stations for sale, most of them in poor condition. You could buy a good cow for $10 then, and a fat bullock for $80. Now they cost $300 and $800."

> The Sheikh offered Maia five 18-year-old English girls in exchange for Maria da Gloria

Maia took out citizenship papers and officially became a citizen in June 1976. His first purchase of an Australian property was Cargoon Station near Charters Towers, and Lawn Hill was next. It was then that Maia started to attract attention as the "Mystery Brazilian." The Queensland Government sent the then Minister for Lands, Ken Tomkins, to have a look around and find out what made the Brazilian tick.

Maia expressed a great faith in the ailing Australian cattle industry, and predicted a rise in beef prices. Tomkins was impressed. This was good propaganda for the Queensland Government, and Maia found himself an instant celebrity, touting his good tidings on national television and in the daily press. Nevertheless, he created a panic with further purchases of five properties at Julia Creek, and was negotiating for a sixth when Tomkins warned him off. Wisely reading the state of play, he shut down his buying spree, content to consolidate what he already had.

On his first day as boss of Lawn Hill, Maia was faced with a mass walkout by the 45 station hands and staff. The outback Aussie bushmen weren't too keen on working for a foreigner who couldn't speak English. Maia called a meeting, and appealed to them to stay. He told them he was in Australia to learn, and they were the people to teach him. The front-on approach worked, and the men stayed.

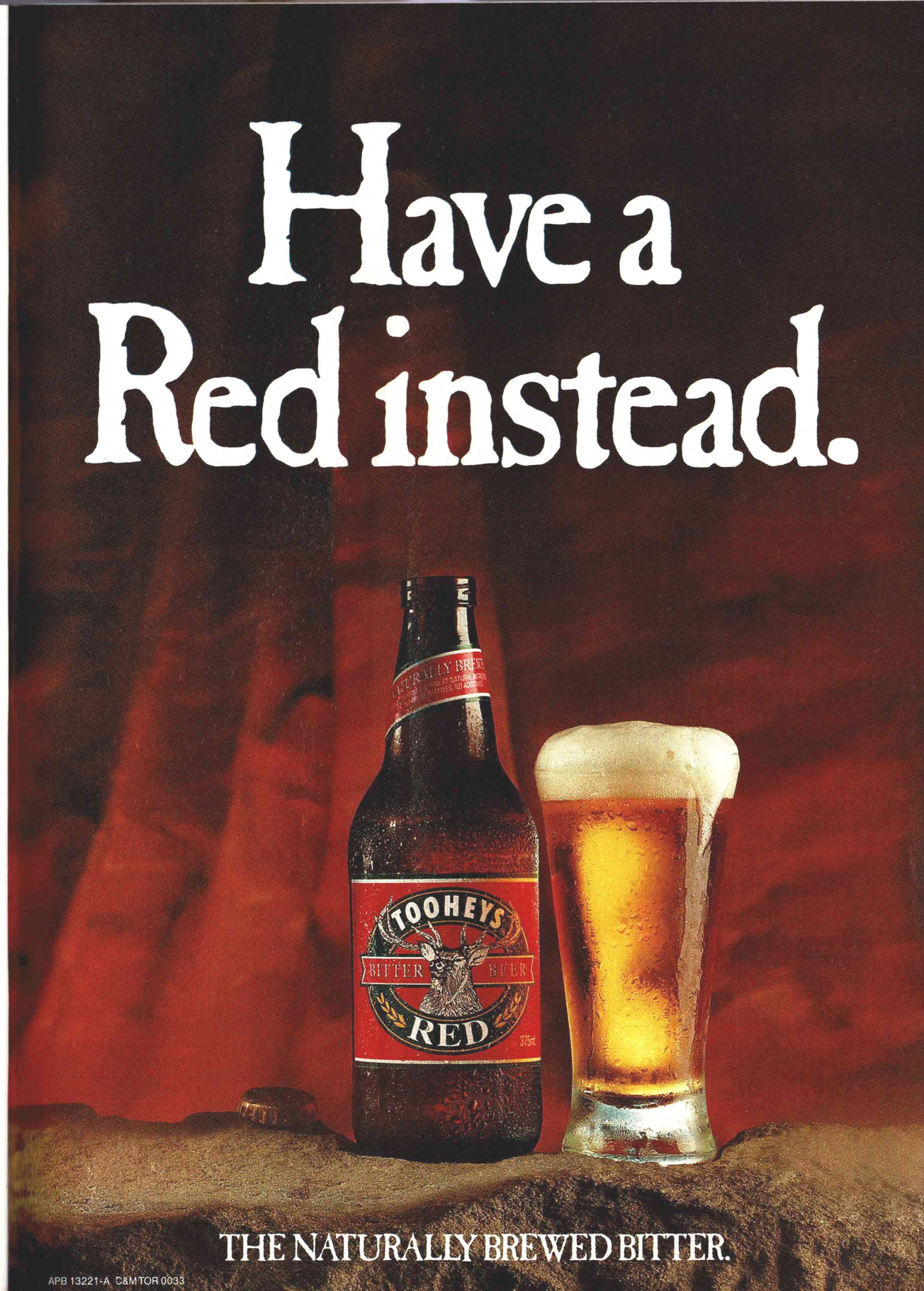
But Maia had plenty of other problems. Lawn Hill was run-down and inefficient. Tuberculosis was unchecked in the stock, fences were down and roads were in bad shape. Not only that, but the station manager was an alcoholic. Maia's luck changed when Terry McCosker turned up. McCosker, a tough, drawling cattleman from NSW, helped Maia initiate a program of disciplined TB eradication, removal of cleanskin (wild) bulls, and extensive fencing. The two men developed a mutual sense of trust and respect, and in appreciation for his efforts, Maia gave McCosker 500 square kilometres of land and a 50/50 share of the cattle profits.

According to McCosker, a lot of Maia's early problems were due to his various interpreters, aides and other Brazilian hangers-on who showed up at Lawn Hill. "Some of his people were just no good," he says. "They thought they knew everything and Australians didn't. They isolated themselves, and spread statements on behalf of Maia which were absolute lies. They were clowns and did Maia's image a lot of harm."

Sebastiao Maia is still a cult hero in Brazil. When he returned briefly to visit family and friends in the early Eighties he was mobbed by journalists and people requesting advice and help. Joao Baptista Figueiredo, the then-President, tried to coax him back. But the beef baron remains firm. "Brazil has had six military dictatorships in 20 years," he says. "I have said I will never return until conditions improve for my people. Since then they have become worse. No, Brazil has no solutions for me. I don't go back."

Of his four wives and numerous lovers, Maia is philosophical. "I loved them all, but as time passes, the fire goes out." The King of Lawn Hill is happy with his life, but he's worried about one thing — what to do with his fortune when he dies. He wants his empire to continue to grow, and not be torn apart by greedy scavengers. He has no children of his own, and prefers not to talk about his two adopted sons.

There will be no shortage of candidates jockeying for the heir's crown, but the shrewd beef baron is a hard man to impress, and even harder to out-fox. The contest to inherit his millions will be a rugged game played by his rules. Maia has a favorite saying he uses when somebody asks for too much. "It takes a long time to eat a bag of salt," he tells them. "Eat the bag of salt, and then we'll see." Maia is fit and well at 72. It looks like he'll outlast quite a few of those salty dinners. ○



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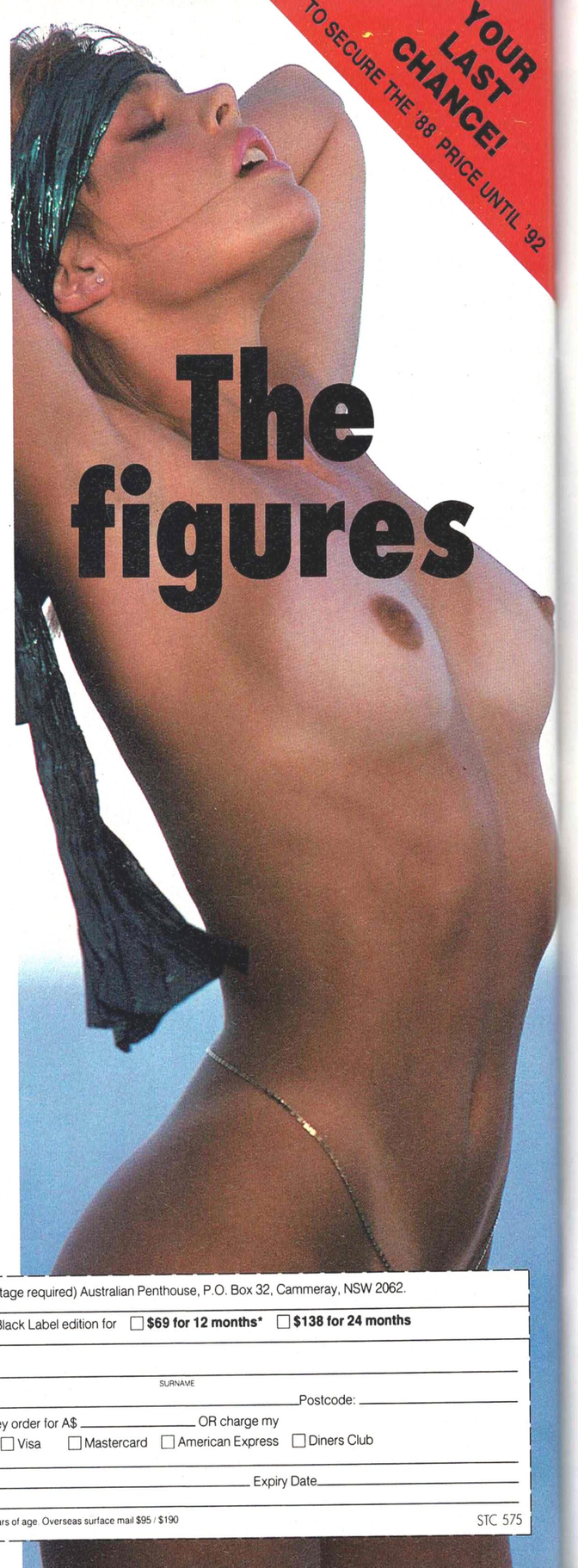

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Michelle Carlisle is an actress with one ambition — to play a part in *Dallas*. "I always end up playing bitchy roles anyway," the 27-year-old thespian grins. "You know, the man-eating feline who steamrolls her way through life. I reckon I could give JR a run for his money any day."

MADAM VAMPIRE

Michelle's most recent role was as a vampire in a horror movie. "That was a lot of fun, especially the bloodsucking parts. The lead kept cracking up laughing because I was tickling his neck! All the same, I'd like to do something more glamorous next."

Michelle says that in real life, she's not at all like the roles she plays. She has a soft spot for stray cats. "And for stray men, too! I always seem to be rescuing some man from a tangle that he's got himself into. C'est la vie! I have room for everybody."

THE TRAVELLING

hedonist

Al Goldstein is the notorious publisher of America's *Screw* magazine. He is an unabashed connoisseur of sensual pleasure with a wealth of knowledge on how to obtain it anywhere in the world.

Australians may wonder why it is that tourists show up in their country a little — how can I put this gracefully? — a little fuck-mad. Horny. Libidinised.

You can see them, stumbling off their chartered 747s at Kingsford Smith, their eyes glazed over, their laps moist. What is it about disembarking Down Under that sends hormonal levels into overdrive? Could it be the bracingly clean air? Could it be the lovely, fresh-faced, fresh-fleshed Australian women? Could it be — horror of horrors — the sheep?

I have my own theory, based on a recent sojourn to the Island Continent. Air travel. Coop up any sane, thoroughly sublimated man in a claustrophobic aluminium tube, have him served by sweet young stewardesses in crisp uniforms, leave him that way for upwards of 16 hours, and you've got a prescription for erotic overflow. Flying to Australia is like being stuck in Wilhelm Reich's orgone box for an eternity. *Of course* you're going to come out horny.

Or perhaps I'm speaking only for myself. I went to Australia with the normal preconceptions of the American tourist. What are those preconceptions? Well, you've heard them all before. Australia is a man's world. The country where men are men, sheep are nervous and women are worth every cent you pay for them. I expected something of a heterosexual nirvana.

What I found, finally, after two weeks of searching, was a paradise of another sort, a paradise of place. Lizard Island on the Great Barrier Reef was a place of wonder and amazement so pure and refined as to be a sensual experience in itself. I stayed at the Lizard Island Lodge, which I found to be the perfect confluence of service, locale and provender. The food was excellent, alternating with equal facility between seafood and lamb.

In New York City, many natives boast of never having been to the Statue of Liberty. In Australia, many people I talked to had never been to the Great Barrier Reef. This is, to my mind, a massive mistake, because I rank my experience on Lizard Island as one of the top ten thrills of my life. On a charter boat off the Reef I snagged the biggest shark of my fishing career. For a moment I felt like I was in a Steven Spielberg sequel: the perfect Australian ocean weather, the trophy fishing, the feeling of being catered to and pampered by the folks at Lizard Lodge — it all had a fantasy flavor to it. If you're a scuba diver, of course, the Reef offers even more — but the closest I ever come to scuba diving is going down on a woman, and even then I sometimes get the bends.

Photo by AFL/Alan Jones

The Great Barrier Reef is a place where nature has slipped its leash and broken into a whole new flower, the type of landscape and seascape one might expect to find on another planet. Out there, floating like a mote in the ocean's eyeball, it is easy to forget the slings and arrows waiting for you back home. It is a perfect place to heal wounds you weren't even aware you had. A perfect place, in other words, to recover from an almost terminal case of Australian-induced horniness.

This is what I'm getting at: Australia's reputation on the world stage is influenced more than a bit by the state of mind of the arriviste. After a long voyage to get to Down Under, it's only natural that a red-blooded male is going to feel like going down.

But the thoughts of a Western sojourner in Australia aren't always shackled to his libido — sometimes they are tied to that other vital area below his belt, his wallet. I found Sydney to be not quite the travel bargain I was expecting. The comparison I made in my mind was to Tokyo and Singapore and other cities of the Asian rim, rather than bargain basement places like Eastern Europe and Portugal. Food seemed to range about 25 percent more expensive than New York, and New York, as everyone knows, is expensive itself.

Australian women remind me of the girls of the American south. They are very comfortable with the difference between the sexes, very much at home with their femininity. Not like the vagina-owners in certain large urban centres of the States.

"The closest I ever come to scuba diving is going down on a woman, and even then I sometimes get the bends."

It takes quite a bit to make Australian women snarl at you. Their men do it for them. The closest I came to an actual erotic interplay with an Australian lass was on the dance floor at The Cauldron in Sydney. All I wanted to do was dance with her — honest. I was making small talk — excuse me, *chatting her up* — when a large object moved between us and the sun. This proved to be her boyfriend. I strolled off to put another shrimp on the barbie.

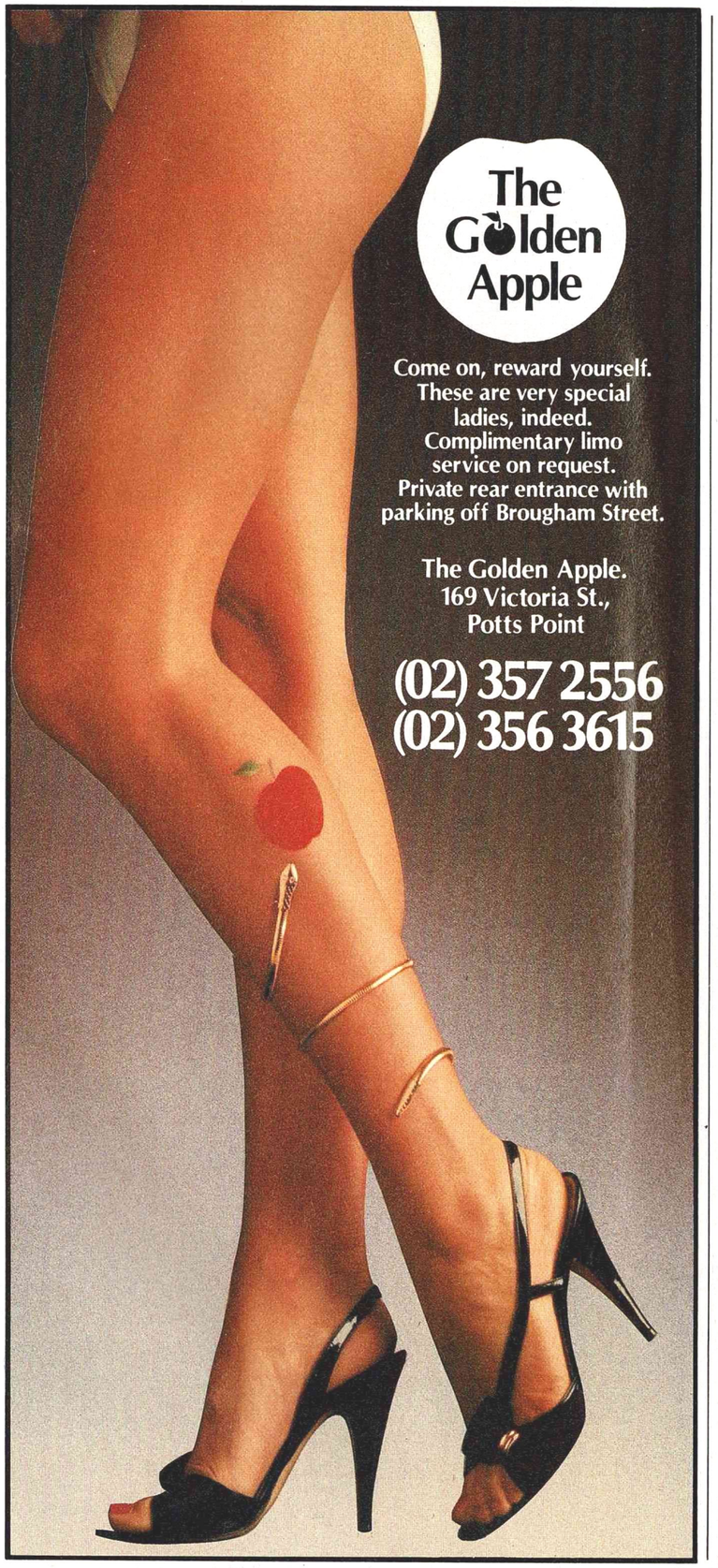
Is it a cliche and a slur to say that Australian women seem fresher, sweeter, less jaded than their counterparts in Europe and the States? So be it. After a little while, the initial horniness of arrival wore off, and my libido returned to its normal level — percolating, not boiling. But the Australian women never ceased to impress me. If I die and go to heaven, I expect to meet many of them there.

INTO THE WOODS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

The chemistry was wrong. That's what the director told the romantic leads in his erotic costume epic. After the 25th retake, he ordered them away to explore and re-evaluate their characters. After retreating to a secluded glade, Scott and Lynn summoned all of their craft — visualisation, improvisation.

"I think I know why you're blocked," Lynn whispered to her leading man. "You've got to relax . . . pretend I'm your real-life lover and act naturally . . ." The actors finally became one with their roles, delivering a performance so natural that even the Bard himself would have approved.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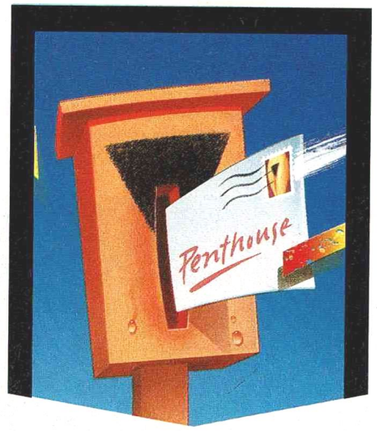

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Continued from page 10

(God, I love a screamer). I began to pump harder and harder as she thrashed and bucked about wildly in the water, rocking to yet another, even more intense orgasm. I slipped my dick out of her mud pit and began pumping torrents of my own white mud all over her. Soaking wet, thoroughly exhausted, and covered from head to toe with mud, we lay in the stream for what seemed like hours.

As I climbed out of the water, I reached down and pulled an 18-inch rainbow trout out of my waders and admired my second catch of the day! — *Name and address withheld*

Cockteasing time

I am a 26-year-old female with a great body that I love to flaunt. I am also not ashamed to say that I am a cockteaser. My favorite cockteasing pastime is to arouse my dates in public. I love to see them get a hard-on when there are other people around, and then try to get rid of it while I continue to make them hornier. I should also mention that although I like to tease, I make it worthwhile for them at the end of the evening.

My latest adventure was also one of my most satisfying. Deciding to take my chances on finding a guy who I could have some fun with, I recently went to a friend's party alone. There were over a hundred people there, so I took my time and chatted with several guys before I settled on a candidate. I was getting myself a glass of wine in the kitchen because this fellow I had my eye on had gone in there. He was over six feet tall, and I could tell by looking at his jeans that he had a good sized cock.

I began with some small talk, and discovered that his name was Kevin, he works as a film editor and he's single. The talk led to various movies we'd seen, and I casually mentioned that the love scenes in some movies make me hot and juicy. Kevin looked at me when I said this, won-

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dering, I'm sure, whether I was being serious or not. I leaned closer to him and whispered coyly that my nipples were getting hard just talking about it. He smiled and looked at my tits. I was wearing a loose-fitting silk tank top with no bra underneath, and there was no question that my nipples were hard and erect.

My cunt began to throb as he stared at my breasts, so I thought I'd give him a little present. I manoeuvred myself so that my back was to everyone else in the kitchen and slowly leaned forward as if my skirt needed arranging. My top had a low scooped neck — when I bent forward. Kevin had a fabulous view of my breasts. I glanced at his jeans and saw the beginning of a bulge. When I stood up straight again, I could see in his eyes that he knew my game and was enjoying it immensely.

By this time the kitchen was getting crowded, and a guy was trying to get through behind me, so I stepped forward to let him by and pressed myself against Kevin's body. I could feel his huge erection, and I wanted to suck him off right then and there. Instead, I talked him into a frenzy. I put my lips close to his ear and said, "I can feel how hard your cock is. I want to kneel down on the floor, unzip your jeans and lick that beautiful erection of yours."

Kevin leaned back against the counter and pulled me toward him so that no-one would see his hard-on. He glanced around nervously, then said we should go to his place as soon as he calmed down a bit. I smiled and nodded. Then, as a few other people jostled me on their way through the kitchen, I gently took Kevin's free hand (the other one was shakily holding a drink), lifted my miniskirt, and guided his fingers to my dripping cunt. As people pushed me against him to get by, I parted my legs a bit and pressed his fingers to my clit. I had no panties on and was coming like crazy.

Before Kevin even realised what had happened, I stepped away and let my skirt back down. He was standing there, amazed, a drink in one hand and my creamy come all over the other. His jeans looked like they were going to burst.

I decided I'd teased him enough, so I grabbed his slippery hand and led him through the party and down the stairs. My friend has a little laundry room with a door that locks, so I led Kevin in there and began giving him "the works."

The party music was so loud upstairs that it could clearly be heard in our location, and I slowly started to gyrate to the beat, peeling my clothes off while I danced. Kevin sat down to catch the show and I went to him, unzipped his fly, and let his erection pop out — a large, hard cock, just as I had imagined.

I continued writhing to the music, and when I was totally nude except for my high heels, I stood in front of him with my legs apart and fingered my cunt with one hand and massaged my tits with the other. His cock was getting very wet, so I bent down and gave it some long, slippery licks. I stood up again, took his hand and slid his index finger into my hot box. My thighs were soaking wet as I slowly fucked his finger to the rhythm of the music.

Kevin couldn't stand it any longer. He pulled his finger out of my cunt and sat me down on his massive prick. My pussy swallowed his cock with juicy ease. I began to ride him as he sucked and licked my tits, and pretty soon we exploded into an orgasm at the same time.

We collapsed in each other's arms. After catching my breath, I got down on my knees, pulled his pants all the way off, and tongue-teased his cock back to life. At the same time, I was straddling his lower leg so my hungry clit could feel the pressure. I fucked his leg and sucked him off until he came all over my chest.

Then Kevin sat me in the chair, got on to his knees and buried his face in my cunt, licking and sucking my clit with his sensitive lips. I had multiple orgasms and came in buckets.

It had been a very hot evening. We exchanged phone numbers and I told Kevin that I'd like to go out to dinner with him sometime. What I didn't tell him was that I'd like to slip under the table when nobody's looking and give him the blowjob of his life. More on that at a later date. — *Name and address withheld*

Bang-up birthday bash

I am a 38-year-old woman who has been happily married for 12 years. My husband, Vince, is a wonderful man and a terrific lover. There isn't anything that I wouldn't do for or to him sexually. So here's a story about my birthday present to Vince, on his 40th birthday.

Vince and I have a fantastic sex life and have done just about everything, except for fulfilling Vince's fantasy of making it with two women at the same time. We would talk about it but never really pursued it any further than just talk. Still, I always kept the thought in the back of my mind.

I work at a television station with a very good friend of mine named Alex. One day we were having lunch in the canteen and eavesdropping on some of the other girls talking about their sex lives at the next table. Most of them were complaining, saying, "I won't do this, I would never try that . . ." "How boring," I thought to myself. After listening to all their carping, I made up my mind that I was going to give Vince his fantasy for his birthday.

I told Alex what I was going to do but said I had no idea who I would get to be the second woman. Alex totally surprised me by volunteering for the position! Since Alex and Vince had only met once before, it would almost be like having a total stranger in our bed.

Alex and I have similar builds, with large, firm breasts and curvy bottoms. She is a little shorter than me, and her blonde hair and blue eyes contrast with my brown hair and eyes. We look hot together, and I knew that since Vince is a real tit man, he'd be in heaven with our mammaries surrounding him. Alex and I worked out all the details for Vince's little private party on Friday.

Come Friday night, everything was set. By eight o'clock, I had Vince all mellowed out in front of the fireplace, sipping champagne. I was decked out in a sexy, see-through red negligee, and all Vince had on was a brand-new black silk robe. When the doorbell rang, he seemed a little annoyed. "Who the hell could be at the door now?" he asked. I told him it was his birthday present and went to let Alex in.

Alex was wearing a fur coat and carrying a birthday cake. She walked over to Vince and set the cake down on the hearth. When Vince asked, "Where's my present?" Alex knelt in front of him and opened her coat. She was naked underneath. Vince's eyes just about jumped out of his head as he contemplated her bouncing Cs that were less than a foot from his face. She told him that I had discussed his fantasy with her and that she was his present.

Alex leaned closer and kissed him full on the lips, slipping her tongue into his mouth while opening his robe and sliding it over his shoulders. He reached out to cup her full breasts with his hands, rolling her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. As she kissed him harder, working her tongue deeper into his mouth, his cock started to visibly harden. I knelt down between them kissing and licking the head of his dick. Vince reached in between Alex's legs to fondle her pussy, but suddenly he stopped. "What's the matter? Alex asked. I looked at her quim and saw that she had a full bush. "Vince doesn't like hairy pussies," I explained. "He keeps my cunt clean-shaven." Alex was a real sport. "Well, Vince," she said, "it's time to shave another pussy."

I ran to the bathroom to get a razor, shaving cream, and a bowl of warm, sudsy water. When I got back, Alex was lying on her back on some pillows, legs spread wide. Vince lathered her bush and slowly began to shave her pussy. As he worked the razor, Alex moaned and licked her lips. It was quite obvious that she was really getting turned on. While Vince stopped shaving her and dried her wet twat, I went into the kitchen for another bottle of champagne. When I returned, Vince was on the floor with his head buried between Alex's legs, gently sucking on her clit, running his tongue between her pussy lips. Alex began to buck her hips against his face.

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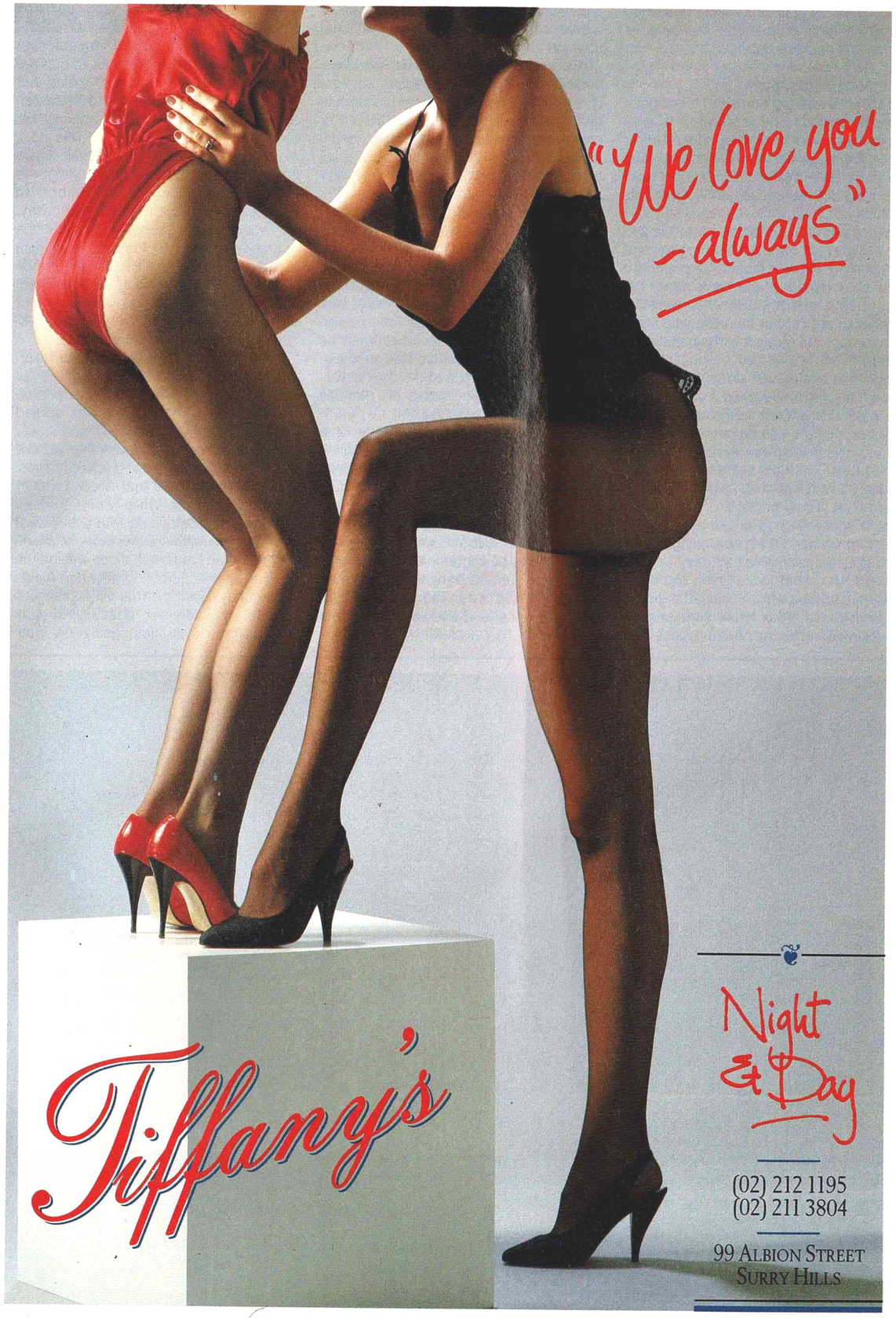

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As she started to come, I poured some of the cold champagne on her stomach, so that it ran over her hot pussy. Vince lapped up the bubbly as she stiffened and wrapped her legs around his head. I thought she would smother him, when she went limp and collapsed on the floor.

I kissed Vince, and could taste Alex on his lips. I was getting very hot. I put my hand on my own cunt, fingering my clit until the juices started to flow. Vince rolled over on his back and put his head between my legs, forcing his tongue between the lips of my cunt and moving it in and out of my slit as fast as he could until I could feel an orgasm building deep inside me.

Alex jumped for his man meat, which was standing straight up in the air like a flagpole. She took about half of him into her mouth, sucking on his big dick like it was her last supper. Then she licked the shaft of his cock, stopping at the head and trying to stick the tip of her tongue into the hole at the tip of his mammoth tool.

Vince was lapping my cunt furiously, and I began to come, throwing my head up in the air and arching my back. When my orgasm passed, I fell forward on his chest, gasping to catch my breath. My face was only inches from Alex, who was still sucking on Vince's huge dick. She had lavished it with so much love that it was crimson red. I could tell that he was about to come, and with a few more strokes of Alex's tongue, he erupted.

While Vince's cock was recovering, Alex leaned over to me and started to kiss my face. She turned her mouth to mine and inserted her tongue. I had never kissed a woman before, and it was so exciting.

As we lay there by the fire, with the light flickering over our sweat-covered, naked bodies, I noticed that Vince was getting hard again just watching me and Alex. She started sucking my nipples, kissing my tits, and licking her way down my body and past my navel, before burying her face in my snatch. Using her tongue, she licked and lapped at my clit, pussy lips, and hot tunnel. This was really more than I had hoped for. This woman was making love to me, and it felt so good.

She straddled my body, her legs spread far apart with her sopping-wet slit only inches from my face, sixty-nine style. I couldn't resist the fragrance and sight of her freshly shorn pussy, so I grabbed her round bum cheeks, pulling her cunt to my face to lick and suck her fuck juice into my mouth. She began to grind her cunt against my face, and we both came.

Seeing his two birthday presents writhing in a sixty-nine embrace, Vince got himself inserted into the action. He positioned himself behind Alex's arse and prodded the tip of his dick into her cunt. He pushed his cock in until it was completely lost in her hot box and began to fuck her with a slow, steady motion, increasing the tempo until his balls were slapping against her. She arched her back as Vince slammed into her and started to suck my cunt furiously. Vince's pumping dick was only inches away from my face, and watching him plough her pussy made me experience wave after wave of muscle-tensing orgasm. It was so strong that I pushed my bum up from the floor, forcing my cunt into Alex's face, until I finished and fell back. Alex was also coming from Vince's attack on her sweet, hot pussy.

Vince withdrew his throbbing love pistol from her reddened slit and told us to roll over, putting me on top and Alex on the bottom. He moved around so that he was behind me, and holding his cock, which was still wet and slick from Alex's orgasm, he pushed it into my hole. While he drove his hot tool in and out of my pussy, Alex sucked on my clit. Between his dick in me and her tongue on me, I began to come again. I could feel Vince's cock getting thicker and I knew that he was about to explode, too. Alex also sensed this so she pulled his cock out of me and pushed it down her throat. He began to jerk, and I knew he was pumping his rich load into her.

We lay there, exhausted, smiling at each other. Alex licked the last drops of come from her lips. "How long can this birthday last?" asked Vince. "As long as your dick stays hard," I told him. We drank more champagne, and the party started up all over again. — *Name and address withheld*

Forklift fun

My name is Glen, and I had the most incredible experience of my life and I feel the readers of your fine magazine will appreciate it.

I work in a food production facility in Victoria. At work there is this absolutely stunning, likeable creature, Jill. I've always fantasised about various well-thought-out scenarios, but like most normal people, I never really figured anything like this would happen to me.

Jill is very quiet — almost shy — and she drives a forklift. Well, one day I was going to another department and happened upon her. She had overturned a pallet of goods and was trying to restack them all by herself. So here I was, face to face with my most prized, delectable dish, and she was in need of help. Of course, I offered to assist her in cleaning up the mess. When we were finished she came up to me and said, "If I can ever help you out, I will."

Instantly, my mind flashed and so did my blood pressure, causing my face to flush red. Without me uttering a single word and from the devilish grin on my face, she knew exactly what I was thinking. I figured that she would just continue on with her work, but all at once she just leaned over and kissed me, and whis-

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pered, "I've wanted you from the first time I ever saw you." With that she took my hand and led me to a secluded spot in the warehouse. She turned and kissed me hard — I thought her tongue was going to reach my balls by way of my mouth, she had it in so far.

Being the sexual animal that I am, I needed no further inspiration. I ripped open her blouse, exposing a magnificent set of breasts, They had to be at least 36D if not 38D. Proceeding to lick and suck my way down her neck to her bra, I quickly released the strap, bringing forth these mounds of paradise. After spending what seemed like hours scaling these twin peaks, I proceeded with my trek down her belly, lingering at her belly button long enough to pull her pants off. Immediately, the aroma of her tunnel of love filled my sensory glands, encouraging my tongue to home in for the plunge.

Almost instantly, she was bucking and moaning with an earthshaking orgasm. Afterward, she stopped me and said it was my turn, removing my clothes in an instant. She went down on my monster missile faster than a bolt of lightning across the sky.

I want to tell you, the old cliche about quiet women is true: Jill had me off in record time, bursting forth loads of hot jism.

Hearing another forklift in the area, we quickly dressed and planned another encounter for the lunch break. After the lunch we had, there will have to be a sequel to this saga. — *Name and address withheld*

Video magic

I'd like to relate a story that has made a dramatic difference in my life. For the nine years that I've been with my wife, Lori, we've had a rocky marriage. She's a very beautiful woman, now 32 years old, and keeps getting better. Although she doesn't have big tits, she carries herself with class and has the best arse I've ever seen.

Due to her aura of sensuality, men are always attracted to her. And because she flirts, I'm always jealous. That is, until recently. During one of our separations, I began to suspect that she was seeing another man. I discreetly nosed around and found out for sure that she was. His name is Greg and he's a former co-worker of hers. Initially, when I thought about her with him, I became very jealous.

One day she came home and made love to me with a greater passion than ever before. I guess she was feeling guilty. Lying with her afterward, I sensed that she had actually been thinking of him. Now, I have filmed Lori and I fucking before. In fact, these videos of us are my favorite masturbation stimulus. I began to think how exciting it would be to watch her fucking another man. So I set a plan in motion.

I made her life miserable one day and good the next, hoping to stimulate her into seeing him but coming back to me. Eventually, she began coming home with that guilty look again. Then I knew that the time was right. I started to follow her. I soon figured out that she was meeting him for long lunches.

The next morning I picked a fight over something trivial and sent her off to work starving for affection. I borrowed a car and waited near her office at lunchtime. I followed her as she met him at the local shopping centre. At first I thought I would be disappointed because they only went to a restaurant. But when they came back, they parked way off in the corner of the lot instead of leaving.

They had backed up to a fence, so I left my car and sneaked around behind it, where I had a pretty good view of them. I was now no more than four metres away and off to one side. I could even hear them talking, until he started the engine to run the air conditioner. You see, it was beginning to get very warm in there. Feeling secure with their backs to the fence and a wide-open, empty parking lot in front of them, they began kissing and hugging. His hands were all over her and periodically disappeared up her dress.

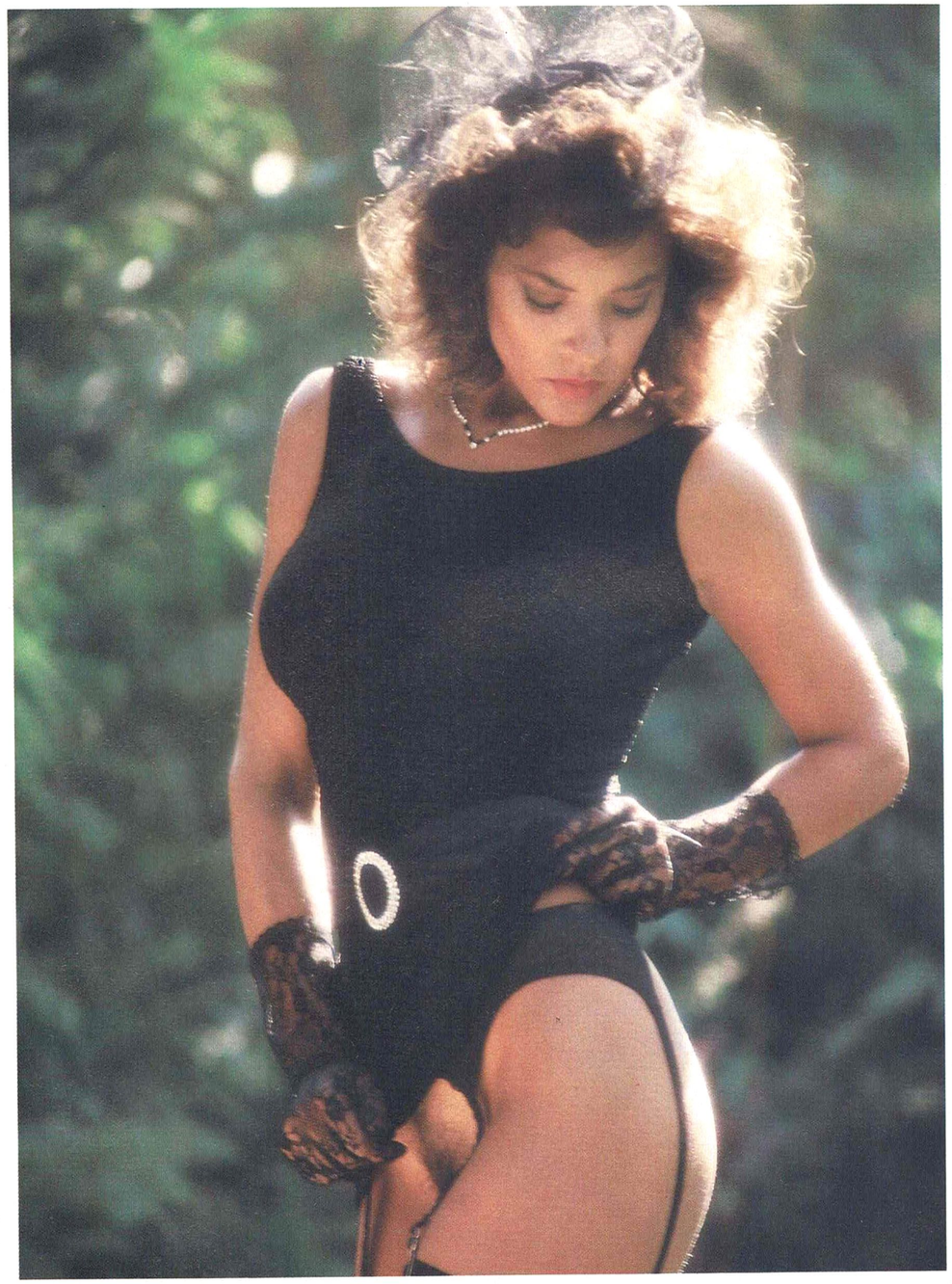
I could see that her hands were not idle, either. She was rubbing his crotch with one and unzipping his pants with the other. I wondered how far they would actually go, as I rubbed my own bulging dick. He unzipped her dress and unhooked her bra, and she squirmed against him. He was rubbing her tits so forcefully, I swear I could smell her wetness.

Suddenly, she stopped and hiked her dress up, removing her pantyhose and very wet panties. She helped him pull his pants off, and with him sitting in the seat, she climbed up and straddled him with her back to the windshield. This gave me a great view, and I could see her eyes clearly as she lowered herself on to his throbbing cock. He is larger than I am, and I wondered if she would be able to take it all in.

Her juices were flowing so profusely, however, that she took him easily, sliding up and down on his flagpole with ever-increasing fervor. As she humped his cock, he pulled the back of her dress up to rub and squeeze her arse, exposing it to anyone who might happen by.

Then he pulled the front of her dress down so he could get at her tits. I've never seen her nipples so erect as he sucked hard on them. As I watched them fuck, my own cock was getting harder. I knew I couldn't hold out much longer. I watched Lori become more and more active, humping and kissing him. Soon I could see her start to tense up, and as he thrust upward, grinding hard into her, she began to spasm out of control.

I've never seen her come for so long. He grabbed her bum and pulled her down on him and came deep inside her. I was so excited by the sight that I came, too, right there in my pants. As she rolled off of him, I decided I'd better leave before someone saw me peeking through the fence. On the way home, I thought about how she looked, completely letting go like that with another man, and I became erect again. Now when we make love, I know she's thinking of him, but so am I. — *Name and address withheld*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

UNDER THE VOLCANO

Sultry Michelle Escobar spent her early years in Ecuador. "My father was the mayor of Riobamba, a town in the mountains. Sometimes he would take me to see the volcano — Mount Sangay. It always fascinated me — sometimes it would be smoking, sometimes very quiet."

Michelle, 23, says she is like the volcano. Sometimes she's sizzling hot, sometimes quiet. "When I am very still, that is when I'm at my most dangerous," she warns. "Deep inside, I am always red hot and ready to explode. A good man knows how to enjoy this heat without getting burned!"

Michelle learned early to enjoy the good things in life. "My father was the first person in Riobamba to own a Jaguar. I was brought up to be a princess, and that's how I like to live." This steamy Scorpio creature laughs at the idea of a career. "Madre Dios, work! No, my friend, I have much better things to do with my time."

hard times

Fear not, ye penurious motoring poseurs. A pre-loved luxury car is better than no luxury car at all.

a stiff upper lip, folks. Yes, those pricks in Canberra are doing to us what that bloke did to Rock Hudson, and they're lying through their teeth while they do it. We're in the *merde*. Hardest hit is yuppiedom. It's hard to be upwardly mobile when house payments have hit $4000 a month and the 7-series on the red-gravel driveway is costing about $20 a minute in lease payments. Worry not: on the about-to-be-repossessed Sony portable is Keating's face, confidently telling Jana everything's all right.

Keeping up appearances certainly isn't easy in these austere times. In the old days you could always trade in your car to raise the deposit for a home. Now with Keating, the free-trade advocate, sending the tax on luxury cars zooming from 30 percent to 50 percent, you'll have to flog your castle to buy a Benz. All is not quite lost though. Sliding into ridicule and a common Holden Commodore is not the lone option. The preservation of style, dignity and street cred is within reach. You can still look upmarket, even if you're on your uppers. You and your country may be going down the gurgler but you can still drive a Mercedes-Benz or Bimmer, or Caddy, or Jaguar, or perhaps make a subtle move down into a Saab or an Alfa. For a mere 25K. Trust

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LÖBBECKE

me. The neighbors will hardly know the difference.

There are rules to follow, and traps to avoid. People with big ideas and small budgets are susceptible to errors of purchasing judgement. Hearts can make mistakes. Accordingly, in the interests of being seen in a European vehicle, these people can make spectacularly erratic buys — Fiats, for instance. Those ever-so-cute and totally impractical little X1/9 sports cars can be snapped up for around $10,000. They're shockingly expensive at half the price. For those whose budget extends to the nominated $25,000, it at least leaves 15 grand to spend on repairs and eradicating rust.

Cash-strapped toffs seeking to retain a semblance of motoring dignity are aware that most Japanese products are off-limits. Only certain Hondas (Prelude and Legend) and Mazdas (RX-7 and MX-5) have any cachet here. Despite the splendid recent offerings from Toyota (Celica GT-4, MR2 and Lexus) and Nissan (300ZX and Infiniti), these marques are still living down locally-built nasties like the Bluebird and the Corona. Give 'em a few more years yet . . . Anyway, the Japanese cars do boring stuff like starting first go in the mornings and running like clockwork. Better you have something that reaches for the emotions and tugs at the heartstrings. Like auto sculpture from Milano. Despite the best efforts of Italian assembly-line workers, the Alfa Romeo badge still commands some respect, generally among those who know bugger-all about motor cars.

Good value for money is an '87 Alfa 90 Super. It resists rust surprisingly well and goes nicely. About $42,000 new, it is now around 25 grand. On the downside, it will hurt a lot if it gives trouble. Replacement of the handbrake assembly is a $1000 job. The most popular Alfa is the pretty, if cramped, GTV, designed by Giugiaro. The V6-engined one is the fastest and the most recent (and therefore not as clapped out) of the series. A five-year-old model GTV-6 can be had for $20,000. You pays your money; you takes your luck. As an alternative, I'd like to recommend you screw your Alfa dealer down to 25K for a new 33 model.

Audi of West Germany has fine product although it has battled for acceptance in Australia. The cognescenti realise their worth, though, and good second-hand six-year-old 100 models, with galvanised panels and alloy wheels, can be prized buys at $20,000 and less. An '83 vintage 200T (for Turbo), a car today costing beyond $100,000, is valued around $25,000. The Audi 100 Avant, one of the finest wagons anywhere, is another good value buy. An '85 model can be picked up for about the same money.

Still in the Fatherland, BMW has plenty to offer, principally 5- and 7-series in the old shapes. And some 318i cheapies. A 1986 auto 525e (admittedly not the liveliest of machines) with sunroof changed hands for $25,000 at the end of the financial year. That sounds okay for anyone not in a hurry to get anywhere. A low-km '81 model 733i with all the options went for $17,000 around the same time. That's a lot of car for that money. Repair bills can be frightening on the older six-cylinder Bee Ems. Cylinder heads have a habit of warping. Newer, but not as comfortable or imposing, are five-year-old current-body 318i models for about $25,000. They're slugs to drive but they look like the more expensive 3-series models. These matters are important to poseurs.

British cars are, as Ronnie Corbett once observed, for motorists who enjoy walking. But there is a magic about old Jaguars that manages to infiltrate and influence

> Anyway the Japanese cars do boring stuff like starting first go in the mornings.

otherwise sound minds. Only thing is, when these Cats get sick, and it happens often, they can be very expensive animals indeed. While they're running though, they're magnificent, a most appropriate conveyance for a man of substance. A 1982 Series III Jaguar XJ6 saloon, all leather and walnut burr, can be had for around 25 grand. Watch for rust around the front and rear windows and beneath the rear bumper. It's normal for the paint not to be too flash. Ditto V12-engined XJS coupes, today priced well into six figures. But only the brave or foolhardy could own one. At least there are huge petrol savings to be had while the Jag is in the workshop.

Mid-Eighties Range Rovers in the two-door body shape might be a better choice. Go back into the Seventies and they're even cheaper. And nastier, no doubt.

America's symbol of prestigious motoring is the Cadillac; the pride of Motown, the encapsulation of the big, bad and ugly. A few examples of this Detroit iron make it to Australia, creeping in while the Bad Taste Watchdog is distracted by a juicy bone. Spare parts? No worries, they're plentiful, says the salesman. Plentiful? Yep. Well, in and around Detroit. On this side of the pond, they're scarcer than a spendthrift in a synagogue. Some folk like 'em. Lots of sheetmetal for your dollar. Saw an '81 two-door Caddy Baritz coupe, with a genuine stainless steel roof, going for $25,000 in Sydney recently. A thirsty sucker it would be.

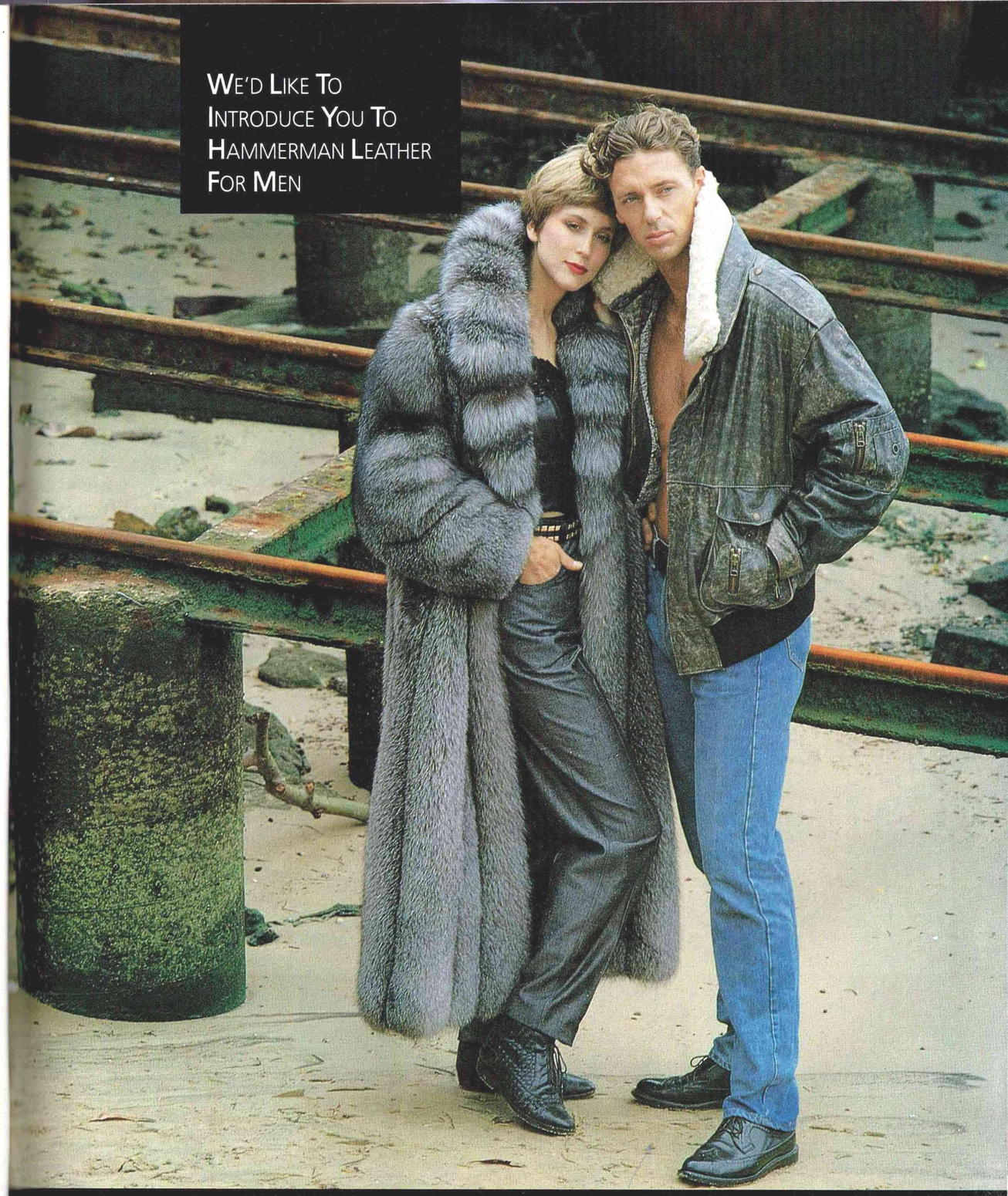
Stick to the Euros. There's the Saab, one of those brands that changes the shape of its models with the frequency of Halley's Comet sightings. This lengthy model life is an advantage; the embattled yuppie, with some spit and polish, can drive around in a six-year-old cheapie and still look a million dollars. A two-year-old Saab 900i is a second-hand steal at $25,000. Stick on a Turbo badge and you've got the $60,000 look of 1990. You can have a real Saab Turbo for the same money if you're prepared to accept a 1985 or '86 model. Still, be aware that elderly turbo cars often need replacement turbines, not a cheap job.

France offers Peugeots and Citroens, transport not so much for trendies but for men who wear socks with sandals. The cars have a character of their own. They make a statement, though we're not quite sure what they're saying. Rare in Australia, the Citroen CX25GTi is an appealing car, an eccentric goddess with a real auto-transmission, leather trim, alloy wheels. An '84 model, it would be valued around $20,000. You won't get replacement parts for this vehicle at K-Mart.

The Three-Pointed Star doesn't offer too many choices under the $25,000 ceiling. With the best resale value of any marque except for Porsche, the more recent Mercedes-Benz models are far, far pricier. Pick of the sub-$25,000 oldies is the 1977-78 280E compact. Powered by a robust 2.8-litre six-cylinder, it might have around 150,000 km on the odo and yet it's still good for another decade of solid motoring. That should be long enough for any livewire yuppie to get out the economic shit and start kicking arse again. Slightly younger Benzes — 230Es, 280SEs and 280SELs — can be had at 25K but they're invariably higher mileage units. Example: a '79 280SEL with 200,000 klicks on the clock would realise $22,000. Again, it's a lot of (old) car for the outlay. It will probably impress the doorman at the Hilton.

Not every economic victim is prepared to bite the bullet and take the risk that buying a second-hand car entails. In some circles purchasing pre-owned goods (even those carrying a badge of some allure and distinction) can carry a stigma. For these incorrigibles, there's always a brand new bike — a Ducati, BMW or even a Harley. On the bright side, there would be change out of your 25 grand. ○

* Penthouse *thanks Keith Goodman Cars, Sydney; Gigante Prestige Cars, Sydney; and John Wright, the ultimate used car consumer, for assistance in the preparation of this story.*



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LOOSE ENDS

SHOOTIN' THE BREEZE

Own your own powerboat, or have access to one? If the answer is "yes", you're also a candidate to participate in the increasingly popular recreational activity of parasailing. Parachutes Australia offers a range of brightly colored parasails, which are really parachutes designed to be towed behind a boat. Anyone who can be strapped into the harness can be taken for a flight, so long as they weigh under 103 kilos and windspeed is no greater than 20km/h. The boat must have a strongpoint suitable for waterskiing, and the only other requirements are that the boat has at least an 85 horsepower motor attached. The 7.6-metre diameter parasails are made of light but tough denier nylon taffeta, and if you don't like the designs offered you can come up with your own. Parasails cost $2000 each, and come with harness, 80 metres of rope and quick-release boat clip. Contact Parachutes Australia on (02) 519 1333.

MARTIAL ARTS MITT

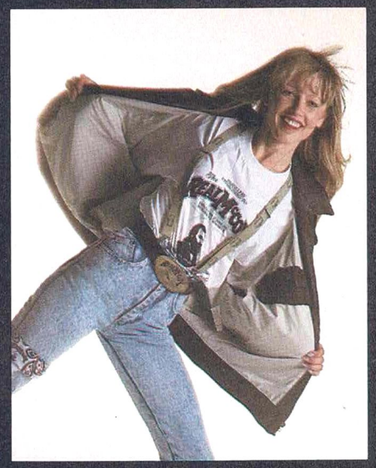
Impax hi-tech martial arts equipment will soon have you landing karate chops and breaking bricks with the speed of Bruce Lee. The Impax Focus Mitt, pictured, connects to a "force and reaction" micro-computer electronics box. The Mitt is held by a companion while you strike it, and measures the force and reaction time of the hit or kick. This precise feedback can be used to improve your power, accuracy, technique and reflexes. There is also a range of other Impax electronic testing equipment, including the Pro Shield, Wall Pad, Bag Kit and Power Band. The Focus Mitt retails for $225 and is available from Martial Arts World, contactable on (02) 816 3777.

COLORS

Following the successful launch last year of the women's fragrance line Colors de Benetton, Juvena this month releases Colors de Benetton men's fragrance. Fresh, light and herbal, the Colors range is packaged in distinctive black, five-sided containers, and comprises eau de toilette, aftershave, talc, deodorant and hair and body shampoo. Prices start at $18 for the stick deodorant, and extend to $55 for a 100ml aftershave.

AND THE WINNER IS . . .

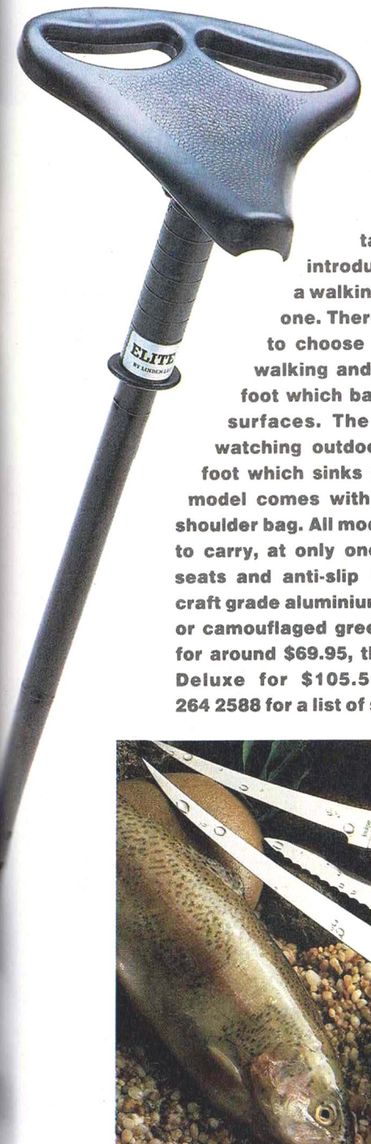
The winner of the Real McCoy Bourbon competition, staged earlier this year in this section, was William Lawrence of Waratah West in NSW. As well as winning a free entry into the Nastrak Starsearch competition (valued at $1850), Mr Lawrence scored a $1000 Real McCoy leather jacket, a swag of Real McCoy gear, glasses, and a case of Real McCoy Bourbon.



GAMESMANSHIP

By Didatto in Italy, these roulette wheels are made from extremely high quality Bakelite or timber. All have metal hubs and spinners and boast the best of European craftsmanship. They're available in Australia through Intergames, who also carry other lines of 8, 10 and 18-inch roulette wheels. All wheels can be supplied with or without mats, chips and the rules of roulette. For stockists, phone (02) 660 2800.

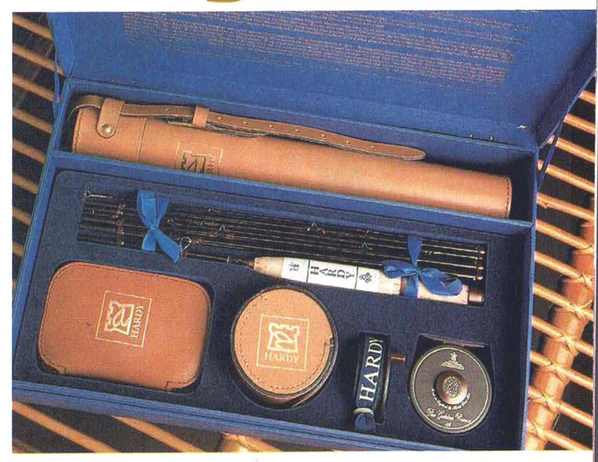
This angling ensemble is called the Compleat Angler and is created by the company of the same name. It features everything the fly fishing enthusiast ever wanted, all contained in a velvet-lined cardboard case. The set includes: a Hardy's Smuggler rod (8ft No 6 wt), complete with a leather rod case; a Golden Prince reel with leather reel case and spare spool; two fly lines, one a sinking and one a floating line, and a leather fly case. The exclusive set retails for $1500 and is available from the Compleat Angler, contactable on (02) 241 2080.



WALKING SEAT

To save the legs of spectator sportsmen, Spelean have introduced the new Hiker Packaway, a walking stick and portable seat all in one. There are three Packaway models to choose from. The stroller model for walking and indoor events comes with a foot which balances on concrete and hard surfaces. The Walker model is made for watching outdoor events and comes with a foot which sinks into dirt and grass. The Elite model comes with both feet and a waterproof shoulder bag. All models of the Packaway are light to carry, at only one kilo, and have comfortable seats and anti-slip rubber feet. The strong aircraft grade aluminium stems are available in black or camouflaged green. The Stroller model retails for around $69.95, the Walker for $89.95 and the Deluxe for $105.50. Phone Spelean on (02) 264 2588 for a list of stockists.

high fliers

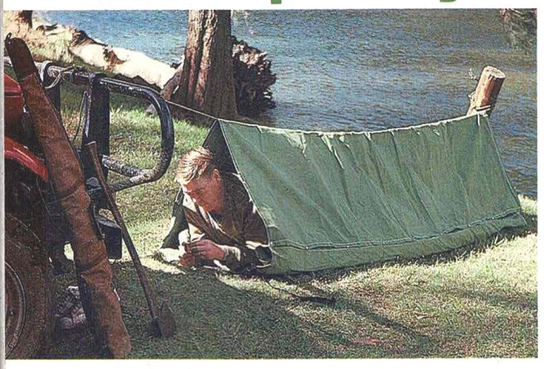


RAZOR SHARP

When a big Yank in a ten-gallon hat says: "You can be sure that every knife branded 'Kershaw' is the best that's made," you better believe it, 'cause the big Yank in question is none other than Pete Kershaw (who?) himself. Judging from the appearance of the Fisherman's Blade Trade, ol' Pete knows what he's talking about, too. There's a 22cm and a 14cm fillet blade as well as a gutting and scaling blade, all of which fit on to the plastic grip handle. Manufactured by Japan's Kai international, the stainless steel blades are guaranteed to be "shaving sharp" when bought, and there's a lifetime guarantee covering the whole kit. For added convenience, blades and handle come in their own black carry case. Priced at $62, this Kershaw knife is available from Remo, Oxford Street, in Sydney.

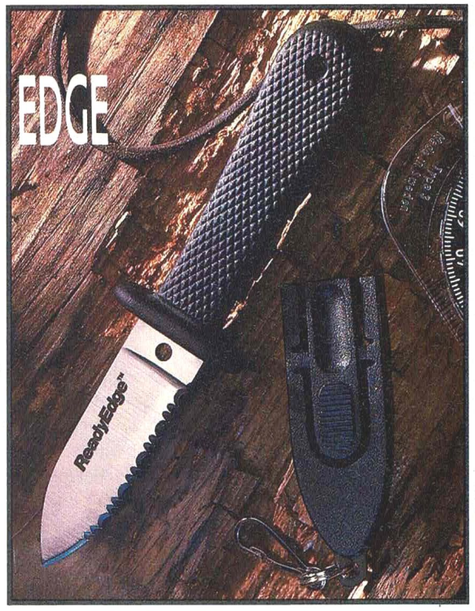
LOOSE ENDS

Hump a Bluey



The old swag was a standard in our pioneer days, a rough and ready arrangement that allowed the wanderer to sack out under the stars anywhere. The swags available today offer just that rugged freedom, while modern materials guarantee tough products that look the goods and last forever. Compact, durable and most of all convenient, the swag of choice is The Genuine Bush Swag made by Fleming, Sandford Enterprises of Hahndorf in SA. For info and orders, contact Rosalie or John Fleming on (08) 388 7301, or write to PO Box 75, Hahndorf, SA 5245.

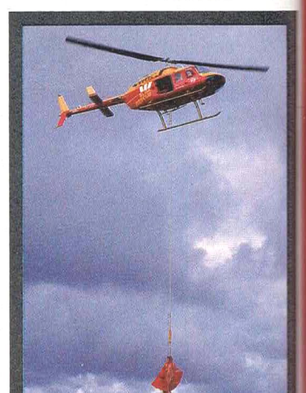
WINNING EDGE



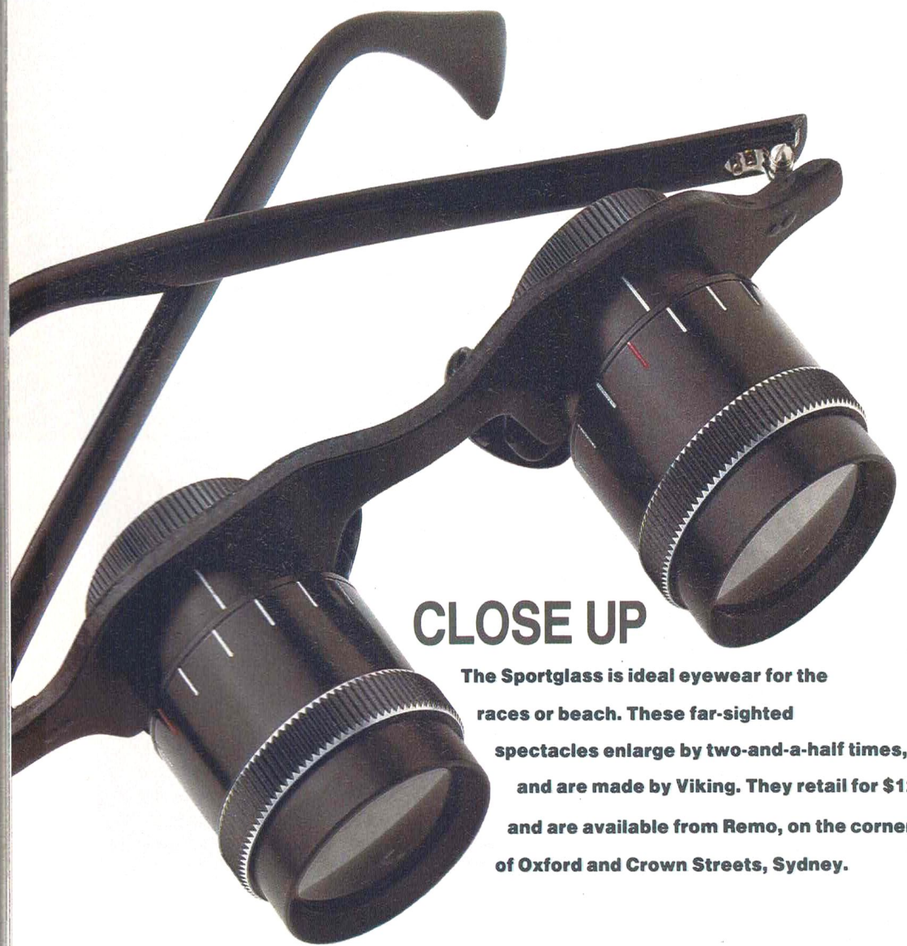
The Ready Edge is a handy little utility knife designed to fit on your keyring. It's as much at home outdoors as indoors and it features a 2" spear point blade with a "Spyder" serrated edge that stays sharp and cuts just about anything. The strong handle is injection moulded with double guards and a non-slip grip. Each Ready Edge comes with a moulded ABS plastic sheath that firmly retains the blade and allows easy attachment to keyrings, zips, belt-loops, etc. Great to keep or an ideal gift, this useful little knife sells for $28.90 through Granite Arms Sales Pty Ltd, (054) 47 7142. Tell 'em you saw it in *Penthouse* and they won't charge you mailing costs.

chopper hops

The Sunshine Coast Helicopter Rescue Service does more than rescue work. Based at Maroochy Airport, the Westpac chopper can be hired for charter or joy flights for around $550 an hour. If you want a short, five-minute hop, the price is worked out accordingly. The chopper's range is roughly 75 nautical miles, a round trip of 45 minutes flying time, which will get you to anywhere on the Sunshine Coast, as well as to the south part of Fraser Island, to Moreton Island or even North Stradbroke. The chopper's *raison d'etre* is search and rescue and assisting authorities during emergencies, and in this capacity is provided as a community service. It relies on sponsorship and donations (and charter fees) to remain operational. The service can be contacted at Maroochy Airport (071) 48-7777.



CLOSE UP

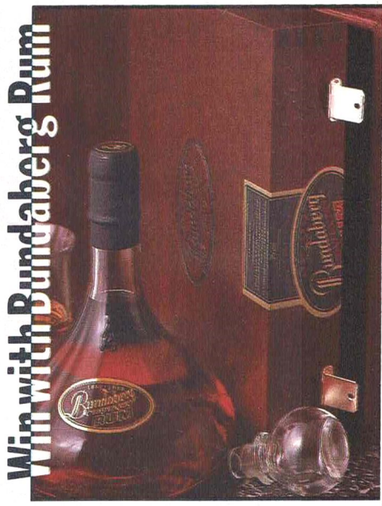


The Sportglass is ideal eyewear for the races or beach. These far-sighted spectacles enlarge by two-and-a-half times, and are made by Viking. They retail for $120 and are available from Remo, on the corner of Oxford and Crown Streets, Sydney.

SPACE LEGEND

New in Australia is the smart range of Legend torches manufactured for professional use, and ideal for use anywhere. The Legend range is well-known in the States, so much so that Legend torches were used to effect repairs in space on the shuttle Atlantis last year. Rigorously tested by Boeing for suitability, the Legend was given a stamp of approval for NASA flight use. The torches are made of aircraft-grade aluminium and anodised to prevent corrosion. They are shock-resistant and waterproof, with a high-intensity beam that can be focused from spot to flood. The push-button switch is easily operated with one hand, and the textured rubber sleeves offer good grip, even for wet or oily hands. And for the man or woman who has everything, there is a 24-carat gold-plated executive model. Prices range from $30 for the smallest one to $99 for the gold plated number. Also available in a range of work accessories, such as lanyards and pocket clips. From Zen Imports of Sydney (02) 818 1955.

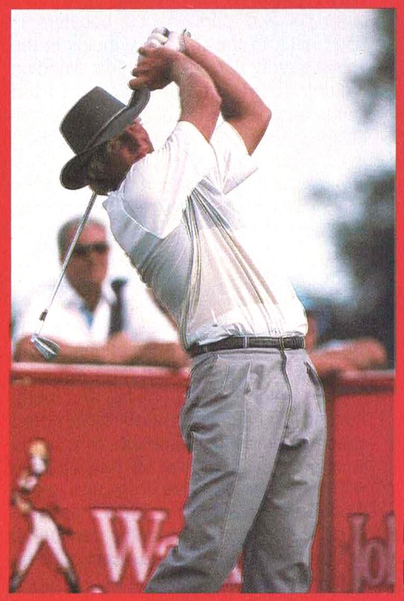
Win with Bundaberg Rum



Back in 1888, when canegrower Frederick Buss first set up the Bundaberg Distilling Company to turn the excess molasses from the sugar mills beneath the Tropic of Capricorn into good Australian rum, Bundaberg rum was welcomed as bottled sunshine. By WWI, such was the rum's reputation that huge shipments of the drop were ordered by the British Royal Navy, who dubbed it "Tiger's Blood." In WWII it was standard issue in the Australian and British navies. These days it's the largest selling spirit in Australia, favored for its richness of aroma and flavor.

So it was that in 1988, as the country celebrated its 200th birthday, the venerable Aussie company chalked up a major milestone of its own — 100 years. To mark the auspicious occasion they packaged a superb collector's boxed decanter of VAT 100, a special distillation that had been aged for several years. It is now virtually impossible to obtain these handsome boxed sets, but Bundaberg set a few aside and this month they're giving away 30 to *Penthouse* readers.

For a chance to claim a Bundaberg boxed decanter set, simply write your name and address on the back of an envelope along with the answer to this question: What was the British Navy's nickname for Bundy in WWI? Send your entry to BUNDABERG COMPETITION, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062 before Friday, November 16. The winners will be the first 30 correct entries drawn.



PLAY WITH THE GREAT WHITE SHARK

Ever had a fantasy about playing a round or two with Greg Norman? Well, brother, here's your chance. As a lead-up to the Johnnie Walker Classic, Australia's richest golf tournament, Johnnie Walker is conducting a competition through liquor retailers this month. The prize for one lucky golf nut is the opportunity to play with Greg Norman in the Pro-Am tournament to be played at the Royal Melbourne Golf Club on Wednesday, December 5, the day before the start of the Johnnie Walker Classic. Apart from the thrill of sinking a few with Greg Norman, the winner will also receive return air travel to Melbourne, two nights' accommodation at a five-star city hotel, an invitation to the Pro-Am Dinner and a ticket to the first day of the Johnnie Walker Classic and hospitality in the sponsor's suite. All you have to do is buy a bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label, collect an entry form from your nearest major liquor outlet, fill it out and return it with a crushed Red Label bottle cap, and send it to the address on the form. The winner of the competition, to be advised mid-November, must hold a registered handicap with a recognised golf club.

Sydney's Debbie Joel

A QUICK PEEK AT DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Rascals Rule — New Guinea's hooligan "Rascal" gangs are anything but the mischievous kids their moniker implies. They've become ruthless, murderous, uncontrollable urban terrorists whose existence threatens the fabric of New Guinea society. Next month photojournalist Wayne Miles, who reported last year on the LA crack wars for *Australian Penthouse*, captures the madness and mayhem on the streets of Port Moresby. Don't miss it.

Sport's Rich List — Ten Australian sporting stars will have earned more than a million bucks in the year 1990. Two years ago there would scarcely have been three. Who are the new breed of Aussie sports tycoons and exactly how do they rank in the race to the financial goal line? Leading sportswriter and manager **Richard Sleeman** gives *Penthouse* readers the inside story next month.

Is There A Bimbo In The House? — Bimbos are big news these days. They're also bad news, as Gary Hart, Oliver North, Donald Trump and Alan Bond would testify. So how do you know if you're sharing a bed with one right now? *Penthouse* outlines all the tell-tale signs in a cautionary tale for upwardly mobile gentlemen who prefer blondes.

Edward de Bono Profile — He's the man who's made "lateral thinking" a commonplace expression. He's the possessor of one of the most powerful and original intellects in the world. *Australian Penthouse* embarks on de Bono's mental magical mystery tour next month.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Debbie Joel is the quintessential fantasy of the surf set: blonde, voluptuous, and cute as a button. Check out her bikini-clad splendor in December *Penthouse*.

THE DEATH OF SPORT

Continued from page 40

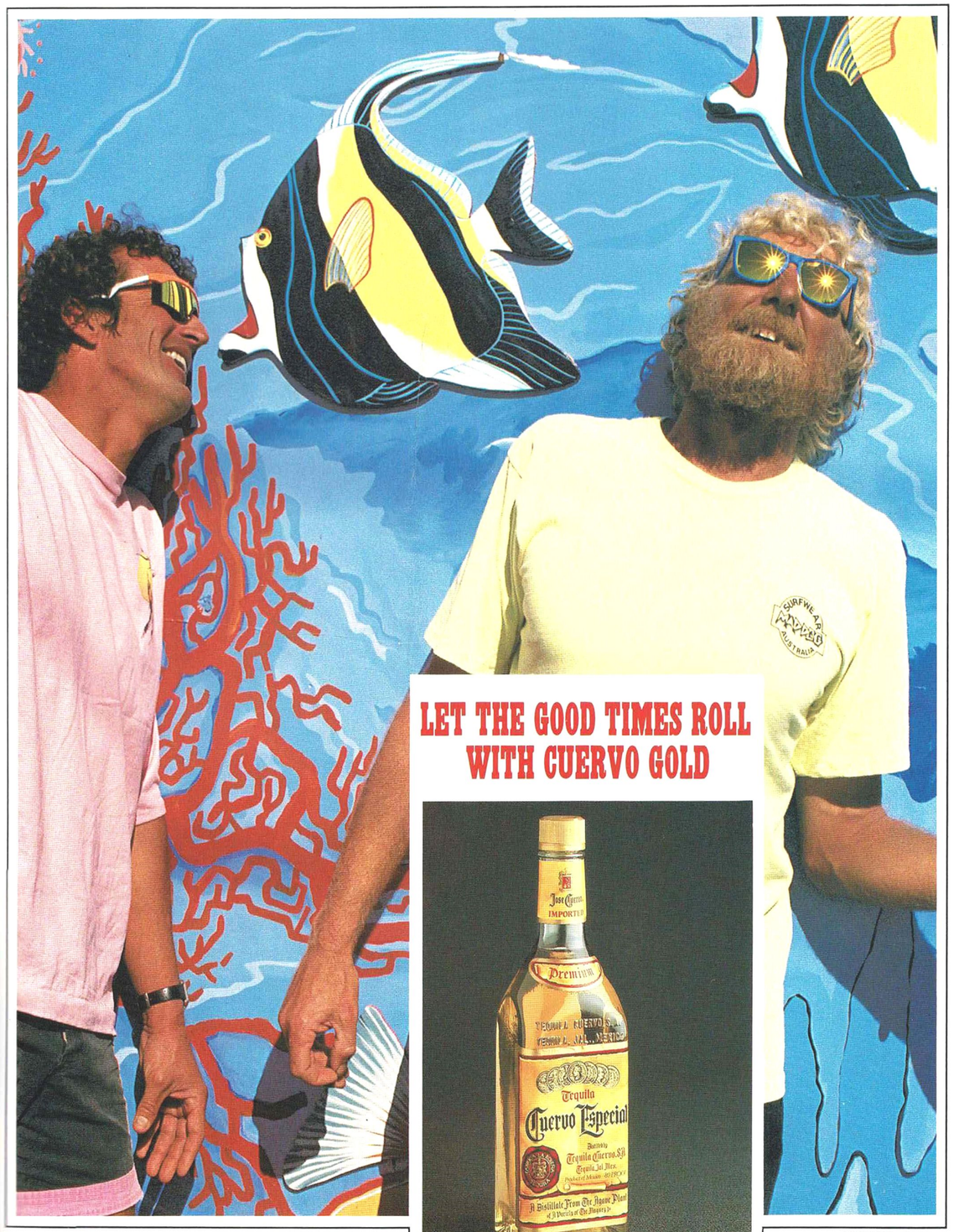
lights dangers other than those already mentioned: "The great tragedy of the drugs is that successful athletes become role models for children and this is no more in evidence than in bodybuilding. Even kids who just want to look good on the beach are taking steroids, unaware of the long-term damage they are doing to themselves. But how does a balding, overweight doctor tell a 17-year-old guy who is built like Mr World that in ten years he will be emotionally unstable, physically degenerating and, in all likelihood, sexually inadequate?

"While the gross effects of steroids are well known, there is a growing body of medical evidence to suggest that drug use leads to a chemical build-up than can be the basis for such "modern day" illnesses as asthma, chronic fatigue syndrome, multiple sclerosis and other sicknesses. Steroids and other performance drugs have a profound effect on the immune system and many doctors are concerned with the way athletes are laying the foundation for long term ill-health."

Shortly before the Seoul Olympics, claims were made that Eastern European athletes were becoming pregnant and then aborting to improve their performances. The theory was that muscle power increases in the first few weeks of pregnancy and after the abortion the blood volume in a female athlete would still be higher than normal. Dr Risto Erkola, a Finnish sports expert, said pregnancy was becoming the favorite way of getting an edge on competitors.

Dr Ron Laura is a bodybuilder and scholar, Professor in Education at Newcastle University. He has charted the use of drugs and performance boosters in sport back to the Greek Olympics in the Third Century BC, when soldiers dined on hallucinogenic mushrooms, assorted seeds and herbal stimulants. More primitive peoples ate the organs and glands of their conquered victims to inherit their strength and courage in a prelude to the use of Human Growth Hormone. In the 1800s, athletes used alcohol, coffee, nitroglycerin, opium and ethyl ether to give themselves a boost, and later strychnine, amphetamines and nicotinic acid.

These days it's top-shelf stuff. Anabolic steroids, testosterone injections, beta-blockers (to slow the heart rate), diuretics (to lose weight), blood doping, and more. Recently Dr Laura lamented: "When international competition amounts to a battle among chemists to prop up their athletes with ever more effective drugs and to use other drugs to mask the drugs those athletes have taken, the total demise of healthy sporting competition cannot be far away."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